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THE

WORKS

OF

Dr. Jonathan Swift,

Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

VOLUME XI.

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N. B.

N. B. *About the time that the following ſpeech was written, the town was much peſtered with* Street Robbers; *who, in a barbarous manner, would ſeize on gentlemen, and take them into remote corners, and after they had robbed them, would leave them bound and gagged. It is remarkable, that this ſpeech had ſo good an effect, that there have been very few robberies of that kind committed ſince.*

THE

LAST SPEECH

AND

DYING WORDS

OF

EBENEZER ELLISTON,

Who was executed the Second Day of *May*, 1722.

Publiſhed, at his deſire, for the common good.

I AM now going to ſuffer the juſt puniſhment for my crimes, preſcribed by the law of God and my country. I know it is the conſtant cuſtom, that thoſe who come to this place ſhould have ſpeeches made for them, and cried about

in their own hearing, as they are carried to execution; and truly they are ſuch ſpeeches, that, although our fraternity be an ignorant illiterate people, they would make a man aſhamed to have ſuch nonſenſe and falſe *Engliſh* charged upon him, even when he is going to the gallows. They contain a pretended account of our birth and family, of the fact for which we are to die, of our ſincere repentance, and a declaration of our religion. I cannot expect to avoid the ſame treatment with my predeceſſors.

However, having had an education one or two degrees better than thoſe of my rank and profeſſion; I have been conſidering, ever ſince my commitment, what it might be proper for me to deliver upon this occaſion.

And firſt, I cannot ſay from the bottom of my heart, that I am truly ſorry for the offence I have given to God and the world; but I am very much ſo for the bad ſucceſs of my villanies, in bringing me to this untimely end; for it is plainly evident, that, after having ſome time ago obtained a pardon from the crown,

crown, I again took up my old trade; my evil habits were ſo rooted in me, and I was grown ſo unfit for any other kind of employment. And therefore, although, in compliance with my friends, I reſolve to go to the gallows after the uſual manner, kneeling, with a book in my hand, and my eyes lift up; yet I ſhall feel no more devotion in my heart than I have obſerved in my comrades, who have been drunk among common whores the very night before their execution. I can ſay further, from my own knowledge, that two of my fraternity after they had been hanged, and wonderfully came to life, and made their eſcapes, as it ſometimes happens, proved afterwards the wickedeſt rogues I ever knew, and ſo continued until they were hanged again for good and all; and yet they had the impudence at both times they went to the gallows to ſmite their breaſts, and lift up their eyes to heaven all the way.

Secondly, From the knowledge I have of my own wicked diſpoſitions, and that of my comrades, I give it as my opi-

nion, that nothing can be more unfortunate to the publick, than the mercy of the government in ever pardoning or tranſporting us; unleſs when we betray one another, as we never fail to do, if we are ſure to be well paid, and then a pardon may do good; by the ſame rule, *That it is better to have but one fox in a farm than three or four.* But we generally make a ſhift to return after being tranſported, and are ten times greater rogues than before, and much more cunning. Beſides, I know it by experience, that ſome hope we have of finding mercy, when we are tried, or after we are condemned, is always a great encouragement to us.

Thirdly, Nothing is more dangerous to idle young fellows than the company of thoſe odious common whores we frequent, and of which this town is full: theſe wretches put us upon all miſchief to feed their luſts and extravagancies: they are ten times more bloody and cruel than men, their advice is always not to ſpare if we are purſued; they get drunk with us, and are common to us all; and

and yet, if they can get any thing by it, are ſure to be our betrayers.

Now, as I am a dying man, ſomething I have done which may be of good uſe to the publick. I have left with an honeſt man (and indeed the only honeſt man I was ever acquainted with) the names of all my wicked brethren, the preſent places of their abode, with a ſhort account of the chief crimes they have committed; in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the reſt from their own mouths; I have likewiſe ſet down the names of thoſe we call our ſetters, of the wicked houſes we frequent, and of thoſe who receive and buy our ſtolen goods. I have ſolemnly charged this honeſt man, and have received his promiſe upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbing, or houſe-breaking, he will look into his liſt, and, if he finds the name there of the thief concerned, to ſend the whole paper to the government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning, and hope they will take it.

In the paper abovementioned, which I left with my friend, I have alſo ſet down the names of ſeveral gentlemen who have been robbed in *Dublin* ſtreets for three years paſt: I have told the circumſtances of thoſe robberies; and ſhewn plainly that nothing but the want of common courage was the cauſe of their misfortune. I have therefore deſired my friend, that whenever any gentleman happens to be robbed in the ſtreets, he will get that relation printed and publiſhed, with the firſt letters of thoſe gentlemen's names, who by their own want of bravery are like to be the cauſe of all the miſchief of that kind which may happen for the future.

I cannot leave the world without a ſhort deſcription of that kind of life which I have led for ſome years paſt; and it is exactly the ſame with the reſt of our wicked brethren.

Although we are generally ſo corrupted from our childhood as to have no ſenſe of goodneſs; yet ſomething heavy always hangs about us, I know not what it is, that we are never eaſy till we are

half

half drunk among our whores and companions; nor ſleep ſound unleſs we drink longer than we can ſtand. If we go abroad in the day, a wiſe man would eaſily find us to be rogues by our faces, we have ſuch a ſuſpicious, fearful, and conſtrained countenance; often turning back, and ſlinking through narrow lanes and alleys. I have never failed of knowing a brother thief by his looks, though I never ſaw him before. Every man among us keeps his particular whore, who is however common to us all when we have a mind to change. When we have got a booty, if it be in money, we divide it equally among our companions, and ſoon ſquander it away on our vices in thoſe houſes that receive us; for the maſter and miſtreſs, and the very tapſter, go ſnacks; and beſides make us pay triple reckonings. If our plunder be plate, watches, rings, ſnuff-boxes, and the like; we have cuſtomers in all quarters of the town to take them off. I have ſeen a tankard worth fifteen pounds ſold to a fellow in — ſtreet for twenty ſhillings; and a gold watch for thirty. I

have ſet down his name, and that of ſeveral others in the paper already mentioned. We have ſetters watching in corners, and by dead walls, to give us notice when a gentleman goes by; eſpecially if he be any thing in drink. I believe in my conſcience, that if an account were made of a thouſand pounds in ſtolen goods; conſidering the low rates we ſell them at, the bribes we muſt give for concealment, the extortions of ale-houſe reckonings, and other neceſſary charges, there would not remain fifty pounds clear to be divided among the robbers. And out of this we muſt find cloaths for our whores, beſides treating them from morning to night; who in requital reward us with nothing but treachery and the pox. For when our money is gone, they are every moment threatening to inform againſt us, if we will not go out and look for more. If any thing in this world be like hell, as I have heard it deſcribed by our clergy, the trueſt picture of it muſt be in the back-room of one of our ale-houſes at midnight; where a crew of robbers and their

whores

whores are met together after a booty, and are beginning to grow drunk; from which time, until they are paſt their ſenſes, is ſuch a continued horrible noiſe of curſing, blaſphemy, lewdneſs, ſcurrility, and brutiſh behaviour, ſuch roaring and confuſion, ſuch a clutter of mugs and pots at each other's heads; that *Bedlam*, in compariſon, is a ſober and orderly place. At laſt they all tumble from their ſtools and benches, and ſleep away the reſt of the night; and generally the landlord or his wife, or ſome other whore who has a ſtronger head than the reſt, picks their pockets before they wake. The misfortune is, that we can never be eaſy till we are drunk; and our drunkenneſs conſtantly expoſes us to be more eaſily betrayed and taken.

This is a ſhort picture of the life I have led; which is more miſerable than that of the pooreſt labourer who works for four pence a day; and yet cuſtom is ſo ſtrong, that I am confident, if I could make my eſcape at the foot of the gallows, I ſhould be following the ſame courſe this very evening. So that, upon the

the whole, we ought to be looked upon as the common enemies of mankind; whoſe intereſt it is to root us out like wolves and other miſchievous vermin, againſt which no fair play is required.

If I have done ſervice to men in what I have ſaid, I ſhall hope I have done ſervice to God; and that will be better than a ſilly ſpeech made for me, full of whining and canting, which I utterly deſpiſe, and have never been uſed to; yet ſuch a one I expect to have my ears tormented with, as I am paſſing along the ſtreets.

Good people, fare ye well; bad as I am, I leave many worſe behind me. I hope you ſhall ſee me die like a man the death of a dog.

E. E.

THE

THE INTELLIGENCER*.

NUMBER I.

IT may be ſaid, without offence to other *cities* of much greater conſequence to the world, that our town of

* The Intelligencer was a weekly paper undertaken by the Dean and Doctor *Sheridan* in 1728, of which no more than twenty numbers were ever publiſhed. The i. iii. v. vii. ix. ſome verſes in the viii. and at the end of the x. the xv. and the xix. were written by the Dean. The v. and vii. are put together and printed as they were publiſhed by Mr. *Pope* in the Fourth volume of their miſcellanies, under the title of *An Eſſay on the Fates of Clergymen.* The poetry in the viii. is the dialogue between mad *Mullineux* and *Timothy*, which is printed, as it was alſo claſſed by Mr. *Pope*, in vol. vi. The ix. he intitled an eſſay on modern education, and by that name it will be found in vol. iv. the verſes at the end of the x. called *Tim* and the Fables, are printed in vol. vii. The xv. is a pamphlet which Dr. *Sheridan*, having written a ſhort introduction, took into the Intelligencer merely to ſave the labour of writing a paper. It is printed in volume x. and intituled, *A ſhort view of the ſtate of* Ireland. N° xix. is alſo a tract which has been before publiſhed by itſelf, and was taken into the Intelligencer for the ſame reaſon as the former. The Dean and the Doctor ſoon became weary of a periodical work, in which they were diſappointed of aſſiſtance; the price was but one halfpenny; and ſo few were ſold, that the printer could not afford to engage a young man of proper qualifications to work up ſuch hints as ſhould be ſent him, of which there were enough, and which the undertakers hoped thus to communicate with leſs labour to the publick. The Intelligencers were collected into a volume, and reprinted in *England* in 1730. See letter lxi. *Pope's* works, vol ix.

Dublin

Dublin doth not want its due proportion of *folly* and *vice*, both native and imported; and as to thoſe imported, we have the advantage to receive them laſt, and conſequently, after our happy manner, to improve and refine upon them.

But, becauſe there are many effects of *folly* and *vice* among us, whereof ſome are *general*, others confined to ſmaller numbers, and others again perhaps to a few *individuals*; there is a *ſociety* lately eſtabliſhed, who at great expence have erected an *office of intelligence*, from which they are to receive weekly information of all *important events* and *ſingularities*, which this famous *metropolis* can furniſh. Strict injunctions are given to have the trueſt information; in order to which, certain qualified perſons are employed to attend upon duty in their ſeveral poſts; ſome at the *play-houſe*, others in *churches*, ſome at *balls*, *aſſemblies*, *coffee-houſes*, and *meetings* for *quadrille*; ſome at the ſeveral *courts of juſtice*, both *ſpiritual* and *temporal*; ſome at the *college*, ſome upon my *lord mayor* and *aldermen* in their public affairs;

laſtly, ſome to converſe with *favourite chamber-maids*, and to frequent thoſe *ale-houſes* and *brandy-ſhops* where the *footmen* of great families meet in a morning; only the * *Barracks* and *Parliament-Houſe* are excepted; becauſe we have yet found no † *Enfans perdus* bold enough to venture their perſons at either. Out of theſe and ſome other *ſtore-houſes*, we hope to gather materials enough to *inform*, or *divert*, or *correct*, or *vex* the town.

But as *facts*, *paſſages*, and *adventures* of all kinds are like to have the greateſt ſhare in our *paper*, whereof we cannot always anſwer for the truth; due care ſhall be taken to have them applied to feigned names, whereby all juſt offence will be removed; for if none be guilty, none will have cauſe to bluſh or be angry; if otherwiſe, then the guilty perſon is ſafe for the future upon his *preſent* amendment, and ſafe for the *preſent* from all but his *own conſcience*.

There is another reſolution taken among us, which I fear will give a greater

* Barracks, Buildings for the lodgment of ſoldiers.

† *Enfans perdus*. Forlorn hope. See preface to the biſhop of *Sarum*'s Introduction, vol. IX.

and

and more general diſcontent, and is of ſo ſingular a nature that I have hardly confidence enough to mention it, although it be abſolutely neceſſary by way of apology for *ſo bold and unpopular an attempt*. But ſo it is, that we have taken a deſperate counſel, to produce into the world every diſtinguiſhed action either of *juſtice*, *prudence*, *generoſity*, *charity*, *friendſhip*, or *public ſpirit*, which comes well atteſted to us. And although we ſhall neither here be ſo daring as to aſſign names, yet we ſhall hardly forbear to give ſome hints, that perhaps, to the great diſpleaſure of ſuch deſerving perſons, may endanger a diſcovery. For we think that even *virtue itſelf* ſhould ſubmit to ſuch a *mortification*, as by its *viſibility* and example will render it more uſeful to the world. But however, the *readers* of theſe *papers* need not be in pain of being overcharged with ſo dull and ungrateful a ſubject. And yet who knows, but ſuch an occaſion may be offered to us once in a year or two, after we have ſettled a correſpondence round the *kingdom?*

But

But, after all our boaſt of *materials* ſent us by our ſeveral *emiſſaries*, we may probably ſoon fall ſhort, if the town will not be pleaſed to lend us further aſſiſtance towards entertaining itſelf. The *world* beſt knows its own *faults* and *virtues*, and whatever is ſent ſhall be faithfully returned back, only a little embelliſhed according to the cuſtom of AUTHORS. We do therefore *demand* and *expect* continual *advertiſements* in great numbers to be ſent to the PRINTER of this *Paper*, who hath employed a *judicious ſecretary* to collect ſuch as may be moſt uſeful for the *Public*.

And although we do not intend to expoſe our own perſons by mentioning names, yet we are ſo far from requiring the ſame caution in our *correſpondents*, that on the contrary we expreſsly *charge* and *command* them, in all the facts they ſend us, to ſet down the names, titles, and places of abode at length; together with a very particular deſcription of the *perſons*, *dreſſes*, *diſpoſitions* of the ſeveral *lords*, *ladies*, *'ſquires*, *madams*, *lawyers*, *gameſters*, *toupees*, *ſots*, *wits*, *rakes*, and *infor-*

informers, whom they ſhall have occaſion to mention; otherwiſe it will not be poſſible for us to adjuſt our ſtyle to the different qualities and capacities of the perſons concerned, and treat them with the *reſpect* or *familiarity* that may be due to their *ſtations* and *characters*, which we are determined to obſerve with the utmoſt ſtrictneſs, that none may have cauſe to complain.

NUMBER III.

Ipſe per omnes
Ibit perſonas, et turbam reddet in unam.

THE *players* having now almoſt done with the comedy called the *Beggar's Opera* for the ſeaſon; it may be no unpleaſant ſpeculation, to reflect a little upon this *dramatic piece*, ſo ſingular in the ſubject and manner, ſo much an original, and which hath frequently given ſo very agreeable an entertainment *.

* See Letters to and from Doctor *Swift*, printed at the end of Mr. *Pope's* Works.

Although

Although an evil taſte be very apt to prevail, both here and in *London*; yet there is a point, which whoever can rightly touch will never fail of pleaſing a very great majority; ſo great, that the diſlikers out of dulneſs or affectation will be ſilent, and forced to fall in with the herd: The point I mean, is what we call *humour*; which, in its perfection, is allowed to be much preferable to *wit*; if it be not rather the moſt uſeful and agreeable ſpecies of it.

I agree with Sir *William Temple*, that the word is peculiar to our *Engliſh tongue*; but I differ from him in the opinion, that the thing itſelf is peculiar to the *Engliſh nation*, becauſe the contrary may be found in many *Spaniſh*, *Italian*, and *French* productions: and particularly, whoever hath a *taſte* for *true humour* will find an hundred inſtances of it in thoſe volumes printed in *France* under the name of *Le Theatre Italien*; to ſay nothing of *Rabelais*, *Cervantes*, and many others.

Now I take the *comedy*, or *farce* (or whatever name the *criticks* will allow it), called the *Beggar's Opera*, to excel in

this article of *humour*; and upon that merit to have met with ſuch prodigious ſucceſs, both here and in *England*.

As to *poetry*, *eloquence*, and *muſick*, which are ſaid to have moſt power over the minds of men; it is certain that very few have a *taſte* or *judgment* of the excellencies of the two former; and if a man ſucceed in either, it is upon the authority of thoſe *few judges*, that lend their *taſte* to the bulk of readers, who have none of their own. I am told there are as few good judges in *muſick*; and that among thoſe who crowd the *opera's*, nine in ten go thither merely out of *curioſity*, *faſhion*, or *affectation*.

But a *taſte* for *humour* is in ſome manner fixed to the very nature of man, and generally obvious to the vulgar: except upon ſubjects too refined, and ſuperior to their underſtanding.

And, as this *taſte* of *humour* is purely natural, ſo is *humour* itſelf; neither is it a *talent* confined to men of *wit* or *learning*; for we obſerve it ſometimes among common ſervants, and the meaneſt of the people, while the very owners

are often ignorant of the gift they poſſeſs.

I know very well, that this happy *talent* is contemptibly treated by *criticks*, under the name of *low humour*, or *low comedy*; but I know likewiſe that the *Spaniards* and *Italians*, who are allowed to have the moſt wit of any nations in *Europe*, do moſt excel in it, and do moſt eſteem it.

By what diſpoſition of the mind, what influence of the ſtars, or what ſituation of the *climate*, this endowment is beſtowed upon mankind, may be a queſtion fit for *philoſophers* to diſcuſs. It is certainly the beſt ingredient towards that kind of ſatire, which is moſt uſeful and gives the leaſt offence; which, inſtead of laſhing, laughs men out of their follies and vices; and is the character that gives *Horace* the preference to *Juvenal*.

And, although ſome things are too ſerious, ſolemn, or ſacred, to be turned into ridicule, yet the abuſes of them are certainly not; ſince it is allowed that corruptions in *religion*, *politicks*, and *law*,

may be proper *topicks* for this kind of *ſatire.*

There are two ends that men propoſe in writing ſatire: one of them leſs noble than the other, as regarding nothing further than the private ſatisfaction and pleaſure of the writer; but without any view towards *perſonal malice:* the other is a *public ſpirit*, prompting men of *genius* and virtue to mend the world as far as they are able. And as both theſe ends are innocent, ſo the latter is highly commendable. With regard to the former I demand, whether I have not as good a title to laugh as men have to be ridiculous; and to expoſe vice, as another hath to be vicious. If I ridicule the follies and corruptions of a *court*, a *miniſtry*, or a *ſenate*, are they not amply paid by *penſions*, *titles*, and *power*, while I expect and deſire no other reward than that of laughing with a few friends in a corner? yet, if thoſe who take offence think me in the wrong, I am ready to change the ſcene with them whenever they pleaſe.

But,

But, if my deſign be to make mankind better, then I think it is my duty; at leaſt, I am ſure it is the intereſt of thoſe very *courts* and *miniſters* whoſe follies or vices I ridicule, to reward me for my good intentions: for, if it be reckoned a high point of wiſdom to get the laughers on our ſide; it is much more eaſy, as well as wiſe, to get thoſe on our ſide who can make millions laugh when they pleaſe.

My reaſon for mentioning *courts* and *miniſters (whom I never think on but with the moſt profound veneration)*, is, becauſe an opinion obtains, that in the *Beggar's Opera* there appears to be ſome reflexion upon *courtiers* and *ſtateſmen*, whereof I am by no means a judge.

It is true indeed, that Mr. GAY, the author of this piece, hath been ſomewhat ſingular in the courſe of his fortunes; for it hath happened that, after fourteen years attending the *court*, with a large ſtock of real merit, a modeſt and agreeable converſation, a *hundred promiſes*, and *five hundred friends*, he hath failed of preferment; and upon a very weighty reaſon. He lay under the ſuſpicion of

having written a libel, or lampoon againſt a great * miniſter. It is true, that great miniſter was demonſtratively convinced, and publicly owned his conviction, that Mr. GAY was not the author; but having lain under the ſuſpicion, it ſeemed very juſt that he ſhould ſuffer the puniſhment; becauſe, in this moſt reformed age, the virtues of a prime miniſter are no more to be ſuſpected than the chaſtity of *Cæſar's* wife.

It muſt be allowed, that the *Beggar's Opera* is not the firſt of Mr. GAY's works, wherein he hath been faulty with regard to *courtiers* and *ſtateſmen*. For to omit his other pieces; even in his fables, publiſhed within two years paſt, and dedicated to the duke of CUMBERLAND, for which he was promiſed a reward, he hath been thought ſomewhat too bold upon the *courtiers*. And although it be highly probable he meant only the courtiers of former times, yet he acted unwarily, by not conſidering that the malignity of ſome people might miſinterpret what he ſaid to the diſadvantage of preſent *perſons* and affairs.

* Sir *Robert Walpole*.

But

But I have now done with Mr. *Gay* as a politician; and ſhall conſider him henceforward only as author of the *Beggar's Opera*, wherein he hath, by a turn of *humour* entirely new, placed vices of all kinds in the ſtrongeſt and moſt odious light; and thereby done eminent ſervice both to *religion* and *morality*. This appears from the unparalleled ſucceſs he hath met with. All *ranks*, *parties*, and *denominations* of men either crowding to ſee his *opera*, or reading it with delight in their cloſets; even miniſters of ſtate, whom he is thought to have moſt offended (next to thoſe whom the actors repreſent), appearing frequently at the *theatre*, from a conſciouſneſs of their own innocence, and to convince the world how unjuſt a parallel *malice*, *envy*, and *diſaffection to the government* have made.

I am aſſured that ſeveral worthy *clergymen* in this *city* went privately to ſee the *Beggar's Opera* repreſented; and that the *fleering coxcombs* in the *pit* amuſed themſelves with making diſcoveries, and ſpreading the names of thoſe gentlemen round the audience.

I ſhall not pretend to vindicate a *clergyman*, who would appear openly in his habit at a *theatre* with ſuch a vicious crew as might probably ſtand round him, at ſuch *comedies* and profane *tragedies* as are often repreſented. Beſides, I know very well, that perſons of their function are bound to avoid the appearance of evil, or of giving cauſe of offence. But when the *lords chancellors*, who are keepers of the king's conſcience; when the *judges* of the land, whoſe title is *reverend*; when *ladies*, who are bound by the rules of their ſex to the ſtricteſt decency, appear in the *theatre* without cenſure; I cannot underſtand, why a young *clergyman*, who comes concealed out of curioſity to ſee an innocent and moral play, ſhould be ſo highly condemned: nor do I much approve the rigour of a great prelate, who ſaid, *he hoped none of his clergy were there.* I am glad to hear there are no weightier objections againſt that reverend body planted in this city, and I wiſh there never may. But I ſhould be very ſorry that any of them ſhould be ſo weak, as to imitate a *court-chaplain* in ENGLAND, who

who preached againſt the *Beggar's Opera*, which will probably do more good than a thouſand ſermons of ſo ſtupid, ſo injudicious, and ſo proſtitute a divine.

In this happy performance of Mr. GAY's, all the characters are juſt, and none of them carried beyond nature, or hardly beyond practice. It diſcovers the whole ſyſtem of that common-wealth, or that *imperium in imperio* of iniquity, eſtabliſhed among us, by which neither our lives nor our properties are ſecure, either in the high-ways, or in public aſſemblies, or even in our own houſes. It ſhews the miſerable lives, and the conſtant fate, of thoſe abandoned wretches: for how little they ſell their lives and ſouls; betrayed by their *whores*, their *comrades*, and the *receivers* and *purchaſers* of thoſe thefts and robberies. This *comedy* contains likewiſe a *ſatire*, which, without enquiring whether it affects the preſent age, may poſſibly be uſeful in times to come; I mean, where the author takes the occaſion of comparing thoſe *common robbers of the publick*, and their ſeveral ſtratagems of betraying, undermining, and hanging each

each other, to the ſeveral arts of *politicians* in times of corruption.

This *comedy* likewiſe expoſeth, with great juſtice, that unnatural taſte for *Italian* muſick among us, which is wholly unſuitable to our northern *climate* and the genius of the people, whereby we are over-run with *Italian effeminacy* and *Italian* nonſenſe. An old gentleman ſaid to me, that many years ago, when the practice of an unnatural vice grew frequent in *London*, and many were proſecuted for it, he was ſure it would be the fore-runner of *Italian* opera's and ſingers; and then we ſhould want nothing but ſtabbing, or poiſoning, to make us perfect *Italians*.

Upon the whole, I deliver my judgment, that nothing but ſervile attachment to a party, affectation of ſingularity, lamentable dulneſs, miſtaken zeal, or ſtudied hypocriſy, can have the leaſt reaſonable objection againſt this excellent moral performance of the *celebrated* Mr. GAY,

NUMBER XIX.

Having, on the 12*th of* October *laſt, received a letter, ſigned* Andrew Dealer, *and* Patrick Pennyleſs, *I believe the following* PAPER, *juſt come to my hands, will be a ſufficient anſwer to it.*

Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves.

N. B. *In the following diſcourſe the* author *perſonates a country gentleman in the north of* Ireland. *And this letter is ſuppoſed as directed to the* Drapier.

SIR,

I AM a country gentleman, and a member of *parliament*, with an eſtate of about 1400 *l.* a year; which, as a *northern* landlord, I receive from above two hundred tenants: and my lands having been let near twenty years ago, the rents, until very lately, were eſteemed to be not above half value; yet, by the intolerable ſcarcity of *ſilver*, I lie under the greateſt difficulties in receiving them, as well

well as in paying my labourers, or buying any thing neceſſary for my family from *tradeſmen*, who are not able to be long out of their *money*. But the ſufferings of me, and thoſe of my rank, are trifles in compariſon of what the meaner ſort undergo; ſuch as the *buyers* and *ſellers* at *fairs* and *markets*: the *ſhopkeepers* in every *town*; and *farmers* in general; all thoſe who travel with *fiſh*, *poultry*, *pedlary-ware*, and other conveniencies to ſell: but more eſpecially *handicrafts-men*, who work for us by the day; and common labourers, whom I have already mentioned. Both theſe kind of people I am forced to employ until their wages amount to a *double piſtole*, or a *moidore* (for we hardly have any *gold* of lower value left us), to divide it among themſelves as they can: and this is generally done at an *ale-houſe*, or *brandy-ſhop*; where, beſides the coſt of getting *drunk* (which is uſually the caſe), they muſt pay *ten pence* or a *ſhilling* for changing their *piece* into *ſilver* to ſome *huckſtering fellow*, who follows that *trade*. But, what is infinitely worſe, thoſe poor men, for want of due payment,

payment, are forced to take up their *oat-meal* and other neceſſaries of life at almoſt double value; and conſequently are not able to diſcharge half their ſcore, eſpecially under the ſcarceneſs of *corn* for two years paſt, and the melancholy diſappointment of the preſent *crop*.

The cauſes of this, and a thouſand other evils, are clear and manifeſt to you and all thinking men, although hidden from the vulgar: theſe indeed complain of hard times, the dearth of corn, the want of money, the badneſs of ſeaſons; that their goods bear no price, and the poor cannot find work; but their weak reaſonings never carry them to the hatred and contempt borne us by our neighbours and brethren without the leaſt grounds of provocation, who rejoice at our ſufferings, although ſometimes to their own diſadvantage. They conſider not the dead weight upon every beneficial branch of our trade; that half our revenues are annually ſent to *England*; with many other grievances peculiar to this unhappy kingdom; which keeps us from enjoying the common benefits of mankind; as you

and ſome other lovers of their country have ſo often obſerved, with ſuch good inclinations, and ſo little effect.

It is true indeed, that, under our circumſtances in general, this complaint for the want of *ſilver* may appear as ridiculous, as for a man to be impatient about a *cut finger*, when he is ſtruck with the *plague*: and yet a poor fellow going to the *gallows* may be allowed to feel the ſmart of *waſps* while he is upon *Tyburn-Road*. This misfortune is ſo urging and vexatious in every kind of ſmall traffick, and ſo hourly preſſing upon all perſons in the country whatſoever, that a hundred inconveniencies of perhaps greater moment in themſelves have been tamely ſubmitted to with far leſs diſquietude and murmurs. And the caſe ſeems yet the harder, if it be true, what many ſkilful men aſſert, that nothing is more eaſy than a remedy; and, that the want of *ſilver*, in proportion to the little *gold* remaining among us, is altogether as unneceſſary as it is convenient. A perſon of diſtinction aſſured me very lately, that, in diſcourſing

urſing with the * *lord lieutenant* be-
e his laſt return to *England*, his *ex-*
lency ſaid, *He had preſſed the matter*
en, in proper time and place, and to
per perſons; and could not ſee any dif-
ulty of the leaſt moment, that could pre-
nt us from being made eaſy upon this
ticle.

Whoever carries to *England* twenty
en *Engliſh* ſhillings, and brings back
e *moidore* of full weight, is a gainer of
ne pence *Iriſh*: In a *guinea*, the ad-
ntage is three pence; and two pence
a *piſtole*. The BANKERS, who are ge-
rally maſters of all our *gold* and *ſilver*,
th this advantage, have ſent over as
uch of the latter as came into their
nds. The value of one thouſand *moi-*
res in *ſilver* would thus amount in clear
ofit to 37 *l.* 10 *s.* The *ſhopkeepers*,
d other *traders*, who go to *London* to
y goods, followed the ſame practice;
which we have been driven into this
ſupportable diſtreſs.

To a common thinker it ſhould ſeem,
at nothing would be more eaſy than

* The Lord *Carteret*.

for

for the *government* to redreſs this evil, at any time they ſhall pleaſe. When the value of *guineas* was lowered in *England* from 21*s.* and 6*d.* to only 21*s.* the conſequences to this kingdom were obvious, and manifeſt to us all: and a ſober man may be allowed at leaſt to wonder, although he dare not complain, why a new regulation of *coin* among us was not then made; much more, why it hath never been ſince. It would ſurely require no very profound ſkill in *algebra* to reduce the difference of *nine pence* in *thirty ſhillings*, or *three pence* in a *guinea* to leſs than a *farthing*; and ſo ſmall a fraction could be no temptation either to *bankers* to hazard their *ſilver* at ſea, or tradeſmen to load themſelves with it in their journies to *England*. In my humble opinion it would be no unſeaſonable condeſcenſion, if the *government* would graciouſly pleaſe to ſignify to the *poor loyal Proteſtant ſubjects* of *Ireland*, either that this miſerable want of *ſilver* is not poſſible to be remedied in any degree by the niceſt ſkill in *arithmetick*; or elſe, that it doth not ſtand with the good pleaſure of

England,

England to ſuffer any *ſilver* at all among us. In the former caſe, it would be madneſs to expect impoſſibilities; and in the other, we muſt ſubmit: for lives and fortunes are always at the mercy of the CONQUEROR.

The queſtion hath been often put in *printed papers*, by the DRAPIER and others, or perhaps by the ſame WRITER under different ſtyles, why this kingdom ſhould not be permitted to have a *mint* of its own for the coinage of *gold*, *ſilver*, and *copper*; which is a power exerciſed by many *biſhops*, and every petty prince, in *Germany*? But this queſtion hath never been anſwered; nor the leaſt application, that I have heard of, made to the *crown* from hence for the grant of a *public mint*; although it ſtands upon record, that ſeveral cities and corporations here had the liberty of *coining ſilver*. I can ſee no reaſons, why we alone of all nations are thus reſtrained, but ſuch as I dare not mention: only thus far I may venture, that *Ireland* is the firſt imperial kingdom ſince *Nimrod*, which ever wanted power to *coin* their own *money*.

I know very well, that in *England* it is lawful for any ſubject to petition either the *prince* or the *parliament*, provided it be done in a dutiful and regular manner: but what is lawful for a ſubject of *Ireland*, I profeſs I cannot determine: nor will undertake that the *printer* ſhall not be proſecuted in a *court of juſtice* for publiſhing my *wiſhes*, that a poor ſhop-keeper might be able to change a *guinea* or a *moidore*, when a cuſtomer comes for a *crown's* worth of goods. I have known leſs crimes puniſhed with the utmoſt ſeverity, under the title of *diſaffection*. And I cannot but approve the wiſdom of the *ancients*, who, after *Aſtrea* had fled from the earth, at leaſt took care to provide *three upright judges for hell*. Mens ears among us are indeed grown ſo nice, that whoever happens to think out of faſhion, in what relates to the welfare of this kingdom, dare not ſo much as complain of the *tooth-ach*, leſt our weak and buſy dabblers in politicks ſhould be ready to ſwear againſt him for *diſaffection*.

There was a method practiſed by Sir *Ambroſe Crawley*, the great dealer in

iron-

iron-works, which I wonder the gentlemen of our country under this great exigence have not thought fit to imitate. In the ſeveral towns and villages where he dealt, and many miles round, he gave *notes* inſtead of *money* (from *two pence* to *twenty ſhillings*), which paſſed current in all ſhops and markets, as well as in houſes, where meat or drink was ſold. I ſee no reaſon, why the like practice may not be introduced among us with ſome degree of ſucceſs; or at leaſt may not ſerve as a *poor* expedient in this our *bleſſed age of paper*; which, as it diſchargeth all our greateſt payments, may be equally uſeful in the ſmaller, and may juſt keep us alive, until an *Engliſh act of parliament ſhall forbid it*.

I have been told, that among ſome of our pooreſt *American* colonies upon the continent, the people enjoy the liberty of cutting the little *money* among them into halves and quarters, for the conveniencies of ſmall traffick. How happy ſhould we be, in compariſon of our preſent condition, if the like privilege were granted to

us of employing the ſheers, for want of a *mint*, upon our *foreign gold*, by clipping it into *half-crowns*, and *ſhillings*, and even lower denominations; for beggars muſt be content to live upon ſcraps; and it would be our felicity, that theſe ſcraps could never be exported to other countries while any thing better was left.

If neither of theſe projects will avail, I ſee nothing left us but to truck and barter our goods, like the *wild Indians*, with each other, or with our too powerful neighbours; only with this diſadvantage on our ſide, that the *Indians* enjoy the product of their own land; whereas the better half of ours is ſent away, without ſo much as a recompence in *bugles* or *glaſs* in return.

It muſt needs be a very comfortable circumſtance in the preſent juncture, that ſome thouſand families are gone, are going, or preparing to go from hence, and ſettle themſelves in *America:* the poorer ſort for want of work; the farmers, whoſe beneficial bargains are now become a rack-rent too hard to be borne, and

and thoſe who have any *ready money*, or can purchaſe any by the ſale of their goods or leaſes, becauſe they find their fortunes hourly decaying, that their goods will bear no price, and that few or none have any *money* to buy the very neceſſaries of life, are haſtening to follow their departed neighbours. It is true, *corn* among us carries a very high price; but it is for the ſame reaſon, that *rats* and *cats* and dead *horſes* have been often bought for *gold* in a town beſieged.

There is a perſon of quality in my neighbourhood, who twenty years ago, when he was juſt come to age, being unexperienced and of a generous temper, let his lands, even as times went then, at a low rate to able tenants; and conſequently, by the riſe of land ſince that time, looked upon his eſtate to be ſet at half value: but numbers of theſe tenants or their deſcendants are now offering to ſell their leaſes by cant *, even thoſe which were for lives, ſome of them renewable for ever, and ſome fee-farms,

* Cant or auction.

which the landlord himſelf hath bought in at half the price they would have yielded ſeven years ago. And ſome leaſes let at the ſame time for lives have been given up to him without any conſideration at all.

This is the moſt favourable face of all things at preſent among us; I ſay, among us of the *North*, who are eſteemed the only thriving people of the kingdom. And how far, and how ſoon, this miſery and deſolation may ſpread, is eaſy to foreſee.

The vaſt ſums of *money* daily carried off by our numerous adventurers to *America* have deprived us of our *gold* in theſe parts, almoſt as much as of our *ſilver*. And the good wives, who come to our houſes, offer us their pieces of linen, upon which their whole dependance lies, for ſo little profit, that it can neither half pay their rents, nor half ſupport their families.

It is remarkable, that this enthuſiaſm ſpread among our *Northern* people, of ſheltering themſelves in the continent of *America*, hath no other foundation than their

their preſent inſupportable condition at home. I have made all poſſible enquiries to learn what encouragement our people have met with, by any intelligence from thoſe plantations, ſufficient to make them undertake ſo tedious and hazardous a voyage, in all ſeaſons of the year, and ſo ill accommodated in their ſhips, that many of them have died miſerably in their paſſage, but could never get one ſatisfactory anſwer. Somebody, they know not who, had written a letter to his friend or couſin from thence, inviting him by all means to come over; that it was a fine fruitful country, and to be held for ever at a *penny* an acre. But the truth of the fact is this: the *Engliſh* eſtabliſhed in thoſe colonies are in great want of men to inhabit that tract of ground, which lies between them and the *wild Indians*, who are not reduced under their dominion. We read of ſome barbarous people, whom the *Romans* placed in their army for no other ſervice than to blunt their enemies ſwords, and afterwards to fill up trenches with their dead bodies. And thus our people, who tranſport themſelves,

ſelves, are ſettled in thoſe interjacent tracts, as a ſcreen againſt the inſults of the *ſavages*; and may have as much lands as they can clear from the woods at a very reaſonable rate, if they can afford to pay about a *hundred* years purchaſe by their labour. Now, beſides the *fox's* reaſon *, which inclines all thoſe who have already ventured thither to repreſent every thing in a falſe light, as well for juſtifying their own conduct, as for getting companions in their miſery, the governing people in thoſe plantations have alſo wiſely provided, that no letters ſhall be ſuffered to paſs from thence hither, without being firſt viewed by the council; by which our people here are wholly deceived in the opinions they have of the happy condition of their friends gone before them. This was accidentally diſcovered ſome months ago by an honeſt man, who, having tranſported himſelf and family thither, and finding all things directly contrary to his hope, had the luck to convey a private note by a faithful hand

* The fox who, having loſt his tail, would have perſuaded the reſt to cut off theirs.

to his relation here, entreating him not to think of ſuch a voyage, and to diſcourage all his friends from attempting it. Yet this, although it be a truth well known, hath produced very little effect; which is no manner of wonder: for as it is natural to a man in a *fever* to turn often, although without any hope of eaſe; or, when he is purſued, to leap down a precipice, to avoid an enemy juſt at his back; ſo men in the extremeſt degree of miſery and want will naturally fly to the firſt appearance of relief, let it be ever ſo vain or viſionary.

You may obſerve, that I have very ſuperficially touched the ſubject I began with, and with the utmoſt caution; for I know how criminal the leaſt complaint hath been thought, however ſeaſonable or juſt or honeſtly intended, which hath forced me to offer up my daily prayers, that it may never, at leaſt in my time, be interpreted by *innuendo's* as a falſe, ſcandalous, ſeditious, and diſaffected action for a man to roar under an acute fit of the *gout*; which, beſides the loſs and the danger, would be very inconvenient to

one of my age, ſo ſeverely afflicted with that diſtemper.

I wiſh you good ſucceſs, but I can promiſe you little, in an ungrateful office you have taken up without the leaſt view either to reputation or profit. Perhaps your comfort is, that none but *villains* and *betrayers* of their country can be your *enemies*. Upon which I have little to ſay, having not the honour to be acquainted with many of that ſort; and therefore, as you may eaſily believe, am compelled to lead a very retired life.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient

humble Servant,

County of *Down*,
Dec. 2, 1728.

A. NORTH.

THE

THE TATLER*.

NUMBER V.

— Laceratque, trahitque
Molle pecus. ---- Virg.

From *Tueſday Jan.* 23, to *Saturday Jan.* 27, 1710.

AMONGST other ſervices I have met with from ſome criticks, the crueleſt for an old man is, that they will not let me be at quiet in my bed, but purſue me to my very dreams. I muſt not dream but when they pleaſe, nor upon long continued ſubjects, however viſionary in their own natures, becauſe there is a manifeſt moral quite through them, which to produce as a dream is improbable and unnatural. The pain I might have had from this objection, is prevented by conſidering they have miſſed another, againſt

* N. B. The two following *Tatlers* are not in the four volumes publiſhed by Sir *Richard Steele.*

which

which I ſhould have been at a loſs to defend myſelf. They might have aſked me, whether the dreams I publiſh can properly be called *lucubrations*, which is the name I have given to all my papers, whether in volumes or half-ſheets: ſo manifeſt a contradiction *in terminis*, that I wonder no ſophiſter ever thought of it. But the other is a cavil. I remember, when I was a boy at ſchool, I have often dreamed out the whole paſſages of a day; that I rode a journey, baited, ſupped, went to bed, and roſe next morning: and I have known young ladies, who could dream a whole contexture of adventures in one night large enough to make a novel. In youth the imagination is ſtrong, not mixed with cares, nor tinged with thoſe paſſions that moſt diſturb and confound it; ſuch as avarice, ambition, and many others. Now, as old men are ſaid to grow children again, ſo in this article of dreaming I am returned to my childhood. My imagination is at full eaſe, without care, avarice, or ambition to clog it; by which, among many others, I have this advantage of doubling the ſmall remainder

mainder of my time, and living four and twenty hours in the day. However, the dream I am going now to relate is as wild as can well be imagined, and adapted to pleaſe theſe refiners upon ſleep, without any moral that I can diſcover.

" It happened, that my maid left on " the table in my bed-chamber one of " her ſtory-books (as ſhe calls them), " which I took up, and found full of " ſtrange impertinence, fitted to her taſte " and condition; of poor ſervants who " came to be ladies, and *ſerving-men of* " *low degree* who married kings daugh- " ters. Among other things, I met this " ſage obſervation, That a lion would " never hurt a true virgin. With this med- " ley of nonſenſe in my fancy I went to " bed, and dreamed that a friend waked " me in the morning, and propoſed for " paſtime to ſpend a few hours in ſeeing " the pariſh lions, which he had not done " ſince he came to town; and becauſe " they ſhewed but once a week, he " would not miſs the opportunity. I ſaid " I would humour him; although, to

" ſpeak

" ſpeak the truth, I was not fond of " thoſe cruel ſpectacles; and, if it were not " ſo antient a cuſtom, founded (as I had " heard) upon the wiſeſt maxims, I ſhould " be apt to cenſure the inhumanity of " thoſe who introduced it." All this will be a riddle to the waking reader, until I diſcover the ſcene my imagination had formed, upon the maxim, That a lion would never hurt a true virgin. " I " dreamed, that by a law of immemo- " rial time a he-lion was kept in every " pariſh at the common charge, and in " a place provided adjoining to the " church-yard; that, before any one of " the fair ſex was married, if ſhe affirm- " ed herſelf to be a virgin, ſhe muſt on " her wedding day, and in her wedding " cloaths, perform the ceremony of go- " ing alone into the den, and ſtay an " hour with the lion let looſe and kept " faſting four and twenty hours on pur- " poſe. At a proper height above the " den were convenient galleries for the " relations and friends of the young " couple, and open to all ſpectators. No " maiden was forced to offer herſelf to

" the

" the lion; but, if ſhe refuſed, it was a " diſgrace to marry her, and every one " might have liberty of calling her a " whore. And methought it was as uſual " a diverſion to ſee the pariſh lions, as " with us to go to a play or an opera. " And it was reckoned convenient to be " near the church, either for marrying " the virgin if ſhe eſcaped the trial, or " for burying her bones when the lion " had devoured the reſt, as he conſtantly " did."

To go on therefore with the dream: " We called firſt (as I remember) to ſee " St. *Dunſtan's* lion; but we were told, " they did not ſhew to-day. From " thence we went to that of *Covent-gar-* " *den*, which, to my great ſurprize, we " found as lean as a ſkeleton, when I " expected quite the contrary; but the " keeper ſaid it was no wonder at all, " becauſe the poor beaſt had not got an " ounce of woman's fleſh ſince he came " into the pariſh. This amazed me more " than the other, and I was forming to " myſelf a mighty veneration for the la- " dies in that quarter of the town; when

" the

" the keeper went on, and ſaid he won-
" dered the pariſh would be at the
" charge of maintaining a lion for no-
" thing. Friend (ſaid I), do you call it
" nothing to juſtify the virtue of ſo many
" ladies; or hath your lion loſt his diſ-
" tinguiſhing faculty? can there be
" any thing more for the honour of your
" pariſh, than that all the ladies married
" in your church were pure virgins? That
" is true (ſaid he), and the doctor knows
" it to his ſorrow; for there hath not
" been a couple married in our church
" ſince his worſhip came amongſt us. The
" virgins hereabouts are too wiſe to ven-
" ture the claws of the lion; and, becauſe
" nobody will marry them, have all en-
" tered into a vow of virginity; ſo that
" in proportion we have much the largeſt
" nunnery in the whole town. This man-
" ner of ladies entering into a vow of *vir-*
" *ginity* becauſe they were not *virgins*, I
" eaſily conceived; and my dream told
" me, that the whole kingdom was full
" of nunneries plentifully ſtocked from
" the ſame reaſon.

" We

" We went to ſee another lion, where " we found much company met in the " gallery. The keeper told us, we ſhould " ſee *ſport* enough, as he called it; and " in a little time we ſaw a young beau- " tiful lady put into the den, who walked " up towards the lion with all imaginable " ſecurity in her countenance, and looked " ſmiling upon her lover and friends in " the gallery; which I thought nothing " extraordinary, becauſe it was never " known that any lion had been miſtaken. " But, however, we were all diſappoint- " ed; for the lion lifted up his right " paw, which was the fatal ſign, and, " advancing forward, ſeized her by the " arm, and began to tear it. The poor " lady gave a terrible ſhriek, and cried " out, *The lion is juſt, I am no virgin!* " *Oh! Sappho, Sappho!* ſhe could ſay " no more, for the lion gave her the *coup* " *de grace*, by a ſqueeze in the throat, " and ſhe expired at his feet. The " keeper dragged away her body, to feed " the animal after the company ſhould " be gone: for the pariſh lions never " uſed to eat in public. After a little

" pauſe, another lady came on towards " the lion in the ſame manner as the " former. We obſerved the beaſt ſmell " her with diligence. He ſcratched both " her hands with lifting them to his noſe, " and laying one his claws on her boſom " drew blood; however, he let her go, " and at the ſame time turned from her " with a ſort of contempt, at which ſhe " was not a little mortified, and retired " with ſome confuſion to her friends in " the gallery. Methought, the whole " company immediately underſtood the " meaning of this; that the eaſineſs of " the lady had ſuffered her to admit " certain imprudent and dangerous fami- " liarities, bordering too much upon what " is criminal; neither was it ſure whe- " ther the lover then preſent had not " ſome ſharers with him in thoſe free- " doms, of which a lady can never be too " ſparing.

" This happened to be an extraordi- " nary day; for a third lady came into " the den, laughing loud, playing with " her fan, toſſing her head, and ſmiling " round on the young fellows in the gal-

" lery. However, the lion leaped on
" her with great fury, and we gave her
" for gone; but on a ſudden he let go
" his hold, and turned from her as if he
" was nauſeated; then gave her a laſh
" with his tail; after which ſhe returned
" to the gallery, not the leaſt out of coun-
" tenance: and this, it ſeems, was the
" uſual treatment of coquets.

" I thought we had ſeen enough; but
" my friend would needs have us go and
" viſit one or two lions in the city. We
" called at two or three dens, where they
" happened not to ſhew; but we gene-
" rally found half a ſcore young girls, be-
" tween eight and eleven years old, play-
" ing with each lion, ſitting on his back,
" and putting their hands into his mouth;
" ſome of them would now and then get
" a ſcratch, but we always diſcovered
" upon examining, that they had been
" hoydening with the young apprentices.
" One of them was calling to a pretty girl
" about twelve years old, who ſtood by
" us in the gallery, to come down to the
" lion, and, upon her refuſal, ſaid, *Ah!*
" *miſs* Betty, *we could never get you to come*

" *near the lion, ſince you played at hoop*
" *and hide with my brother in the garret.*
" We followed a couple, with the wed-
" ding folks, going to the church of St.
" *Mary-Axe.* The lady, though well
" ſtricken in years, extremely crooked and
" deformed, was dreſſed out beyond the
" gaiety of fifteen; having jumbled to-
" gether, as I imagined, all the tawdry
" remains of aunts, god-mothers, and
" grand-mothers, for ſome generations
" paſt. One of the neighbours whiſ-
" pered me, that ſhe was an old maid,
" and had the cleareſt reputation of any
" in the pariſh. There is nothing ſtrange
" in that, thought I; but was much
" ſurprized when I obſerved afterwards,
" that ſhe went toward the lion with diſ-
" truſt and concern. The beaſt was ly-
" ing down; but, upon ſight of her,
" ſnuffed up his noſe two or three times,
" and then, giving the ſign of death, pro-
" ceeded inſtantly to execution. In the
" midſt of her agonies, ſhe was heard to
" name the words *Italy* and *artifices* with
" the utmoſt horror, and ſeveral repeated
" execrations; and at laſt concluded,
" *Fool*

" *Fool that I was, to put ſo much confi-*
" *dence in the toughneſs of my ſkin!*

" The keeper immediately ſet all in " order again for another cuſtomer, " which happened to be a famous prude, " whom her parents, after long threaten- " ings and much perſuaſion, had, with " the extremeſt difficulty, prevailed on " to accept a young handſome goldſmith, " who might have pretended to five " times her fortune. The fathers and " mothers in the neighbourhood uſed to " quote her for an example to their " daughters; her elbows were riveted " to her ſides, and her whole perſon ſo " ordered as to inform every body, that " ſhe was afraid they ſhould touch her. " She only dreaded to approach the lion " becauſe it was a he-one, and abhorred " to think a male animal ſhould preſume " to breathe on her. The ſight of a man " at twenty yards diſtance made her draw " back her head. She always ſat upon " the further corner of the chair, al- " though there were ſix chairs between " her and her lover, and with the door " wide open, and her little ſiſter in the

" room. She was never ſaluted but at " the tip of the ear; and her father had " much ado to make her dine without her " gloves, when there was a man at table. " She entered the den with ſome fear, " which we took to proceed from the " height of her modeſty, offended at the " ſight of ſo many men in the gallery. " The lion, beholding her at a diſtance, " immediately gave the deadly ſign, at " which the poor creature (methinks I " ſee her ſtill!) miſcarried in a fright be- " fore us all. The lion ſeemed to be as " much ſurprized as we, and gave her " time to make her confeſſion; *That ſhe* " *was five months gone by the foreman of* " *her father's ſhop*; *and that this was her* " *third big belly:* and when her friends " aſked, why ſhe would venture the trial? " ſhe ſaid, *Her nurſe told her, that a lion* " *would never hurt a woman with child.*" Upon this I immediately awaked, and could not help wiſhing, that the deputy cenſors of my late inſtitution were indued with the ſame inſtinct as theſe parish lions.

NUMBER XX.

Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter artes
Emollit mores. Ovid.

From *Sat. March* 3, to *Tueſ. March* 6, 1710.

From my own apartment in Channel-row, *Mar.* 5.

THOSE inferior duties of life, which the *French* call *les petites morales*, or the ſmaller morals, are with us diſtinguiſhed by the name of good-manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a ſort of artificial good ſenſe, adapted to the meaneſt capacities, and introduced to make mankind eaſy in their commerce with each other. Low and little underſtandings, without ſome rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thouſand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary converſation fall into the ſame boiſterous familiarities that one obſerves amongſt them when a debauch hath quite taken away the uſe of their reaſon. In other in-

ſtances it is odd to conſider, that, for want of common diſcretion, the very end of good-breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us eaſy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wiſhes, and in croſſing our moſt reaſonable deſires and inclinations. This abuſe reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was laſt there, in a viſit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my couſin. As ſoon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that ſtood cloſe by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almoſt ſtifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain oppoſed, urging that I muſt return ſoon after dinner. In the mean time, the good lady whiſpered her eldeſt daughter, and ſlipped a key into her hand; the girl returned inſtantly with a beer-glaſs half full of *aqua mirabilis* and ſyrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but madam vowed I ſhould drink it off; for ſhe was ſure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey,

obey, which abſolutely took away my ſtomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to ſit at a diſtance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and ſet me with my back juſt againſt it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was reſolved to force down as much as I could, and deſired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr. *Bickerſtaff* "(ſays the lady), you muſt eat a wing, "to oblige me;" and ſo put a couple upon my plate. I was perſecuted at this rate during the whole meal; as often as I called for ſmall beer, the maſter tipped the wink, and the ſervant brought me a brimmer of *October*. Some time after dinner, I ordered my couſin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horſes; but it was reſolved I ſhould not ſtir that night; and when I ſeemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the ſtable door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next queſtion was, What would I have for ſupper? I ſaid, I never eat any thing at night: but was at laſt, in my own defence, obliged to name the firſt thing that came into my

my head. After three hours ſpent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, inſinuating to me, "That this was the "worſt time of the year for proviſions; "that they were at a great diſtance from "any market; that they were afraid I "ſhould be ſtarved; and that they knew "they kept me to my loſs;" the lady went, and left me to her huſband; for they took ſpecial care I ſhould never be alone. As ſoon as her back was turned, the little miſſes ran backwards and forwards every moment, and conſtantly as they came in, or went out, made a courteſy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow and *Your humble ſervant, pretty miſs.* Exactly at eight the mother came up, and diſcovered, by the redneſs of her face, that ſupper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my perſecution doubled in proportion. I deſired at my uſual hour to go to my repoſe, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink ſomething before I went to bed; and,

and, upon my refuſing, at laſt left a bottle of *ſtingo* as they called it, for fear I ſhould wake and be thirſty in the night. I was forced in the morning to riſe and dreſs myſelf in the dark, becauſe they would not ſuffer my kinſman's ſervant to diſturb me at the hour I deſired to be called. I was now reſolved to break through all meaſures to get away; and, after ſitting down to a monſtrous breakfaſt of cold beef, mutton, neats tongues, veniſon paſty, and ſtale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs ſee me part of the way, and carry me a ſhort cut through his own ground, which he told me would ſave half a mile's riding. This laſt piece of civility had like to have coſt me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at laſt forced to alight in the dirt, when my horſe, having ſlipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

It is evident, that none of the abſurdities I met with in this viſit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaiſance, and a miſapplication

miſapplication in the rules of it. I cannot ſo eaſily excuſe the more refined criticks upon behaviour, who, having profeſſed no other ſtudy, are yet infinitely defective in the moſt material parts of it. *Ned Faſhion* hath been bred all his life about court, and underſtands to a tittle all the punctilios of a drawing-room. He viſits moſt of the fine women near *St. James's*, and, upon every occaſion, ſays the civileſt and ſofteſt things to them of any breathing. To Mr. *Iſaac* *, he owes an eaſy ſlide in his bow, and a graceful manner of coming into a room: but, in ſome other caſes, he is very far from being a well-bred perſon. He laughs at men of far ſuperior underſtanding to his own, for not being as well dreſſed as himſelf; deſpiſeth all his acquaintance who are not of quality, and in public places hath, on that account, often avoided taking notice of ſome among the beſt ſpeakers of the houſe of commons. He raileth ſtrenuouſly at both univerſities before the members of either; and is never

* A famous dancing-maſter in thoſe days.

never heard to ſwear an oath, or break in upon religion and morality, except in the company of divines. On the other hand, a man of right ſenſe hath all the eſſentials of good-breeding, although he may be wanting in the forms of it. *Horatio* hath ſpent moſt of his time at *Oxford*: he hath a great deal of learning, an agreeable wit, and as much modeſty as may ſerve to adorn, without concealing, his other good qualities. In that retired way of living, he ſeemeth to have formed a notion of human nature, as he hath found it deſcribed in the writings of the greateſt men, not as he is likely to meet with it in the common courſe of life. Hence it is that he giveth no offence, but converſeth with great deference, candor, and humanity. His bow, I muſt confeſs, is ſomewhat awkward; but then he hath an extenſive, univerſal, and unaffected knowledge, which may, perhaps, a little excuſe him. He would make no extraordinary figure at a ball; but I can aſſure the ladies, in his behalf, and for their own conſolation, that he has writ better verſes on

the

the ſex than any man now living, and is preparing ſuch a poem for the preſs as will tranſmit their praiſes and his own to many generations.

NUMBER 230.

Thurſday, September 28, 1710 *.

From my own apartment, September 27.

THE following letter hath laid before me many great and manifeſt evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked; but it opens to me a very buſy ſcene, and it will require no ſmall care and application to amend errors, which are become ſo univerſal. The affectation of politeneſs is expoſed in this epiſtle with a great deal of wit and diſcernment; ſo that, whatever diſcourſes I may fall into hereafter upon the ſubject

* The letter to the Lord High Treaſurer upon the ſame ſubject with this *Tatler*, is printed in the third of theſe volumes. It is ſaid, that the author wrote ſome other *Tatlers* and ſeveral *Spectators*, and furniſhed hints for many more; particularly *The Tables of Fame*, *The Life and Adventures of a Shilling*, *The account of* England *by an* Indian *king*, and ſome others: but, as we are informed, he would never tell his beſt friends the particular papers. *Dublin* edit.

the

the writer treats of, I ſhall at preſent lay the matter before the world without the leaſt alteration from the words of my correſpondent.

To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, *Eſq;*

SIR,

"THERE are ſome abuſes among us "of great conſequence, the reformation "of which is properly your province; "although, as far as I have been conver- "ſant in your papers, you have not "yet conſidered them. Theſe are, the "deplorable ignorance that for ſome years "hath reigned among our *Engliſh* writers, the great depravity of our taſte, "and the continual corruption of our "ſtyle. I ſay nothing here of thoſe who "handle particular ſciences, divinity, law, "phyſick, and the like; I mean the "traders in hiſtory, and politicks, and the "*Belles lettres*, together with thoſe by "whom books are not tranſlated, but (as "the common expreſſions are) *done out* "*of French*, *Latin*, or other languages, "and

" and *made Engliſh.* I cannot but ob-
" ſerve to you, that, until of late years, a
" *Grub-ſtreet* book was always bound in
" ſheep-ſkin, with ſuitable print and paper,
" the price never above a ſhilling, and
" taken off wholly by common tradeſmen
" or country pedlars; but now they ap-
" pear in all ſizes and ſhapes, and in all
" places; they are handed about from
" lapfuls in every coffee-houſe to perſons
" of quality; are ſhewn in *Weſtminſter-*
" *hall* and the *Court of Requeſts*; you
" may ſee them gilt, and in royal paper,
" of five or ſix hundred pages, and rated
" accordingly. I would engage to fur-
" niſh you with a catalogue of *Engliſh*
" books, publiſhed within the compaſs of
" ſeven years paſt, which at the firſt hand
" would coſt you an hundred pounds,
" wherein you ſhall not be able to find
" ten lines together of common grammar
" or common ſenſe.

" Theſe two evils, ignorance and
" want of taſte, have produced a third,
" I mean the continual corruption of our
" *Engliſh* tongue, which, without ſome
" timely remedy, will ſuffer more by the
" falſe

" falſe refinements of twenty years paſt,
" than it hath been improved in the fore-
" going hundred. And this is what I de-
" ſign chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving
" the former evils to your animadverſion.

" But, inſtead of giving you a liſt of
" the late refinements crept into our lan-
" guage, I here ſend you the copy of a
" letter I received ſome time ago from a
" moſt accompliſhed perſon in this way of
" writing, upon which I ſhall make ſome
" remarks. It is in theſe terms:

SIR,

I cou'dn't *get the things you ſent for all* about town. — *I* tho't *to* ha' *come down myſelf, and then* I'd ha' bro't 'um; *but* ha'nt don't, *and I believe I* can't do't, *that's* pozz.—Tom *begins to* g'imſelf *airs, becauſe* he's *going with the* plenipo's. — *'Tis ſaid the* French *king will* bamboozel us agen, *which* cauſes many ſpeculations. *The* Jacks, *and others of that* kidney, *are verry* uppiſh *and* alert upon't, *as you may ſee by their* phizz's. --- Will Hazard *has got the* hipps, *having loſt* to the tune of

" *he underſtands*
" ...dy better. *He has*
... *to leave off play*; *but*
...*neſs* he's *too apt to* give
... *much wit as any man*, no
... *has lain* incog *ever ſince.*
... *very quiet with us now.* ---
... tho't *I* banter'd *you in my*
... *a* country put. — *I* ſhan't *leave*
... *month*, &c.

" This letter is in every point an ad-
" mirable pattern of the preſent polite
" way of writing; nor is it of leſs autho-
" rity for being an epiſtle: you may ga-
" ther every flower of it, with a thou-
" ſand more of equal ſweetneſs, from the
" books, pamphlets, and ſingle papers,
" offered us every day in the coffee-
" houſes. And theſe are the beauties in-
" troduced to ſupply the want of wit,
" ſenſe, humour, and learning, which
" formerly were looked upon as quali-
" fications for a writer. If a man of
" wit, who died forty years ago, were
" to riſe from the grave on purpoſe,
" how

" how would he be able to read this let-
" ter? and after he had got through that
" difficulty, how would he be able to
" underſtand it? The firſt thing that
" ſtrikes your eye, is the *breaks* at the end
" of almoſt every ſentence; of which I
" know not the uſe, only that it is a re-
" finement, and very frequently practiſed.
" Then you will obſerve the abbrevia-
" tions and eliſions, by which conſonants
" of moſt obdurate ſounds are joined to-
" gether without one ſoftening vowel to
" intervene: and all this only to make
" one ſyllable of two, directly contrary
" to the example of the *Greeks* and *Ro-*
" *mans*; altogether of the *Gothic* ſtrain,
" and of a natural tendency towards re-
" lapſing into barbarity, which delights in
" monoſyllables, and uniting of mute
" conſonants; as it is obſervable in all
" the *Northern* languages. And this is
" ſtill more viſible in the next refine-
" ment, which conſiſteth in pronoun-
" cing the firſt ſyllable in a word that
" hath many, and diſmiſſing the reſt;
" ſuch as *phizz*, *hipps*, *mobb*, *pozz*, *rep*, and

" many more; when we are already over-
" loaded with monoſyllables, which are
" the diſgrace of our language. Thus we
" cram one ſyllable, and cut off the reſt;
" as the owl fattened her mice after ſhe
" had bit off their legs to prevent them
" from running away; and if ours be the
" ſame reaſon for maiming of words, it
" will certainly anſwer the end; for I am
" ſure no other nation will deſire to bor-
" row them. Some words are hitherto but
" fairly ſplit, and therefore only in their
" way to perfection, as *incog.* and *plenipo*;
" but in a ſhort time, it is to be hoped,
" they will be further docked to *inc.* and
" *plen.* This reflexion hath made me
" of late years very impatient for a peace,
" which I believe would ſave the lives of
" many brave words as well as men. The
" war hath introduced abundance of po-
" lyſyllables, which will never be able to
" live many more campaigns. *Specula-*
" *tions*, *operations*, *preliminaries*, *ambaſ-*
" *ſadors*, *paliſadoes*, *communications*, *cir-*
" *cumvallations*, *battalions*, as numerous
" as they are, if they attack us too fre-
" quently

" quently in our coffee-houſes, we ſhall " certainly put them to flight, and cut off " the rear.

" The third refinement obſervable in " the letter I ſend you conſiſteth in the " choice of certain words invented by " ſome *pretty fellows*, ſuch as *banter*, " *bamboozle*, *country-put*, and *kidney* as " it is there applied; ſome of which are " now ſtruggling for the vogue, and o- " thers are in poſſeſſion of it. I have done " my utmoſt for ſome years paſt to ſtop " the progreſs of *mob* and *banter*, but " have been plainly borne down by num- " bers, and betrayed by thoſe who pro- " miſed to aſſiſt me.

" In the laſt place you are to take no- " tice of certain choice phraſes ſcattered " through the letter; ſome of them to- " lerable enough, till they were worn to " rags by ſervile imitators. You might " eaſily find them, although they were " not in a different print, and therefore " I need not diſturb them.

" Theſe are the falſe refinements in " our ſtyle, which you ought to correct; " firſt, by arguments and fair means;

" but if thoſe fail, I think you are to
" make uſe of your authority as cenſor,
" and by an annual *index expurgatorius*
" expunge all words and phraſes that are
" offenſive to good ſenſe, and condemn
" thoſe barbarous mutilations of vowels
" and ſyllables. In this laſt point the uſu-
" al pretence is, that they ſpell as they
" ſpeak: a noble ſtandard for language!
" to depend upon the caprice of every
" coxcomb, who, becauſe words are the
" cloathing of our thoughts, cuts them
" out and ſhapes them as he pleaſeth,
" and changes them oftner than his dreſs.
" I believe all reaſonable people would be
" content, that ſuch refiners were more
" ſparing of their words, and liberal in
" their ſyllables. On this head I ſhould
" be glad you would beſtow ſome advice
" upon ſeveral young readers in our
" churches, who, coming up from the
" univerſity full fraught with admiration
" of our town politeneſs, will needs cor-
" rect the ſtyle of their prayer books. In
" reading the abſolution, they are very
" careful to ſay *pardons and abſolves*, and
" in the prayer for the royal family it
" muſt

" muſt be *endue'um*, *enrich'um*, *proſper-*
" *'um*, and *bring'um*; then in their ſer-
" mons they uſe all the modern terms of
" art, *ſham*, *banter*, *mob*, *bubble*, *bully*,
" *cutting*, *ſhuffling*, and *palming*; all which,
" and many more of the like ſtamp, as I
" have heard them often in the pulpit
" from ſome young ſophiſters, ſo I have
" read them in ſome of *thoſe ſermons*
" *that have made a great noiſe of late.*
" The deſign, it ſeems, is to avoid the
" dreadful imputation of pedantry; to
" ſhew us that they *know the town*, *un-*
" *derſtand men and manners*, and have
" not been poring upon old unfaſhion-
" able books in the univerſity.

" I ſhould be glad to ſee you the in-
" ſtrument of introducing into our ſtyle
" that ſimplicity, which is the beſt and
" trueſt ornament of moſt things in hu-
" man life, which the politer ages always
" aimed at in their building and dreſs
" *(ſimplex munditiis)* as well as their pro-
" ductions of wit. It is manifeſt that all
" new-affected modes of ſpeech, whether
" borrowed from the court, the town, or
" the theatre, are the firſt periſhing parts

" in any language; and, as I could prove " by many hundred inſtances, have been " ſo in ours. The writings of *Hooker*, who " was a country clergyman, and of *Par-* " *ſons* the jeſuit, both in the reign of " Queen *Elizabeth*, are in a ſtyle that " with very few allowances would not " offend any preſent reader; much more " clear and intelligible, than thoſe of Sir " *H. Wotton*, Sir *Rob. Naunton*, *Oſborn*, " *Daniel* the hiſtorian, and ſeveral others " who writ later, but being men of the " court, and affecting the phraſes then " in faſhion, they are often either not to " be underſtood, or appear perfectly ri- " diculous.

" What remedies are to be applied to " theſe evils I have not room to conſider, " having, I fear, already taken up moſt of " your paper: beſides, I think it is our " office only to repreſent abuſes, and " yours to redreſs them.

I am, with great reſpect,

SIR,

Yours, etc.

To

To the HONOURABLE

HOUSE OF COMMONS, &c.

The humble Petition of the Footmen in and about the City of *Dublin*.

Written in the year 1732.

Humbly ſheweth,

THAT your *petitioners* are a great and numerous *ſociety*, endowed with ſeveral privileges time out of mind.

That certain *lewd*, *idle*, and *diſorderly* perſons, for ſeveral months paſt, as it is notoriouſly known, have been daily ſeen in the public walks of this city, habited ſometimes in *green coats*, and ſometimes *laced*, with long *oaken cudgels* in their hands, and without ſwords; in hopes to procure favour by that advantage with a great number of ladies who frequent thoſe walks; pretending and giving themſelves out to be true genuine *Iriſh footmen*; whereas they can be proved to be no better than common *toupees*, as a judicious eye may ſoon diſcover, by their *aukward*, *clumſey*, *ungenteel* gait and behaviour;

haviour; by their unſkilfulneſs in dreſs even with the advantage of our habits; by their ill-favoured countenances, with an air of *impudence* and *dulneſs* peculiar to the reſt of their brethren, who have not yet arrived at that tranſcendent pitch of aſſurance; although it may be juſtly apprehended, that they will do ſo in time, if theſe *counterfeits* ſhall happen to ſucceed in their evil deſign of paſſing for *real footmen*, thereby to render themſelves more amiable to the ladies.

Your *petitioners* do further alledge, that many of the ſaid *counterfeits*, upon a ſtrict examination, have been found in the act of *ſtrutting*, *ſtaring*, *ſwearing*, *ſwaggering*, in a manner that plainly ſhewed their beſt endeavours to imitate us. Wherein, altho' they did not ſucceed, yet by their ignorant and ungainly way of copying our graces the utmoſt indignity was endeavoured to be caſt upon our whole profeſſion.

Your *petitioners* do therefore make it their humble requeſt, that this *honourable houſe* (to many of whom your *petitioners* are nearly *allied)* will pleaſe to take this grievance into your moſt ſerious conſideration:

ration: humbly ſubmitting, whether it would not be proper, that certain *officers* might, at the public charge, be employed to ſearch for, and diſcover all ſuch *counterfeit footmen*; to carry them before the next *juſtice* of peace, by whoſe warrant, upon the firſt conviction, they ſhould be ſtripped of their *coats* and *oaken* ornaments, and be ſet two hours in the ſtocks; upon the ſecond conviction, beſides ſtripping, be ſet ſix hours in the ſtocks with a paper pinned on their breaſts ſignifying their crime in large capital letters, and in the following words: *A. B. commonly called A. B. eſq; a toupee, and a notorious impoſtor, who preſumed to perſonate a true Iriſh footman.*

And for any other offence, the ſaid *toupee* ſhall be committed to *Bridewell*, whipped three times, forced to hard labour for a month, and not to be ſet at liberty till he ſhall have given ſufficient ſecurity for his good behaviour.

Your *honours* will pleaſe to obſerve, with what lenity we propoſe to treat theſe enormous offenders, who have already brought ſuch a ſcandal on our *honourable calling*,

calling, that ſeveral well-meaning people have miſtaken them to be of our *fraternity*, in diminution to that credit and dignity whereby we have ſupported our ſtation, as we always did, in the *worſt of times*. And we further beg leave to remark, that this was manifeſtly done with a *ſeditious* deſign to render us leſs capable of ſerving the *publick* in any great employments, as ſeveral of our *fraternity*, as well as our *anceſtors*, have done.

We do therefore humbly implore your *honours* to give neceſſary orders for our relief in this preſent exigency, and your *petitioners* (as in duty bound) ſhall ever pray, *&c.*

A

PROPOSAL

FOR

Giving Badges to the Beggars in all the Pariſhes of *Dublin*.

By the Dean of St. *Patrick's*.

Written in the year 1737.

IT hath been a general complaint, that the poor-houſe (eſpecially ſince the new conſtitution by act of parliament) hath been of no benefit to this city, for the eaſe of which it was wholly intended. I had the honour to be a member of it many years before it was new-modelled by the legiſlature; not from any perſonal regard, but merely as one of the two deans, who are of courſe put into moſt commiſſions that relate to the city; and I have likewiſe the honour to have been left out of ſeveral commiſſions upon the ſcore of party, in which my predeceſſors time

time out of mind have always been members.

The firſt commiſſion was made up of about fifty perſons, which were, the lord-mayor, aldermen, and ſheriffs, and ſome few other citizens; the judges, the two archbiſhops, the two deans of the city, and one or two more gentlemen. And I muſt confeſs my opinion, that the diſſolving the old commiſſion, and eſtabliſhing a new one of near three times the number, have been the great cauſe of rendering ſo good a deſign not only uſeleſs, but a grievance inſtead of a benefit to the city. In the preſent commiſſion all the city clergy are included, beſides a great number of 'ſquires, not only thoſe who reſide in *Dublin* and the neighbourhood, but ſeveral who live at a great diſtance, and cannot poſſibly have the leaſt concern for the advantage of the city.

At the few general meetings that I have attended ſince the new eſtabliſhment, I obſerved very little was done except one or two acts of extreme juſtice, which I then thought might as well have been ſpared: and I have found the court of aſſiſtants

aſſiſtants uſually taken up in little wrangles about coachmen, or adjuſting accounts of meal and ſmall beer; which, however neceſſary, might ſometimes have given place to matters of much greater moment, I mean ſome ſchemes recommended to the general board for anſwering the chief ends in erecting and eſtabliſhing ſuch a poor-houſe, and endowing it with ſo conſiderable a revenue; and the principal end I take to have been that of maintaining the poor and orphans of the city, where the pariſhes are not able to do it; and clearing the ſtreets from all ſtrollers, foreigners, and ſturdy beggars, with which to the univerſal complaint and admiration *Dublin* is more infeſted ſince the eſtabliſhment of the poor-houſe, than it was ever known to be ſince its firſt erection.

As the whole fund for ſupporting this hoſpital is raiſed only from the inhabitants of the city; ſo there can be hardly any thing more abſurd than to ſee it miſemployed in maintaining foreign beggars, and baſtards, or orphans, of farmers, whoſe country landlords never contributed one ſhilling towards their ſupport. I would engage,

engage, that half this revenue, if employed with common care and no very great degree of common honeſty, would maintain all the real objects of charity in this city, except a ſmall number of original poor in every pariſh, who might, without being burthenſome to the pariſhioners, find a tolerable ſupport.

I have for ſome years paſt applied myſelf to ſeveral lord-mayors, and the late archbiſhop of *Dublin*, for a remedy to this evil of foreign beggars; and they all appeared ready to receive a very plain propoſal, I mean that of badging the original poor of every pariſh who begged in the ſtreets; that the ſaid beggars ſhould be confined to their own pariſhes; that they ſhould wear their badges well ſown upon one of their ſhoulders, always viſible, on pain of being whipped and turned out of town; or whatever legal puniſhment may be thought proper and effectual. But, by the wrong way of thinking in ſome clergymen, and the indifference of others, this method was perpetually defeated, to their own continual diſquiet, which they do not ill deſerve; and

if the grievance affected only them, it would be of leſs conſequence; becauſe the remedy is in their own power: but all ſtreet-walkers and ſhop-keepers bear an equal ſhare in its hourly vexation.

I never heard more than one objection againſt this expedient of badging the poor, and confining their walks to their ſeveral pariſhes. The objection was this: What ſhall we do with the foreign beggars? muſt they be left to ſtarve? I anſwered, No; but they muſt be driven or whipped out of town; and let the next country pariſh do as they pleaſe, or rather, after the practice in *England*, ſend them from one pariſh to another, until they reach their own homes. By the old laws of *England* ſtill in force, every pariſh is bound to maintain its own poor; and the matter is of no ſuch conſequence in this point as ſome would make it, whether a country pariſh be rich or poor. In the remoter and poorer pariſhes of the kingdom all neceſſaries for life proper for poor people are comparatively cheaper; I mean butter-milk, oat-meal, potatoes, and o-

other vegetables; and every farmer or cottager, who is not himſelf a beggar, can ſometimes ſpare a ſup or a morſel, not worth the fourth part of a farthing, to an indigent neighbour of his own pariſh, who is diſabled from work. A beggar native of the pariſh is known to the 'ſquire, to the church miniſter, to the popiſh prieſt, or the conventicle teacher, as well as to every farmer: he hath generally ſome relations able to live, and contribute ſomething to his maintenance. None of which advantages can be reaſonably expected on a removal to places where he is altogether unknown. If he be not quite maimed, he and his trull, and litter of brats (if he has any), may get half their ſupport by doing ſome kind of work in their power, and thereby be leſs burthenſome to the people. In ſhort, all neceſſaries of life grow in the country, and not in cities, and are cheaper where they grow; nor is it equitable that beggars ſhould put us to the charge of giving them victuals, and the carriage too.

But, when the ſpirit of wandering takes him, attended by his females and their equipage

equipage of children, he becomes a nuiſance to the whole country; he and his female are thieves, and teach the trade of ſtealing to their brood at four years old; and, if his infirmities be counterfeit, it is dangerous for a ſingle perſon unarmed to meet him on the road. He wanders from one county to another, but ſtill with a view to this town, whither he arrives at laſt, and enjoys all the privileges of a *Dublin* beggar.

I do not wonder, that the country 'ſquires ſhould be very willing to ſend up their colonies; but why the city ſhould be content to receive them, is beyond my imagination.

If the city were obliged by their charter to maintain a thouſand beggars, they could do it cheaper by eighty *per cent.* a-hundred miles off, than in this town, or in any of its ſuburbs.

There is no village in *Connaught*, that in proportion ſhares ſo deeply in the daily increaſing miſeries of *Ireland*, as its capital city; to which miſeries there hardly remained any addition, except the perpetual ſwarms of foreign beggars, who

might be baniſhed in a month, without expence, and with very little trouble.

As I am perſonally acquainted with a great number of ſtreet-beggars, I find ſome weak attempts have been made in one or two pariſhes to promote the wearing of badges; and my firſt queſtion to thoſe who aſk an alms is, *Where is your badge?* I have, in ſeveral years, met with about a dozen who were ready to produce them, ſome out of their pockets, other from under their coat, and two or three on their ſhoulders, only covered with a ſort of capes, which they could lift up or let down upon occaſion. They are too lazy to work; they are not afraid to ſteal, nor aſhamed to beg; and yet are too proud to be ſeen with a badge, as many of them have confeſſed to me, and not a few in very injurious terms, particularly the females. They all look upon ſuch an obligation as a high indignity done to their office. I appeal to all indifferent people, whether ſuch wretches deſerve to be relieved. As to myſelf, I muſt confeſs, this abſurd inſolence hath ſo affected me, that for ſeveral years paſt I have not diſpoſed

of

of one ſingle farthing to a ſtreet-beggar, nor intend to do ſo until I ſee a better regulation; and I have endeavoured to perſuade all my brother-walkers to follow my example, which moſt of them aſſure me they do. For, if beggary be not able to beat out pride, it cannot deſerve charity. However, as to perſons in coaches and chairs, they bear but little of the perſecution we ſuffer, and are willing to leave it entirely upon us.

To ſay the truth, there is not a more undeſerving vicious race of human-kind than the bulk of thoſe who are reduced to beggary, even in this beggarly country. For as a great part of our public miſeries is originally owing to our own faults (but what thoſe faults are, I am grown by experience too wary to mention) ſo I am confident, that among the meaner people nineteen in twenty of thoſe who are reduced to a ſtarving condition, did not become ſo by what the lawyers call the work of God either upon their bodies or goods; but merely from their own idleneſs, attended with all manner

of vices, particularly drunkenneſs, thievery, and cheating.

Whoever enquires, as I have frequently done, from thoſe who have aſked me an alms, what was their former courſe of life, will find them to have been ſervants in good families, broken tradeſmen, labourers, cottagers, and what they call decayed houſekeepers; but (to uſe their own cant) reduced by loſſes and croſſes, by which nothing can be underſtood but idleneſs and vice.

As this is the only Chriſtian country where people, contrary to the old maxim, are the poverty, and not the riches of the nation; ſo the bleſſing of *increaſe* and *multiply* is by us converted into a curſe: and, as marriage hath been ever countenanced in all free countries, ſo we ſhould be leſs miſerable if it were diſcouraged in ours, as far as can be conſiſtent with Chriſtianity. It is ſeldom known in *England*, that the labourer, the lower mechanick, the ſervant, or the cottager, thinks of marrying, until he hath ſaved up a ſtock of money ſufficient to carry on his buſineſs; nor takes a wife without a ſuitable portion;

tion; and as ſeldom fails of making a yearly addition to that ſtock, with a view of providing for his children. But in this kingdom the caſe is directly contrary, where many thouſand couples are yearly married, whoſe whole united fortunes, bating the rags on their backs, would not be ſufficient to purchaſe a pint of butter-milk for their wedding-ſupper, nor have any proſpect of ſupporting their *honourable ſtate* but by ſervice or labour, or thievery. Nay, their *happineſs* is often deferred until they find credit to borrow, or cunning to ſteal, a ſhilling to pay their popiſh prieſt, or infamous couple-beggar. Surely no miraculous portion of wiſdom would be required to find ſome kind of remedy againſt this deſtructive evil, or at leaſt not to draw the conſequences of it upon our decaying city, the greateſt part whereof muſt of courſe in a few years become deſolate, or in ruins.

In all other nations, that are not abſolutely barbarous, parents think themſelves bound by the law of nature and reaſon to make ſome proviſion for their children; but the reaſon offered by the inha-

bitants of *Ireland* for marrying is, that they may have children to maintain them when they grow old, and unable to work.

I am informed, that we have been for ſome time paſt extremely obliged to *England* for one very beneficial branch of commerce; for, it ſeems, they are grown ſo gracious as to tranſmit us continually colonies of beggars, in return for a million of money they receive yearly from hence. That I may give no offence, I profeſs to mean real *Engliſh* beggars in the literal meaning of the word, as it is uſually underſtood by proteſtants. It ſeems the juſtices of the peace and pariſh-officers in the weſtern coaſts of *England* have a good while followed the trade of exporting hither their ſupernumerary beggars, in order to advance the *Engliſh* proteſtant intereſt among us; and theſe they are ſo kind to ſend over *gratis*, and duty-free. I have had the honour more than once to attend large cargoes of them from *Cheſter* to *Dublin*: and I was then ſo ignorant as to give my opinion, that our city ſhould receive them into *Bridewell*, and, after a month's reſidence, having been

well whipt twice a day, fed with bran and water, and put to hard labour, they ſhould be returned honeſtly back with thanks, as cheap as they came: or, if that were not approved of, I propoſed, that whereas one *Engliſhman* is allowed to be of equal intrinſic value with twelve born in *Ireland*, we ſhould in juſtice return them a dozen for one to diſpoſe of as they pleaſed.

As to the native poor of this city, there would be little or no damage in confining them to their ſeveral pariſhes. For inſtance: a beggar of the pariſh of St. *Warborough's*, or any other pariſh here, if he be an object of compaſſion, hath an equal chance to receive his proportion of alms from every charitable hand: becauſe the inhabitants, one or other, walk through every ſtreet in town, and give their alms, without conſidering the place, wherever they think it may be well diſpoſed of: and theſe helps, added to what they get in eatables by going from houſe to houſe among the gentry and citizens, will, without being very burthenſome, be ſufficient to keep them alive.

It

It is true, the poor of the ſuburb pariſhes will not have altogether the ſame advantage, becauſe they are not equally in the road of buſineſs and paſſengers: but here it is to be conſidered, that the beggars there have not ſo good a title to public charity, becauſe moſt of them are ſtrollers from the country, and compoſe a principal part of that great nuiſance which we ought to remove.

I ſhould be apt to think, that few things can be more irkſome to a city miniſter, than a number of beggars which do not belong to his diſtrict, whom he hath no obligation to take care of, who are no part of his flock, and who take the bread out of the mouths of thoſe to whom it properly belongs. When I mention this abuſe to any miniſter of a city-pariſh, he uſually lays the fault upon the beadles, who, he ſays, are bribed by the foreign beggars; and, as thoſe beadles often keep alehouſes, they find their account in ſuch cuſtomers. This evil might eaſily be remedied, if the pariſhes would make ſome ſmall addition to the ſalaries of a beadle, and be more careful in the choice of thoſe officers,

officers. But I conceive there is one effectual method in the power of every miniſter to put in practice; I mean, by making it the intereſt of all his own original poor to drive out intruders; for, if the pariſh beggars were abſolutely forbidden by the miniſter and church officers to ſuffer ſtrollers to come into the pariſh, upon pain of themſelves not being permitted to beg alms at the church-doors, or at the houſes and ſhops of the inhabitants, they would prevent interlopers more effectually than twenty beadles.

And here I cannot but take notice of the great indiſcretion of our city ſhopkeepers, who ſuffer their doors to be daily beſieged by crowds of beggars (as the gates of a lord are by duns), to the great diſguſt and vexation of many cuſtomers, whom I have frequently obſerved to go to other ſhops, rather than ſuffer ſuch a perſecution; which might eaſily be avoided, if no foreign beggars were allowed to infeſt them.

Wherefore I do aſſert, that the ſhopkeepers, who are the greateſt complainers of this grievance, lamenting that for every cuſtomer

cuſtomer they are worried by fifty beggars, do very well deſerve what they ſuffer, when a 'prentice with a horſe-whip is able to laſh every beggar from the ſhop, who is not of the pariſh, and doth not wear the badge of that pariſh on his ſhoulder, well faſtened, and fairly viſible; and if this practice were univerſal in every houſe to all the ſturdy vagrants, we ſhould in a few weeks clear the town of all mendicants, except thoſe who have a proper title to our charity: as for the aged and infirm, it would be ſufficient to give them nothing, and then they muſt ſtarve, or follow their brethren.

It was the city that firſt endowed this hoſpital; and thoſe who afterwards contributed, as they were ſuch who generally inhabited here, ſo they intended what they gave to be for the uſe of the city's poor. The revenues, which have ſince been raiſed by parliament, are wholly paid by the city, without the leaſt charge upon any other part of the kingdom; and therefore nothing could more defeat the original deſign, than to miſapply thoſe revenues on ſtrolling beggars or baſtards from the country,

country, which bears no ſhare in the charges we are at.

If ſome of the out-pariſhes be over-burthened with poor, the reaſon muſt be, that the greateſt part of thoſe poor are ſtrollers from the country, who neſtle themſelves where they can find the cheapeſt lodgings, and from thence infeſt every part of the town, out of which they ought to be whipp'd as a moſt inſufferable nuiſance, being nothing elſe but a profligate clan of thieves, drunkards, heathens, and whoremongers, fitter to be rooted out of the face of the earth, than ſuffered to levy a vaſt annual tax upon the city, which ſhares too deep in the public miſeries brought on us by the oppreſſions we lie under from our neighbours, our brethren, our countrymen, our fellow-proteſtants, and fellow-ſubjects.

Some time ago I was appointed one of a committee to enquire into the ſtate of the work-houſe; where we found that a charity was beſtowed by a great perſon for a certain time, which in its conſequences operated very much to the detriment of the houſe; for, when the time

was

was elapſed, all thoſe who were ſupported by that charity continued on the ſame foot with the reſt on the foundation; and, being generally a pack of profligate, vagabond wretches from ſeveral parts of the kingdom, corrupted all the reſt; ſo partial, or treacherous, or intereſted, or ignorant, or miſtaken, are generally all recommenders, not only to employments, but even to charity itſelf.

I know it is complained, that the difficulty of driving foreign beggars out of the city is charged upon the *bellowers* (as they are called), who find their accounts beſt in ſuffering thoſe vagrants to follow their trade through every part of the town. But this abuſe might eaſily be remedied, and very much to the advantage of the whole city, if better ſalaries were given to thoſe who execute that office in the ſeveral pariſhes, and would make it their intereſt to clear the town of thoſe caterpillars, rather than hazard the loſs of an employment that would give them an honeſt livelihood. But, if that ſhould fail, yet a general reſolution of never giving charity to a ſtreet-beggar out of his own pariſh,

pariſh, or without a viſible badge, would infallibly force all vagrants to depart.

There is generally a vagabond ſpirit in beggars, which ought to be diſcouraged and ſeverely puniſhed. It is owing to the ſame cauſes that drove them into poverty; I mean, idleneſs, drunkenneſs, and raſh marriages without the leaſt proſpect of ſupporting a family by honeſt endeavours, which never came into their thoughts. It is obſerved, that hardly one beggar in twenty looks upon himſelf to be relieved by receiving bread, or other food; and they have in this town been frequently ſeen to pour out of their pitchers good broth, that hath been given them, into the kennel; neither do they much regard cloaths, unleſs to ſell them; for their rags are part of their tools with which they work: They want only ale, brandy, and other ſtrong liquors, which cannot be had without money: and money, as they conceive, always abounds in the metropolis.

I had ſome other thoughts to offer upon this ſubject. But as I am a deſponder in my nature, and have tolerably well

diſcovered

diſcovered the diſpoſition of our people, who never will move a ſtep towards eaſing themſelves from any one ſingle grievance; it will be thought, that I have already ſaid too much, and to little or no purpoſe, which hath often been the fate or fortune of the writer.

April 22, 1737.

J. SWIFT.

AN

A COMPLETE

COLLECTION

Of GENTEEL and INGENIOUS

CONVERSATION,

According to the moſt

Polite MODE and METHOD

NOW USED

At COURT, and in the BEST COMPANIES
OF *ENGLAND*.

IN THREE DIALOGUES.

By *SIMON WAGSTAFF*, Eſq;

AN

NTRODUCTION*.

S my life hath been chiefly ſpent in
consulting the honour and welfare
ny country for more than forty years
, not without anſwerable ſucceſs, if
world and my friends have not flat-
l me; ſo there is no point wherein
ve ſo much laboured, as that of im-
ing and poliſhing all parts of conver-
n between perſons of quality, whether
meet by accident or invitation, at
ls, tea, or viſits, mornings, noons, or
ings.
have paſſed perhaps more time than
other man of my age and country in

*This treatiſe appears to
been written with the
view, as the *critical eſſay
faculties of the mind*,
on a more general plan:
dicule, which is there
ed to literary compoſi-
s here extended to con-
ion, but its object is the
in both; the repetition
of quaint phraſes picked up
by rote either from the living
or the dead, and applied upon
every occaſion to conceal ig-
norance or ſtupidity, or to
prevent the labour of thoughts
to produce native ſentiment,
and combine ſuch words as
will preciſely expreſs it.

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viſits and aſſemblies, where the polite perſons of both ſexes diſtinguiſh themſelves; and could not without much grief obſerve how frequently both gentlemen and ladies are at a loſs for queſtions, anſwers, replies, and rejoinders. However, my concern was much abated, when I found that theſe defects were not occaſioned by any want of materials, but becauſe thoſe materials were not in every hand: for inſtance, one lady can give an anſwer better than aſk a queſtion: one gentleman is happy at a reply; another excels in a rejoinder: one can revive a languiſhing converſation by a ſudden ſurprizing ſentence; another is more dexterous in ſeconding; a third can fill up the gap with laughing, or commending what has been ſaid: thus freſh hints may be ſtarted, and the ball of the diſcourſe kept up.

But alas! this is too ſeldom the caſe, even in the moſt ſelect companies. How often do we ſee at court, at public viſiting-days, at great men's levees, and other places of general meeting, that the converſation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without ſupply of fuel! This is what

we

we all ought to lament; and againſt this dangerous evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following papers provided an infallible remedy.

It was in the year 1695, and the ſixth of his late majeſty King WILLIAM the Third of ever glorious and immortal memory, who reſcued three kingdoms from popery and ſlavery, when, being about the age of ſix-and-thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the beſt families in town, I determined to ſpend five mornings, to dine four times, paſs three afternoons, and ſix evenings every week, in the houſes of the moſt polite families, of which I would confine myſelf to fifty; only changing as the maſters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or ſunk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the higheſt moment) became diſaffected to the government; which practice I have followed ever ſince to this very day; except when I happened to be ſick, or in the ſpleen upon cloudy weather; and except when I entertained

four of each ſex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large table-book in my pocket; and as ſoon as I left the company, I immediately entered the choiceſt expreſſions that paſſed during the viſit; which, returning home, I tranſcribed in a fair hand, but ſomewhat enlarged; and had made the greateſt part of my collection in twelve years, but not digeſted into any method; for this I found was a work of infinite labour, and what required the niceſt judgment, and conſequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in leſs than ſixteen years more.

Herein I reſolved to exceed the advice of *Horace*, a *Roman* poet, which I have read in Mr. *Creech's* admirable tranſlation; that an author ſhould keep his works nine years in his cloſet, before he ventured to publiſh them: and finding that I ſtill received ſome additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very ſmall number, I determined to defer the publication, to purſue my deſign, and exhauſt (if poſſible) the whole ſubject, that I might

might preſent a complete ſyſtem to the world; for I am convinced by long experience, that the criticks will be as ſevere as their old envy againſt me can make them: I foreſee they will object, that I have inſerted many anſwers and replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic; and have omitted others that would have been highly uſeful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For theſe laſt ſix or ſeven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable ſentences to enrich my collection: from whence I conclude, that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if, after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, ſhall find the leaſt thing of importance omitted, I deſire they will pleaſe to ſupply my defects by communicating to me their diſcoveries; and their letters may be directed to SIMON WAGSTAFF, Eſq; at his lodgings next door to the *Glouceſter-head* in *St. James's-ſtreet* (paying the poſtage). In return of which favour, I

ſhall make honourable mention of their names in a ſhort preface to the ſecond edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with ſome pride, and much pleaſure, congratulate with my dear country, which hath outdone all the nations of *Europe*, in advancing the whole art of converſation to the greateſt height it is capable of reaching; and therefore, being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the publick is full and complete, I may at the ſame time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeneſs, and eloquence of *England* are ſummed up in it: nor is the treaſure ſmall, wherein are to be found at leaſt a thouſand ſhining queſtions, anſwers, repartees, replies and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of diſcourſe that an aſſembly of *Engliſh* ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can poſſibly want; eſpecially when the ſeveral flowers ſhall be ſet off and improved by the ſpeakers, with every circumſtance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms; and attended with praiſe, laughter or admiration.

There

There is a natural, involuntary diſtortion of the muſcles, which is the anatomical cauſe of laughter: but there is another cauſe of laughter which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good taſte, as well as of a polite obliging behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much obſervation, long practice, and a ſound judgment; I did therefore once intend, for the eaſe of the learner, to ſet down in all parts of the following dialogues certain marks, aſteriſks, or *notabenes* (in *Engliſh*, *mark-wells*), after moſt queſtions, and every reply or anſwer; directing exactly the moment when one, two, or all the company are to laugh: but having duly conſidered, that this expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and conſequently the price; and likewiſe that ſomething ought to be left for ingenious readers to find out, I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own diſcretion.

The reader muſt learn by all means to diſtinguiſh between proverbs and thoſe polite ſpeeches which beautify converſation;

tion: for, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious diſcourſe. I acknowledge indeed, that there may poſſibly be found in this treatiſe a few ſayings, among ſo great a number of ſmart turns of wit and humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial air: however, I hope it will be conſidered, that even theſe were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of ſuperior wits, to embelliſh and ſupport converſation; from whence, with great impropriety as well as plagiariſm (if you will forgive a hard word), they have moſt injuriouſly been transferred into proverbial maxims; and therefore in juſtice ought to be reſumed out of vulgar hands, to adorn the drawing-rooms of princes both male and female, the levees of great miniſters, as well as the toilet and tea-table of the ladies.

I can faithfully aſſure the reader, that there is not one ſingle witty phraſe in this whole collection, which hath not received the ſtamp and approbation of at leaſt one hundred years, and how much longer it is hard to determine; he may therefore be

be ſecure to find them all genuine, ſterling, and authentic.

But, before this elaborate treatiſe can become of univerſal uſe and ornament to my native country, two points, that will require time and much application, are abſolutely neceſſary.

For, firſt, whatever perſon would aſpire to be completely witty, ſmart, humorous, and polite, muſt by hard labour be able to retain in his memory every ſingle ſentence contained in this work, ſo as never to be once at a loſs in applying the right anſwers, queſtions, repartees, and the like, immediately, and without ſtudy or heſitation.

And, ſecondly, after a lady or gentleman hath ſo well overcome this difficulty as never to be at a loſs upon any emergency, the true management of every feature, and almoſt of every limb, is equally neceſſary; without which an infinite number of abſurdities will inevitably enſue. For inſtance, there is hardly a polite ſentence in the following dialogues, which doth not abſolutely require ſome peculiar graceful motion in the eyes, or noſe, or mouth, or forehead, or chin, or ſuitable

toſs of the head, with certain offices aſſigned to each hand; and in ladies, the whole exerciſe of the fan, fitted to the energy of every word they deliver; by no means omitting the various turns and cadence of the voice, the twiſtings, and movements, and different poſtures of the body, the ſeveral kinds and gradations of laughter, which the ladies muſt daily practiſe by the looking-glaſs, and conſult upon them with their waiting-maids.

My readers will ſoon obſerve what a great compaſs of real and uſeful knowledge this ſcience includes; wherein, although nature, aſſiſted by genius, may be very inſtrumental, yet a ſtrong memory and conſtant application, together with example and precept, will be highly neceſſary. For theſe reaſons I have often wiſhed, that certain male and female inſtructors, perfectly verſed in this ſcience, would ſet up ſchools for the inſtruction of young ladies and gentlemen therein.

I remember, about thirty years ago, there was a *Bohemian* woman, of that ſpecies commonly known by the name of *gypſies*, who came over hither from *France*, and

and generally attended Isaac the dancing-maſter, when he was teaching his art to miſſes of quality; and while the young ladies were thus employed, the *Bohemian*, ſtanding at ſome diſtance, but full in their ſight, acted before them all proper airs, and heavings of the head, and motions of the hands, and twiſtings of the body; whereof you may ſtill obſerve the good effects in ſeveral of our elder ladies.

After the ſame manner, it were much to be deſired, that ſome expert gentlewomen gone to decay would ſet up public ſchools, wherein young girls of quality, or great fortunes, might firſt be taught to repeat this following ſyſtem of converſation, which I have been at ſo much pains to compile; and then to adapt every feature of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every ſcrewing of their bodies, every exerciſe of their fans, to the humour of the ſentences they hear or deliver in converſation. But above all to inſtruct them in every ſpecies and degree of laughing in the proper ſeaſons, at their own wit or that of the company. And, if the ſons of the nobility and gentry, inſtead of being ſent

to

to common ſchools, or put into the hands of tutors at home, to learn nothing but words, were conſigned to able inſtructors in the ſame art, I cannot find what uſe there could be of books, except in the hands of thoſe who are to make learning their trade, which is below the dignity of perſons born to titles or eſtates.

It would be another infinite advantage, that by cultivating this ſcience we ſhould wholly avoid the vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be underſtood; and whenever a polite perſon offers accidentally to uſe any of their jargon-terms, have the preſumption to laugh at us for pronouncing thoſe words in a genteeler manner. Whereas, I do here affirm, that, whenever any fine gentleman or lady condeſcends to let a hard word paſs out of their mouths, every ſyllable is ſmoothed and poliſhed in the paſſage; and it is a true mark of politeneſs, both in writing and reading, to vary the orthography as well as the ſound; becauſe we are infinitely better judges of what will pleaſe a diſtinguiſhing ear than thoſe who call themſelves *ſcholars* can

poſſibly be; who, conſequently, ought to correct their books, and manner of pronouncing, by the authority of our example, from whoſe lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and ſignificancy.

But, in the mean time, until ſo great, ſo uſeful, and ſo neceſſary a deſign can be put in execution (which, conſidering the good diſpoſition of our country at preſent, I ſhall not deſpair of living to ſee), let me recommend the following treatiſe to be carried about as a pocket-companion, by all gentlemen and ladies, when they are going to viſit, or dine, or drink tea; or where they happen to paſs the evening without cards (as I have ſometimes known it to be the caſe upon diſappointments or accidents unforeſeen); deſiring they would read their ſeveral parts in their chairs or coaches, to prepare themſelves for every kind of converſation that can poſſibly happen.

Although I have, in juſtice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controuled, I mean,

mean, by producing ſo great a number of witty ſentences in the enſuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority, as well as of our own production, yet I muſt confeſs at the ſame time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our anceſtors; at leaſt, for as long as my memory reacheth, I do not recollect one new phraſe of importance to have been added; which defect in us moderns I take to have been occaſioned by the introduction of cant-words in the reign of King CHARLES the Second. And thoſe have ſo often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a year's ſtanding, is now intelligible; nor any where to be found, excepting a ſmall number ſtrewed here and there in the comedies and other fantaſtic writings of that age.

The honourable colonel JAMES GRAHAM, my old friend and companion, did likewiſe, towards the end of the ſame reign, invent a ſet of words and phraſes, which continued almoſt to the time of his death. But, as theſe terms of art were adapted only to courts and politicians, and extended little further than among his parti-

particular acquaintance (of whom I had the honour to be one) they are now almoſt forgotten.

Nor did the late D. of *R*—— and E. of *E*— ſucceed much better, although they proceeded no further than ſingle words; whereof, except *bite*, *bamboozle*, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

The ſame fate hath already attended thoſe other town-wits, who furniſh us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed, and thoſe of the laſt ſeaſon ſunk in oblivion. Of theſe I was once favoured with a complete liſt by the right honourable the lord and lady *H*——, with which I made a conſiderable figure one ſummer in the country; but returning up to town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not underſtood.

The only invention of late years, which hath any way contributed towards politeneſs in diſcourſe, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many ſyllables into one, by lopping off the reſt. This refinement having begun about the time of

the *Revolution*, I had ſome ſhare in the honour of promoting it; and I obſerve to my great ſatisfaction, that it makes daily advancements, and I hope in time will raiſe our language to the utmoſt perfection; although I muſt confeſs, to avoid obſcurity, I have been very ſparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

But, as for phraſes invented to cultivate converſation, I defy all the clubs of coffee-houſes in this town to invent a new one, equal in wit, humour, ſmartneſs, or politeneſs, to the very worſt of my ſett; which clearly ſhews, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole ſtock of materials hath been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; becauſe, having myſelf for ſeveral months racked my invention to enrich this treaſure (if poſſible) with ſome additions of my own (which however ſhould have been printed in a different character, that I might not be charged with impoſing upon the publick), and having ſhewn them to ſome judicious friends, they dealt very ſincerely with me, all unanimouſly agreeing that mine were infinitely

infinitely below the true old helps to diſcourſe drawn up in my preſent collection, and confirmed their opinion with reaſons, by which I was perfectly convinced as well as aſhamed of my great preſumption.

But I lately met a much ſtronger argument to confirm me in the ſame ſentiments: for, as the great biſhop BURNET of *Saliſbury* informs us, in the preface to his admirable *Hiſtory of his own Times*, that he intended to employ himſelf in poliſhing it every day of his life (and indeed in its kind it is almoſt equally poliſhed with this work of mine), ſo it hath been my conſtant buſineſs for ſome years paſt to examine, with the utmoſt ſtrictneſs, whether I could poſſibly find the ſmalleſt lapſe in ſtyle or propriety through my whole collection, that, in emulation with the biſhop, I might ſend it abroad as the moſt finiſhed piece of the age.

It happened one day, as I was dining in good company of both ſexes, and watching according to my cuſtom for new materials wherewith to fill my pocket-book, I ſucceeded well enough till after dinner,

when the ladies retired to their tea, and left us over a bottle of wine. But I found we were not able to furniſh any more materials that were worth the pains of tranſcribing: for the diſcourſe of the company was all degenerated into ſmart ſayings of their own invention, and not of the true old ſtandard; ſo that in abſolute deſpair I withdrew, and went to attend the ladies at their tea: from whence I did then conclude, and ſtill continue to believe, either that wine doth not inſpire politeneſs, or that our ſex is not able to ſupport it without the company of women, who never fail to lead us into the right way, and there to keep us.

It much increaſeth the value of theſe apophthegms, that unto them we owe the continuance of our language for at leaſt an hundred years; neither is this to be wondered at, becauſe indeed, beſides the ſmartneſs of the wit, and fineneſs of the raillery, ſuch is the propriety and energy of expreſſion in them all, that they never can be changed, but to diſadvantage, except in the circumſtance of uſing abbreviations: which however I do not deſpair

ſpair in due time to ſee introduced, having already met them at ſome of the choice companies in town.

Although this work be calculated for all perſons of quality and fortune of both ſexes; yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the *officers* of the *army*, the *gentlemen* of the *inns* of *court*, and of *both* the *univerſities*; to all *courtiers*, male and female, but principally to the *maids* of *honour*, of whom I have been perſonally acquainted with two and twenty ſetts, all excelling in this noble endowment; till, for ſome years paſt, I know not how, they came to degenerate into ſelling of *bargains* and *free-thinking*; not that I am againſt either of theſe entertainments at proper ſeaſons in compliance with company, who may want a taſte for more exalted diſcourſe, whoſe memories may be ſhort, who are too young to be perfect in their leſſons, or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my inſtructions. And beſides, there is a ſtrong temptation for court ladies to fall into the two amuſements above-mentioned, that

they may avoid the cenſure of affecting ſingularity againſt the general current and faſhion of all about them: but however, no man will pretend to affirm that either *bargains* or *blaſphemy*, which are the principal ornaments of *free-thinking*, are ſo good a fund of polite diſcourſe, as what is to be met with in my collection. For as to *bargains*, few of them ſeem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, becauſe they all terminate in one ſingle point; and to multiply them would require more invention than people have to ſpare. And as to *blaſphemy* or *free-thinking*, I have known ſome ſcrupulous perſons of both ſexes, who by a prejudiced education are afraid of ſprights. I muſt however except the *maids* of *honour*, who have been fully convinced by a famous court-chaplain, that there is no ſuch place as hell.

I cannot indeed controvert the lawfulneſs of *free-thinking*, becauſe it hath been univerſally allowed, that thought is free. But however, although it may afford a large field of matter, yet in my poor opinion it ſeems to contain very little of

wit or humour; becauſe it hath not en ancient enough among us to furniſh ablifhed authentic expreſſions, I mean ch as muſt receive a ſanction from the lite world, before their authority can allowed; neither was the art of *blaſ-emy* or *free-thinking* invented by the urt, or by perſons of great quality, who operly ſpeaking were patrons rather n inventors of it; but firſt brought by the fanatic faction towards the l of their power, and after the Reſto-ion carried to *Whitehall* by the con-ted *rumpers*, with very good reaſon; cauſe they knew, that King CHARLES Second, from a wrong education, aſioned by the troubles of his fa-r, had time enough to obſerve, that atic enthuſiaſm directly led to atheiſm, ich agreed with the diſſolute in-nations of his youth; and perhaps ſe principles were further cultivated in n by the *French* Hugonots, who have n often charged with ſpreading them ong us: however, I cannot ſee where neceſſity lies of introducing new and eign topicks for converſation, while we

have ſo plentiful a ſtock of our own growth.

I have likewiſe, for ſome reaſons of equal weight, been very ſparing in *double entendres:* becauſe they often put ladies upon affected conſtraints and affected ignorance. In ſhort, they break, or very much entangle, the thread of diſcourſe; neither am I maſter of any rules to ſettle the diſconcerted countenances of the females in ſuch a juncture; I can therefore, only allow *innuendos* of this kind to be delivered in whiſpers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who being in honour obliged to bluſh, it may produce a new ſubject for diſcourſe.

Perhaps the criticks may accuſe me of a defect in my following ſyſtem of *Polite Converſation*; that there is one great ornament of diſcourſe, whereof I have not produced a ſingle example; which indeed I purpoſely omitted, for ſome reaſons that I ſhall immediately offer; and, if thoſe reaſons will not ſatisfy the male part of my gentle readers, the defect may be ſupplied in ſome manner by an *appendix* to the *ſecond edition*; which *appendix*

dix ſhall be printed by itſelf, and ſold for *ſix-pence*, ſtitched, and with a marble cover, that my readers may have no occaſion to complain of being defrauded.

The defect I mean is, my not having inſerted into the body of my book, all the *oaths* now moſt in faſhion for embelliſhing diſcourſe; eſpecially ſince it could give no offence to the *clergy*, who are ſeldom or never admitted to theſe polite aſſemblies. And it muſt be allowed, that oaths well choſen are not only very uſeful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of ſtyle.

What I ſhall here offer in my own defence upon this important article will, I hope, be ſome extenuation of my fault.

Firſt, I reaſoned with myſelf, that a juſt collection of oaths, repeated as often as the faſhion requires, muſt have enlarged this volume at leaſt to double the bulk; whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewiſe make the volume leſs commodious for pocket-carriage.

Secondly, I have been aſſured by ſome judicious friends, that themſelves have known certain ladies to take offence

(whether ſeriouſly or no) at too great a profuſion of curſing and ſwearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced; which, I confeſs, did ſtartle me not a little, having never obſerved the like in the compaſs of my own ſeveral acquaintance, at leaſt for twenty years paſt. However, I was forced to ſubmit to wiſer judgments than my own.

Thirdly, as this moſt uſeful treatiſe is calculated for all future times, I conſidered, in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard ſince I began to ſtudy the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient poet:

For now-a-days men change their oaths,
As often as they change their cloaths.

In ſhort, oaths are the children of faſhion; they are in ſome ſenſe almoſt annuals, like what I obſerved before of cant-words; and I myſelf can remember about forty different ſetts. The old ſtock-oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty-five,

ive, or fifty at moſt; but the way of ingling and compounding them is al-noſt as various as that of the alphabet.

Sir JOHN PERROT was the firſt man f quality, whom I find upon record to ave ſworn by *God's wounds*. He lived 1 the reign of Q. ELIZABETH, and was ppoſed to have been a natural ſon of IENRY the Eighth, who might alſo pro-ably have been his inſtructor. This oath ideed ſtill continues, and is a ſtock-oath o this day; ſo do ſeveral others that have ept their natural ſimplicity: but infi-itely the greater number hath been ſo requently changed and diſlocated, that, f the inventors were now alive, they could ardly underſtand them.

Upon theſe conſiderations I began to pprehend, that, if I ſhould inſert all the aths that are now current, my book would be out of vogue with the firſt hange of faſhion, and grow as uſeleſs as n old dictionary: whereas the caſe is uite otherwiſe with my collection of polite diſcourſe; which, as I before ob-ſerved, hath deſcended by tradition for at leaſt an hundred years, without any change

change in the phraſeology. I therefore determined with myſelf to leave out the whole ſyſtem of ſwearing; becauſe both the male and female oaths are all perfectly well known and diſtinguiſhed; new ones are eaſily learnt, and with a moderate ſhare of diſcretion may be properly applied on every fit occaſion. However, I muſt here upon this article of ſwearing moſt earneſtly recommend to my male readers, that they would pleaſe a little to ſtudy variety. For it is the opinion of our moſt refined ſwearers, that the ſame oath or curſe cannot, conſiſtently with true politeneſs, be repeated above nine times in the ſame company by the ſame perſon and at one ſitting.

I am far from deſiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious ſpeeches contained in this work ſhould, in the general converſation between ladies and gentlemen, come in ſo quick and ſo cloſe as I have here delivered them. By no means: on the contrary, they ought to be huſbanded better, and ſpread much thinner. Nor do I make the leaſt queſtion, but that, by a diſcreet and thrifty manage-

management, they may ſerve for the entertainment of a whole year to any perſon, who does not make too long or too frequent viſits in the ſame family. The flowers of wit, fancy, wiſdom, humour, and politeneſs, ſcattered in this volume, amount to one thouſand ſeventy and four. Allowing then to every gentleman and lady thirty viſiting families, (not inſiſting upon fractions), there will want but little of an hundred polite queſtions, anſwers, replies, rejoinders, repartees, and remarks, to be daily delivered freſh in every company for twelve ſolar months; and even this is a higher pitch of delicacy than the world inſiſts on, or hath reaſon to expect. But I am altogether for exalting this ſcience to its utmoſt perfection.

It may be objected, that the publication of my book may in a long courſe of time proſtitute this noble art to mean and vulgar people; but I anſwer, that it is not ſo eaſy an acquirement as a few ignorant pretenders may imagine. A footman can ſwear, but he cannot ſwear like a lord. He can ſwear as often; but can he ſwear with equal delicacy, propriety, and judgment?

ment? No, certainly, unleſs he be a lad of ſuperior parts, of good memory, a diligent obſerver, one who hath a ſkilful ear, ſome knowledge in muſick, and an exact taſte; which hardly fall to the ſhare of one in a thouſand among that fraternity, in as high favour as they now ſtand with their ladies. Neither hath one footman in ſix ſo fine a genius as to reliſh and apply thoſe exalted ſentences compriſed in this volume, which I offer to the world. It is true, I cannot ſee that the ſame ill conſequences would follow from the waiting-woman, who, if ſhe had been bred to read romances, may have ſome ſmall ſubaltern or ſecond-hand politeneſs; and if ſhe conſtantly attends the tea, and be a good liſtener, may in ſome years make a tolerable figure, which will ſerve perhaps to draw in the young chaplain or the old ſteward. But alas! after all, how can ſhe acquire thoſe hundred graces and motions, and airs, the whole military management of the fan, the contortions of every muſcular motion in the face, the riſings and fallings, the quickneſs and ſlowneſs of the voice, with the

the ſeveral turns and cadences; the proper junctures of ſmiling and frowning, how often and how loud to laugh, when to jibe and when to flout, with all the other branches of doctrine and diſcipline above recited?

I am therefore not under the leaſt apprehenſion, that this art will ever be in danger of falling into common hands, which requires ſo much time, ſtudy, practice, and genius, before it arrives to perfection; and therefore I muſt repeat my propoſal for erecting public ſchools, provided with the beſt and ableſt maſters and miſtreſſes, at the charge of the nation.

I have drawn this work into the form of a dialogue, after the pattern of other famous writers in hiſtory, law, politicks, and moſt other arts and ſciences; and I hope it will have the ſame ſucceſs: for, who can conteſt it to be of greater conſequence to the happineſs of theſe kingdoms than all human knowledge put together? Dialogue is held the beſt method of inculcating any part of knowledge; and I am confident, that public ſchools will

will ſoon be founded for teaching wit and politeneſs, after my ſcheme, to young people of quality and fortune. I have determined next ſeſſions to deliver a petition to the *Houſe of Lords*, for an act of parliament to eſtabliſh my book as the ſtandard *Grammar* in all the principal cities of the kingdom, where this art is to be taught by able maſters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than LILLY obtained only for teaching words in a language wholly uſeleſs. Neither ſhall I be ſo far wanting to myſelf as not to deſire a patent, granted of courſe to all uſeful projectors; I mean, that I may have the ſole profit of giving a licence to every ſchool to read my *Grammar* for fourteen years.

The reader cannot but obſerve what pains I have been at in poliſhing the ſtyle of my book to the greateſt exactneſs: nor have I been leſs diligent in refining the orthography, by ſpelling the words in the very ſame manner as they are pronounced by the chief patterns of politeneſs at court, at levees, at aſſemblies, at playhouſes, at the prime viſiting places, by young

young templars, and by gentlemen-commoners of both univerſities, who have lived at leaſt a twelvemonth in town, and kept the beſt company. Of theſe ſpellings the publick will meet with many examples in the following book. For inſtance, *can't*, *han't*, *ſhan't*, *did'nt*, *coud'nt*, *woudn't*, *isn't*, *e'nt*, with many more; beſides ſeveral words which ſcholars pretend are derived from *Greek* and *Latin*, but now pared into a polite ſound by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers and templars, ſuch as *jommetry* for *geometry*, *verdi* for *verdict*, *lard* for *lord*, *learnen* for *learning*; together with ſome abbreviations exquiſitely refined; as, *pozz* for *poſitive*; *mobb* for *mobile*; *phizz* for *phyſiognomy*; *rep* for *reputation*; *plenipo* for *plenipotentiary*; *incog* for *incognito*; *hypps*, or *hippo*, for *hypocondriacs*; *bam* for *bamboozle*; and *bamboozle* for *God knows what*; whereby much time is ſaved, and the high road to converſation cut ſhort by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and, I hope, with felicity e-

nough, to make every character in the dialogue agreeable with itſelf to a degree, that, whenever any judicious perſon ſhall read my book aloud for the entertainment and inſtruction of a ſelect company, he need not ſo much as name the particular ſpeakers; becauſe all the perſons throughout the ſeveral ſubjects of converſation ſtrictly obſerve a different manner peculiar to their characters, which are of different kinds: but this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's diſcernment.

Perhaps the very manner of introducing the ſeveral points of wit and humour may not be leſs entertaining and inſtructing than the matter itſelf. In the latter I can pretend to little merit; becauſe it entirely depends upon memory and the happineſs of having kept polite company: but the art of contriving that thoſe ſpeeches ſhould be introduced naturally, as the moſt proper ſentiments to be delivered upon ſo great a variety of ſubjects, I take to be a talent ſomewhat uncommon, and a labour that few people could hope

to

to ſucceed in, unleſs they had a genius particularly turned that way, added to a ſincere diſintereſted love of the publick.

Although every curious queſtion, ſmart anſwer, and witty reply be little known to many people, yet there is not one ſingle ſentence in the whole collection, for which I cannot bring moſt authentic vouchers, whenever I ſhall be called: and even for ſome expreſſions, which to a few nice ears may perhaps appear ſomewhat groſs, I can produce the ſtamp of authority from courts, chocolate-houſes, theatres, aſſemblies, drawing-rooms, levees, card-meetings, balls and maſquerades, from perſons of both ſexes, and of the higheſt titles next to royal. However, to ſay the truth, I have been very ſparing in my quotations of ſuch ſentiments that ſeem to be over free; becauſe, when I began my collection, ſuch kind of converſe was almoſt in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honoured patroneſſes at court, by whoſe countenance and ſanction it hath become a choice

flower in the noſegay of wit and politeneſs.

Some will perhaps object, that, when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of diſhes, not always conſiſtent with the art of cookery, or proper for the ſeaſon of the year, and part of the firſt courſe mingled with the ſecond, beſides a failure in politeneſs by introducing a black pudden to a lord's table, and at a great entertainment: but, if I had omitted the black pudden, I deſire to know what would have become of that exquiſite reaſon given by Miſs NOTABLE for not eating it; the world perhaps might have loſt it for ever, and I ſhould have been juſtly anſwerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that ſuch hypercritical readers will pleaſe to conſider, my buſineſs was to make ſo full and complete a body of refined ſayings as compact as I could, only taking care to produce them in the moſt natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very ſubſtance and marrow of this moſt admirable and neceſſary art.

I am

I am heartily ſorry, and was much diſappointed to find, that ſo univerſal and polite an entertainment as CARDS hath hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have ſate by many hundred times with the utmoſt vigilance, and my table-book ready, without being able in eight hours to gather matter for one ſingle phraſe in my book. But this, I think, may be eaſily accounted for, by the turbulence and juſtling of paſſions, upon the various and ſurprizing turns, incidents, revolutions, and events of good and evil fortune, that arrive in the courſe of a long evening at play; the mind being wholly taken up, and the conſequences of non-attention ſo fatal.

Play is ſupported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, preſcribed by law and cuſtom; no time allowed for digreſſions or trials of wit. *Quadrille* in particular bears ſome reſemblance to a ſtate of nature, which we are told is a ſtate of war, wherein every woman is againſt every woman; the unions ſhort, incon-

ſtant, and ſoon broke; the league made this minute without knowing the ally, and diſſolved in the next. Thus, at the game of *quadrille*, female brains are always employed in ſtratagem, or their hands in action. Neither can I find that our art hath gained much by the happy revival of *maſquerading* among us; the whole dialogue in thoſe meetings being ſummed up in one (ſprightly, I confeſs, but) ſingle queſtion, and as ſprightly an anſwer. *Do you know me? Yes, I do.* And, *Do you know me? Yes, I do.* For this reaſon I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a maſquerade, merely for the ſake of a ſingle queſtion, and a ſingle anſwer; eſpecially when to perform this in a proper manner I muſt have brought in a hundred perſons together, of both ſexes, dreſſed in fantaſtic habits for one minute, and diſmiſs them the next.

Neither is it reaſonable to conceive, that our ſcience can be much improved by maſquerades, where the wit of both ſexes is altogether taken up in contriving ſingular

ſingular and humourſome diſguiſes; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing intrigues and aſſignations of gallantry to an happy concluſion.

The judicious reader will readily diſcover, that I make Miſs NOTABLE my heroine, and Mr. THOMAS NEVEROUT my hero. I have laboured both their characters with my utmoſt ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the livelieſt queſtions, anſwers, repartees, and rejoinders; becauſe my deſign was to propoſe them both as patterns for all young batchelors and ſingle ladies to copy after. By which I hope very ſoon to ſee polite converſation flouriſh between both ſexes in a more conſummate degree of perfection, than theſe kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn ſome lines of Sir JOHN LINGER's character, the *Derbyſhire* knight, on purpoſe to place it in counterview or contraſt with that of the other company; wherein I can aſſure the reader, that I intended not the leaſt reflection upon *Derbyſhire*, the place of my nativity. But my intention was only to

ſhew the misfortune of thoſe perſons who have the diſadvantage to be bred out of the circle of politeneſs, whereof I take the preſent limits to extend no further than *London*, and ten miles round; although others are pleaſed to confine it within the bills of mortality. If you compare the diſcourſes of my gentlemen and ladies with thoſe of Sir JOHN, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the ſame climate, or under the ſame laws, language, religion, or government: and accordingly I have introduced him ſpeaking in his own rude dialect, for no other reaſon than to teach my ſcholars how to avoid it.

The curious reader will obſerve, that when converſation appears in danger to flag, which in ſome places I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent ſome ſudden queſtion, or turn of wit, to revive it; ſuch as theſe that follow: *What? I think here's a ſilent meeting! Come, madam, a penny for your thought*; with ſeveral others of the like ſort. I have rejected all provincial or country turns of wit and fancy, becauſe I am acquainted with very

very few; but indeed chiefly, becauſe I found them ſo much inferior to thoſe at court, eſpecially among the gentlemen uſhers, the ladies of the bed-chamber, and the maids of honour; I muſt alſo add the hither end of our noble metropolis.

When this happy art of polite converſing ſhall be thoroughly improved, good company will be no longer peſtered with dull, dry, tedious ſtory-tellers, nor brangling diſputers: for a right ſcholar of either ſex in our ſcience will perpetually interrupt them with ſome ſudden ſurprizing piece of wit, that ſhall engage all the company in a loud laugh; and if after a pauſe the grave companion reſumes his thread in the following manner, *Well, but to go on with my ſtory*, new interruptions come from the left and the right, till he is forced to give over.

I have likewiſe made ſome few eſſays toward *ſelling of bargains*, as well for inſtructing thoſe who delight in that accompliſhment, as in compliance with my female friends at court. However I have tranſgreſſed a little in this point by doing it in a manner

ner ſomewhat more reſerved than it is now practiſed at St. *James's*. At the ſame time, I can hardly allow this accompliſhment to paſs properly for a branch of that perfect polite converſation, which makes the conſtituent ſubject of my treatiſe; and for this I have already given my reaſons. I have likewiſe, for further caution, left a blank in the critical point of each *bargain*, which the ſagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myſelf, I am proud to own, that except ſome ſmattering in the *French* I am what the pedants and ſcholars call a man wholly illiterate, that is to ſay, unlearned. But as to my own language, I ſhall not readily yield to many perſons. I have read moſt of the plays, and all the miſcellany poems, that have been publiſhed for twenty years paſt. I have read Mr. *Thomas Brown's* works entire, and had the honour to be his intimate friend, who was univerſally allowed to be the greateſt genius of his age.

Upon what foot I ſtand with the preſent chief reigning wits, their verſes recommendatory, which they have commanded

manded me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thouſand witneſſes: I am, and have been, likewiſe particularly acquainted with Mr. CHARLES GILDON, Mr. WARD, Mr. DENNIS that admirable critick and poet, and ſeveral others. Each of theſe eminent perſons (I mean thoſe who are ſtill alive) have done me the honour to read this production five times over with the ſtricteſt eye of friendly ſeverity, and propoſed ſome, although very few amendments, which I gratefully accepted, and do here publicly return my acknowledgment for ſo ſingular a favour.

And I cannot conceal without ingratitude, the great aſſiſtance I have received from thoſe two illuſtrious writers, Mr. OZELL, and captain STEVENS. Theſe, and ſome others of diſtinguiſhed eminence, in whoſe company I have paſſed ſo many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language, ſo it hath been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the POPES, the GAYS, the ARBUTHNOTS, the YOUNGS, and the reſt of that ſnarling brood, burſt with envy at the

praiſes

praiſes we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digreſſion.

The reader will find, that the following collection of polite expreſſions will eaſily incorporate with all ſubjects of genteel and faſhionable life. Thoſe which are proper for morning tea will be equally uſeful at the ſame entertainment in the afternoon, even in the ſame company, only by ſhifting the ſeveral queſtions, anſwers, and replies into different hands; and ſuch as are adapted to meals will indifferently ſerve for dinners or ſuppers, only diſtinguiſhing between day-light and candle-light. By this method no diligent perſon of a tolerable memory can ever be at a loſs.

It hath been my conſtant opinion, that every man, who is intruſted by nature with any uſeful talent of the mind, is bound by all the ties of honour, and that juſtice which we all owe our country, to propoſe to himſelf ſome one illuſtrious action to be performed in his life, for the public emolument: and I freely confeſs that ſo grand, ſo important an enterprize

as I have undertaken, and executed to the beſt of my power, well deſerved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown. However, I am bound ſo far to acquit myſelf, as to declare, that I have often and moſt earneſtly intreated ſeveral of my above-named friends, univerſally allowed to be of the firſt rank in wit and politeneſs, that they would undertake a work ſo honourable to themſelves, and ſo beneficial to the kingdom; but ſo great was their modeſty, that they all thought fit to excuſe themſelves, and impoſe the taſk on me, yet in ſo obliging a manner, and attended with ſuch compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And, at laſt their intreaties, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in ſo bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the leaſt violation of modeſty, that there is no man now alive, who hath by many degrees ſo juſt pretenſions as myſelf to the higheſt encouragement from the *crown*,

the *parliament*, and the *miniſtry*, towards bringing this work to its due perfection. I have been aſſured, that ſeveral great heroes of antiquity were worſhiped as gods upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifeſt I could have no other intentions; and I dare appeal to my very enemies, if ſuch a treatiſe as mine had been publiſhed ſome years ago, and with as much ſucceſs as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the thoughts of the whole nobility and gentry to the ſtudy and practice of polite converſation; whether ſuch mean ſtupid writers as the *Craftſman* and his abettors could have been able to corrupt the principles of ſo many hundred thouſand ſubjects, as, to the ſhame and grief of every whiggiſh, loyal, and true proteſtant heart, it is too manifeſt they have done. For I deſire the honeſt judicious reader to make one remark, That, after having exhauſted the whole * *in fickly pay-day* (if I may ſo

* This word is ſpelt by *Latiniſts*, *Encyclopædia*; but the judicious author wiſely prefers the polite reading before the pedantic.

it) of politeneſs and refinement, and
ıfully digeſted it into the following
ɔgues, there cannot be found one ex-
ſion relating to politicks; that the
iſtry is never mentioned, nor the word
r above twice or thrice, and then only
he honour of his majeſty; ſo very cau-
ıs were our wiſer anceſtors in forming
:s for converſation as never to give of-
ɔe to crowned heads, nor interfere with
ty diſputes in the ſtate. And indeed,
ıough there ſeems to be a cloſe re-
ıblance between the two words *polite-*
ſ and *politicks*, yet no ideas are more
onſiſtent in their natures. However,
avoid all appearance of diſaffection, I
ɾe taken care to enforce loyalty by an
incible argument, drawn from the very
ıntain of this noble ſcience, in the fol-
ying ſhort terms, that ought to be writ
gold, *Muſt is for the king*; which un-
ıtroulable maxim I took particular care
introducing in the firſt page of my book,
ereby to inſtil early the beſt proteſtant
yal notions into the minds of my rea-
rs. Neither is it merely my own pri-
te opinion, that politeneſs is the firmeſt
foundation

foundation upon which loyalty can be ſupported: for thus happily ſings the divine Mr. *Tibbalds*, or *Theobalds*, in one of his birth-day poems:

I am no ſchollard, but I am polite:
Therefore be ſure I am no Jacobite.

Hear likewiſe to the ſame purpoſe that great maſter of the whole poetic choir, our moſt illuſtrious laureat Mr. COLLY CIBBER:

Who in his talk can't ſpeak a polite thing,
Will never loyal be to GEORGE *our king.*

I could produce many more ſhining paſſages out of our principal poets of both ſexes to comfirm this momentous truth. From whence I think it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can moſt contribute towards propagating the ſcience contained in the following ſheets through the kingdoms of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, may juſtly demand all the favour that the wiſeſt court and moſt judicious ſenate are able to confer on the moſt deſerving ſubject. I leave the application to my readers.

This

This is the work, which I have been ſo hardy to attempt, and without the leaſt mercenary view. Neither do I doubt of ſucceeding to my full wiſh, except among the *Tories* and their abettors, who being all *Jacobites*, and conſequently *papiſts* in their hearts, from a want of true taſte, or by ſtrong affectation, may perhaps reſolve not to read my book, chuſing rather to deny themſelves the pleaſure and honour of ſhining in polite company among the principal genius's of both ſexes throughout the kingdom, than adorn their minds with this noble art; and probably apprehending (as I confeſs nothing is more likely to happen) that a true ſpirit of loyalty to the proteſtant ſucceſſion ſhould ſteal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle readers could poſſibly conceive the perpetual watchings, the numberleſs toils, the frequent riſings in the night to ſet down ſeveral ingenious ſentences, that I ſuddenly or accidentally recollected; and which, without my utmoſt vigilance, had been irrecoverably loſt for ever: if they would conſider with what incredible diligence

I daily and nightly attended at tho houſes where perſons of both ſexes, and of the moſt diſtinguiſhed merit, uſed to meet and diſplay their talents; with what attention I liſtened to all their diſcourſes, the better to retain them in my memory; and then at proper ſeaſons withdrew unobſerved to enter them in my table-book, while the company little ſuſpected what a noble work I had then in embryo: I ſay, if all theſe were known to the world, I think it would be no great preſumption in me to expect, at a proper juncture, the public thanks of both houſes of parliament, for the ſervice and honour I have done to the whole nation be my ſingle pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the leaſt tincture of vanity: the reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an eaſy queſtion: What is become of all the King of *Sweden's* victories? where are the fruits of them at this day; or, of what benefit will they be to poſterity? Were not many of his greateſt actions owing, at leaſt in part, to fortune; were not all of them owing to the valour of his troops;

:oops, as much as to his own conduct? ould he have conquered the *Poliſh* king, r the Czar of *Muſcovy* with his ſingle rm? Far be it from me to envy or leſſen ıe fame he hath acquired; but, at the ıme time, I will venture to ſay, without reach of modeſty, that I, who have a-ɔne with this right-hand ſubdued barba-ſm, rudeneſs, and ruſticity; who have ſtabliſhed and fixed for ever the whole ſtem of all true politeneſs and refine-ıent in converſation, ſhould think my-ɛlf moſt inhumanely treated by my coun-rymen, and would accordingly reſent it ıs the higheſt indignity, to be put on a le-ɛl in point of fame in after-ages with CHARLES the Twelfth late king of *Sweden*.

And yet, ſo incurable is the love of de-action, perhaps beyond what the chari-ble reader will eaſily believe, that I ıve been aſſured by more than one cre-ble perſon, how ſome of my enemies ıve induſtriouſly whiſpered about, that ıe ISAAC NEWTON, an inſtrument-ma-er, formerly living near *Leiceſter-elds*, and afterwards a workman in the Mint at the *Tower*, might poſſibly pre-

tend to vye with me for fame in future times. The man, it ſeems, was knighted for making ſun-dials better than others of his trade, and was thought to be a conjurer, becauſe he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a ſlate, which nobody could underſtand. But, adieu to all noble attempts for endleſs renown, if the ghoſt of an obſcure mechanick ſhall be raiſed up to enter into competition with me, only for his ſkill in making pot-hooks and hangers with a pencil, which many thouſand accompliſhed gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and in a manner as little intelligible as thoſe of Sir ISAAC.

My moſt ingenious friend already mentioned, Mr. COLLEY CIBBER, who does ſo much honour to the laurel crown he deſervedly wears (as he hath often done to many imperial diadems placed on his head), was pleaſed to tell me, that if my treatiſe were ſhaped into a comedy, the repreſentation performed to advantage on our theatre, might very much contribute to the ſpreading of polite converſation among

mong all perſons of diſtinction through the whole kingdom.

I own the thought was ingenious, and my friend's intention good: but I cannot agree to his propoſal; for Mr. CIBBER himſelf allowed, that the ſubjects handled in my work being ſo numerous and extenſive, it would be abſolutely impoſſible for one, two, or even ſix comedies to contain them. From whence it will follow, that many admirable and eſſential rules for polite converſation muſt be omitted.

And here let me do juſtice to my friend Mr. TIBBALDS, who plainly confeſſed before Mr. CIBBER himſelf, that ſuch a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honour, ſo it would intolerably mangle my ſcheme, and thereby deſtroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or ſyſtem of this moſt uſeful ſcience in all its parts. And therefore Mr. TIBBALDS, whoſe judgment was never diſputed, choſe rather to fall in with my propoſal mentioned before, of erecting public ſchools and ſeminaries all over the kingdom to inſtruct the young

people of both ſexes in this art, according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

I ſhall conclude this long, but neceſſary introduction with a requeſt, or indeed rather a juſt and reaſonable demand, from all lords, ladies, and gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with thoſe polite queſtions, anſwers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, which I have with infinite labour, and cloſe application during the ſpace of thirty-ſix years, been collecting for their ſervice and improvement, they ſhall, as an inſtance of gratitude, on every proper occaſion quote my name after this or the like manner: *Madam, as our maſter* WAGSTAFF *ſays. My Lord, as our friend* WAGSTAFF *has it.* I do likewiſe expect, that all my pupils ſhall drink my health every day at dinner and ſupper during my life; and that they, or their poſterity ſhall continue the ſame ceremony to my *not inglorious memory*, after my deceaſe, for ever.

A COM-

A COMPLEAT

COLLECTION

OF

POLITE and INGENIOUS

ONVERSATION.

N SEVERAL DIALOGUES.

The MEN.

Lord SPARKISH.
Lord SMART.
Sir JOHN LINGER.
Mr. NEVEROUT.
Col. ATWIT.

The LADIES.

Lady SMART.
Miſs NOTABLE.
Lady ANSWERALL.

ARGUMENT.

Lord Sparkiſh *and Colonel* Atwit *meet in the morning upou the* Mall: *Mr.* Neverout *joins them; they all go to breakfaſt at Lady* Smart's. *Their converſation over their tea: after which they part; but my lord and the two gentlemen are invited to dinner. Sir* John Linger *invited likewiſe, and comes a little too late. The whole converſation at dinner: after which the ladies retire to their tea. The converſation of the ladies without the men, who are ſuppoſed to ſtay and drink a bottle; but in ſome time, go to the ladies and drink tea with them. Tee converſation there. After which a party at Quadrille until three in the morning; but no converſation ſet down. They all take leave, and go home.*

Polite Converſation, &c. *

St. JAMES'S PARK.

Lord Sparkiſh *meeting Col.* Atwit.

Col. WELL met, my Lord.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Thank ye, Colonel. A parſon would have ſaid, I hope we ſhall meet in heaven. When did you ſee *Tom Neverout?*

Col. He's juſt coming towards us. Talk of the devil—

Neverout *comes up.*

Col. How do you do, *Tom?*

Neverout. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope you're never the worſe: but pray where's your manners? don't you ſee my Lord *Sparkiſh?*

* "I retired hither for the "public good, having two "great works in hand; one "to reduce the whole polite- "neſs, wit, humour, and "ſtyle of *England* into a "ſhort ſyſtem for the uſe of "all perſons of quality, and "particularly the maids of "honour, *&c.*" *Letters to and from Dr.* Swift, at the end of Mr. *Pope's* works, letter liv.

Neverout.

Neverout. My Lord, I beg your lordſhip's pardon.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Tom, how is it, that you can't ſee the wood for trees? What wind blew you hither?

Neverout. Why, my Lord, it is an ill wind blows no body good; for it gives me the honour of ſeeing your lordſhip.

Col. Tom, you muſt go with us to Lady *Smart's* to breakfaſt.

Neverout. Muſt! why Colonel, muſt's for the king.

[*Col. offering in jeſt to draw his ſword.*

Col. Have you ſpoke with all your friends?

Neverout. Colonel, as you're ſtout, be merciful.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Come, agree, agree; the law's coſtly.

[*Col. taking his hand from his hilt.*

Col. Well, *Tom,* you are never the worſe man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Neverout. What! do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl? I'll wait on you. I hope Miſs *Notable*

will be there; egad ſhe's very handſome, and has wit at will.

Col. Why every one as they like, as the good woman ſaid when ſhe kiſs'd her cow.

Lord Smart's *houſe; they knock at the door; the* Porter *comes out.*

Lord Sparkiſh. Pray, are you the porter?

Porter. Yes, for want of a better.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Is your lady at home?

Porter. She was at home juſt now; but ſhe's not gone out yet.

Neverout. I warrant this rogue's tongue is well hung.

Lady Smart's *antichamber.*

Lady Smart, *Lady* Anſwerall, *and Miſs* Notable *at the tea-table.*

Lady Smart. My Lord, your lordſhip's moſt humble ſervant.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Madam, you ſpoke too late; I was your ladyſhip's before.

Lady Smart. O! Colonel, are you here?

Col.

Col. As ſure as you're three, Madam.

Lady Smart. Oh, Mr. *Neverout!* What ſuch a man alive!

Neverout. Ay, madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your ladyſhip's ſervice.

Lady Smart. Well, I'll get a knife, and nick it down that Mr. *Neverout* came to our houſe. And pray what news, Mr. *Neverout?*

Neverout. Why, madam, Queen *Elizabeth*'s dead.

Lady Smart. Well: Mr. *Neverout*, I ſee you are no changeling.

Miſs Notable *comes in.*

Neverout. Miſs, your ſlave: I hope your early riſing will do you no harm. I find you are but juſt come out of the cloth-market.

Miſs. I always riſe at eleven, whether it be day or no.

Col. Miſs, I hope you are up for all day.

Miſs. Yes, if I don't get a fall before night.

Col. Miſs, I heard you were out of order; pray how are you now?

Miſs.

Miſs. Pretty well, Colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty and well, Miſs! that's two very good things.

Miſs. I mean I am better than I was.

Neverout. Why then, 'tis well you were ſick.

Miſs. What! Mr. *Neverout*, you take me up before I'm down.

Lady Smart. Come let us leave off children's play, and go to puſh-pin.

Miſs. [*To Lady Smart.*] Pray, madam, give me ſome more ſugar to my tea.

Col. Oh! Miſs, you muſt needs be very good-humour'd, you love ſweet things ſo well.

Neverout. Stir it up with the ſpoon, Miſs; for the deeper the ſweeter.

Lady Smart. I aſſure you, Miſs, the Colonel has made you a great compliment.

Miſs. I am ſorry for it; for I have heard ſay, complimenting is lying.

Lady Smart. [*To Ld Sparkiſh*] My Lord, methinks the ſight of you is good for ſore eyes; if we had known of your coming,

coming, we would have ſtrown ruſh for you: how has your lordſhip done this long time?

Col. Faith, Madam, he's better in health than in good conditions.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Well; I ſee there's no worſe friend than one brings from home with one; and I am not the firſt man has carried a rod to whip himſelf.

Neverout. Here's poor Miſs has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thoughts.

Miſs. It is not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you.

Col. riſing up.

Lady Smart. Colonel, where are you going ſo ſoon? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

Col. Madam, I muſt needs go home for half an hour.

Miſs. Why, Colonel, they ſay, the devil's at home.

Lady Anſw. Well, but ſit while you ſtay, 'tis as cheap ſitting as ſtanding.

Col. No, madam, while I'm ſtanding I'm going.

Miſs.

Miſs. Nay, let him go; I promiſe him we won't tear his cloaths to hold him.

Lady Smart. I ſuppoſe, Colonel, we keep you from better company, I mean only as to myſelf.

Col. Madam, I am all obedience.

Col. ſits down.

Lady Smart. Lord, Miſs, how can you drink you tea ſo hot? ſure your mouth's pav'd.

How do you like this tea, Colonel?

Col. Well enough, Madam; but methinks it is a little more-iſh.

Lady Smart. Oh! Colonel! I underſtand you. *Betty* bring the caniſter: I have but very little of this tea left; but I don't love to make two wants of one; want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he. [*Laughs*

Lady Anſw. [*to the maid*] Why, ſure, *Betty*, you are bewitched, the cream is burnt to.

Betty. Why, Madam, the biſhop has ſet his foot in it.

Lady Smart. Go, run girl, and warm ſome freſh cream.

Betty.

Betty. Indeed, Madam, there's none left; for the cat has eaten it all.

Lady Smart. I doubt it was a cat with two legs.

Miſs. Colonel, don't you love bread and butter with your tea?

Col. Yes, in a morning, Miſs: for they ſay, butter is gold in a morning, ſilver at noon, but it is lead at night.

Neverout. Miſs, the weather is ſo hot, that my butter melts on my bread.

Lady Anſw. Why, butter, I've heard 'em ſay, is mad twice a year.

Ld Sparkiſh. [*to the maid*] Mrs. *Betty*, how does your body politic?

Col. Fie, my Lord, you'll make Mrs. *Betty* bluſh.

Lady Smart. Bluſh! ay, bluſh like a blue dog.

Neverout. Pray, Mrs. *Betty*, are you not *Tom Johnſon's* daughter?

Betty. So my mother tells me, Sir.

Ld. Sparkiſh. But, Mrs. *Betty*, I hear you are in love.

Betty. My Lord, I thank God, I hate nobody; I am in charity with all the world.

Lady

Lady Smart. Why, wench, I think thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning; how came you by that ſcratch upon your noſe? have you been fighting with the cats?

Col. [*to miſs.*] Miſs, when will you be married?

Miſs. One of theſe odd-come-ſhortly's, Colonel,

Neverout. Yes; they ſay the match is half made, the ſpark is willing, but miſs is not.

Miſs. I ſuppoſe the gentleman has got his own conſent for it.

Lady Anſw. Pray, my Lord, did you walk through the Park in the rain?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Yes, madam, we were neither ſugar nor ſalt, we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he, he.

[*Laugh.*

Col. It rain'd, and the ſun ſhone at the ſame time.

Neverout. Why, then the devil was beating his wife behind the door with a ſhoulder of mutton. [*Laugh.*

Col. A blind man would be glad to ſee that.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, methinks you ſtand in your own light.

Neverout. Ah! Madam, I have done ſo all my life.

Ld. Sparkiſh. I'm ſure he ſits in mine — Prithee, *Tom*, ſit a little farther: I believe your father was no glaſier.

Lady Smart. Miſs, dear girl, fill me out a diſh of tea, for I'm very lazy.

Miſs fills a diſh of tea, ſweetens it, and then taſtes it.

Lady Smart. What, miſs, will you be my taſter?

Miſs. No, madam; but they ſay 'tis an ill cook that can't lick her own fingers.

Neverout. Pray, miſs, fill me another.

Miſs. Will you have it now, or ſtay till you get it?

Lady Anſw. But, colonel, they ſay you went to court laſt night very drunk: nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the *Philiſtines:* no wonder the cat wink'd, when both her eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, madam, that's a lye.

Lady Anſw. 'Tis better I ſhould lye

than you ſhould loſe your good-manners: beſides, I don't lie, I ſit.

Neverout. O faith, Colonel, you muſt own you had a drop in your eye: when I left you, you were half ſeas over.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Well, I fear Lady *Anſwerall* can't live long, ſhe has ſo much wit.

Neverout. No; ſhe can't live, that's certain; but ſhe may linger thirty or forty years.

Miſs. Live long! ay, longer than a cat or a dog, or a better thing.

Lady Anſw. Oh! miſs, you muſt give your vardi too!

Ld. Sparkiſh. Miſs, ſhall I fill you another diſh of tea?

Miſs. Indeed, my lord, I have drank enough.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Come, it will do you more good than a month's faſting; here, take it.

Miſs. No, I thank your lordſhip; enough's as good as a feaſt.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Well; but if you always ſay no, you'll never be married.

Lady Anſw. Do, my lord, give her a diſh; for, they ſay, maids will ſay no, and take it.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Well; and I dare ſay, miſs is a maid in thought, word, and deed.

Neverout. I would not take my oath of that.

Miſs. Pray, Sir, ſpeak for yourſelf.

Lady Smart. Fie, miſs; they ſay maids ſhould be ſeen, and not heard.

Lady Anſw. Good miſs, ſtir the fire, that the tea-kettle may boil.--- You have done it very well; now it burns purely. Well, miſs, you'll have a chearful huſband.

Miſs. Indeed, your ladyſhip could have ſtirred it much better.

Lady Anſw. I know that very well, huſſy; but I won't keep a dog, and bark myſelf.

Neverout. What! you are ſick, miſs.

Miſs. Not at all; for her ladyſhip meant you.

Neverout. Oh! faith, miſs, you are in lob's-pound; get out as you can.

Miſs. I won't quarrel with my bread and

nd butter for all that; I know when I'm vell.

Lady Anſw. Well; but miſs—

Neverout. Ah! dear madam, let the natter fall; take pity on poor miſs; don't hrow water on a drowned rat.

Miſs. Indeed, Mr. *Neverout*, you hould be cut for the ſimples this morn-ng: ſay a word more, and you had as ;ood eat your nails.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Pray, miſs, will you be ſo ;ood as to favour us with a ſong?

Miſs. Indeed, my lord, I can't; for I ıave a great cold.

Col. Oh! Miſs, they ſay all good ſingers ıave colds.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Pray, madam, does not niſs ſing very well?

Lady Anſw. She ſings, as one may *ſay*, ny lord.

Miſs. I hear Mr. *Neverout* has a very ;ood voice.

Col. Yes, *Tom* ſings well, but his luck's ıaught.

Neverout. Faith, colonel, you hit your-ſelf a deviliſh box on the ear.

Col. Miſs, will you take a pinch of ſnuff?

Miſs. No, colonel, you muſt know that I never take ſnuff but when I'm angry.

Lady Anſw. Yes, yes, ſhe can take ſnuff, but ſhe has never a box to put it in.

Miſs, Pray, colonel, let me ſee that box.

Col. Madam, there's never a C upon it.

Miſs. May be there is, colonel,

Col. Ay, but May-bees don't fly now, miſs.

Neverout. Colonel, why ſo hard upon poor miſs? Don't ſet your wit againſt a child; miſs, give me a blow, and I'll beat him.

Miſs. So ſhe pray'd me to tell you.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Pray, my lady *Smart*, what kin are you to lord *Pozz?*

Lady Smart. Why, his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

Lady Anſw. Well, methinks here's a ſilent meeting. Come, miſs, hold up your head, girl; there's money bid for you.

[*Miſs ſtarts.*

Miſs. Lord, madam, you frighten me out of my ſeven ſenſes!

Ld.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Well, I muſt be going.

Lady Anſw. I have ſeen haſtier peo-ple than you ſtay all night.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] *Tom Neverout* nd I are to leap to-morrow for a guinea.

Miſs. I believe, colonel, Mr. *Neverout* an leap at a cruſt better than you.

Neverout. Miſs, your tongue runs be-ore your wit; nothing can tame you but . huſband.

Miſs. Peace! I think I hear the church :lock.

Neverout. Why you know, as the fool hinks ---

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, your ıandkerchief's fallen.

Miſs. Let him ſet his foot on it, that it ıay'nt fly in his face.

Neverout. Well, miſs ---

Miſs. Ay, ay! many a one ſays well ıat thinks ill.

Neverout. Well, miſs, I'll think on this.

Miſs. That's rhime, if you take it in me.

Neverout. What! I ſee you are a poet.

Miſs. Yes; if I had but the wit to hew it.

Neverout. Miſs, will you be ſo kind as to fill me a diſh of tea?

Miſs. Pray let your betters be ſerv'd before you; I'm juſt going to fill one for myſelf; and, you know, the parſon always chriſtens his own child firſt.

Neverout. But I ſaw you fill one juſt now for the colonel: well, I find kiſſing goes by favour.

Miſs. But pray, Mr. *Neverout*, what lady was that you were talking with in the ſide-box laſt *Tueſday?*

Neverout. Miſs, can you keep a ſecret?

Miſs. Yes, I can.

Neverout. Well, miſs, and ſo can I.

Col. Odd-ſo! I have cut my thumb with this curſed knife!

Lady Anſw. Ay; that was your mother's fault, becauſe ſhe only warn'd you not to cut your fingers.

Lady Smart. No, no; 'tis only fools cut their fingers, but wiſe folks cut their thumbs.---

Miſs. I'm ſorry for it, but I can't cry.

Col. Don't you think miſs is grown?

Lady Anſw. Ay, ill weeds grow apace.

A puſ

A puff of ſmoke comes down the chimney.

Lady Anſw. Lord, madam, does your ladyſhip's chimney ſmoke?

Col. No, madam; but they ſay ſmoke always purſues the fair, and your ladyſhip ſat neareſt.

Lady Smart. Madam, do you love Bohea tea?

Lady Anſw. Why, madam, I muſt confeſs I do love it, but it does not love me.

Miſs [*to Lady Smart.*] Indeed, madam, your ladyſhip is very ſparing of your tea: I proteſt, the laſt I took was no more than water bewitch'd.

Col. Pray, miſs, if I may be ſo bold, what lover gave you that fine etuy?

Miſs. Don't you know? then keep counſel.

Lady Anſw. I'll tell you, colonel, who gave it her; it was the beſt lover ſhe will ever have while ſhe lives, her own dear papa.

Neverout. Methinks, miſs, I don't much like the colour of that ribbon.

Miſs.

Miſs. Why then, Mr. *Neverout*, do you ſee, if you don't much like it, you may look off of it.

Ld. Sparkiſh. I don't doubt, madam; but your ladyſhip has heard that Sir *John Briſk* has got an employment at court.

Lady Smart. Yes, yes; and I warrant he thinks himſelf no ſmall fool now.

Neverout. Yet, madam, I have heard ſome people take him for a wiſe man.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; ſome are wiſe, and ſome are otherwiſe.

Lady Anſw. Do you know him, Mr. *Neverout?*

Neverout. Know him! ay, as well as the beggar knows his diſh.

Col. Well; I can only ſay that he has better luck than honeſter folks: but pray, how came he to get this employment?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why, by chance, as the man kill'd the devil.

Neverout. Why, miſs, you are in a brown ſtudy; what's the matter? methinks you look like mum-chance, that was hang'd for ſaying nothing.

Miſs. I'd have you to know, I ſcorn

Neverout. Well; but ſcornful dogs will at dirty puddings.

Miſs. Well; my comfort is, your tongue no ſlander. What! you would not have ne be always on the high grin.

Neverout. Cry map-ſticks, madam; o offence I hope.

[*Lady* Smart *breaks a tea-cup.*

Lady Anſw. Lord, madam, how came ou to break your cup?

Lady Smart. I can't help it, if I vould cry my eyes out.

Miſs. Why ſell it, madam, and buy a ew one with ſome of the money.

Col. 'Tis a folly to cry for ſpilt milk.

Lady Smart. Why, if things did not reak or wear out, how would tradeſmen ive?

Miſs. Well; I am very ſick, if any ody car'd for it.

Neverout. Come, then, miſs, e'en make die of it, and then we ſhall have a bu-ying of our own.

Miſs. The devil take you, *Neverout*, beſides all ſmall curſes.

Lady Anſw. Marry come up, what, plain

plain *Neverout!* methinks you might have an M under your girdle, miſs.

Lady Smart. Well, well, naught's never in danger; I warrant, miſs will ſpit in her hand, and hold faſt. Colonel, do you like this biſket?

Col. I'm like all fools; I love every thing that's good.

Lady Smart. Well, and isn't it pure good?

Col. 'Tis better than a worſe.

Footman brings the colonel a letter.

Lady Anſw. I ſuppoſe, colonel, that's a billet-doux from your miſtreſs.

Col. Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but whoe'er writ it, writes a hand like a foot.

Miſs. Well, you may make a ſecret of it, but we can ſpell, and put together.

Neverout. Miſs, what ſpells b double uzzard?

Miſs. Buzzard in your teeth, Mr. *Neverout.*

Lady Smart. Now you are up, Mr. *Neverout*, will you do me the favour, to

do me the kindneſs, to take off the tea-kettle?

Ld. Sparkiſh. I wonder what makes theſe bells ring.

Lady Anſw. Why, my lord, I ſuppoſe, becauſe they pull the ropes.

[*Here all laugh.*

Neverout *plays with a tea-cup.*

Miſs. Now a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out ſuch a pretty play-thing.

Lady Smart. Well ſaid, miſs: I vow, Mr. *Neverout*, the girl is too hard for you.

Neverout. Ay, miſs will ſay any thing but her prayers, and thoſe ſhe whiſtles.

Miſs. Pray, colonel, make me a preſent of that pretty penknife.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Ay, miſs, catch him at that, and hang him.

Col. Not for the world, dear miſs; it will cut love.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Colonel, you ſhall be married firſt, I was juſt going to ſay that.

Lady Smart. Well, but for all that, I can tell who is a great admirer of miſs: pray, miſs, how do you like Mr. *Spruce?*

I ſwear I have often ſeen him caſt a ſheep's eye out of a calf's head at you: deny it if you can.

Miſs. Oh! madam; all the world knows that Mr. *Spruce* is a general lover.

Col. Come, miſs, 'tis too true to make a jeſt on. [*Miſs bluſhes.*

Lady Anſw. Well, however, bluſhing is ſome ſign of grace.

Neverout. Miſs ſays nothing; but I warrant ſhe pays it off with thinking.

Miſs. Well, ladies and gentlemen, you are pleas'd to divert yourſelves; but, as I hope to be ſav'd, there's nothing in it.

Lady Smart. Touch a gall'd horſe, and he'll wince: love will creep where it dare not go: I'd hold a hundred pound Mr. *Neverout* was the inventor of that ſtory; and, colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pye.

Lady Anſw. But, colonel, you forgot to ſalute miſs when you came in; ſhe ſaid you had not been here a long time.

Miſs. Fie, madam! I vow, colonel, I ſaid no ſuch thing; I wonder at your ladyſhip!

Col. Miſs, I beg your pardon—

Goes

Goes to ſalute her, ſhe ſtruggles a little.

Miſs. Well, I'd rather give a knave a kiſs for once than be troubled with him; but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Smart. Fie, fie, miſs! for ſhame of the world, and ſpeech of good people.

Neverout *to* miſs, *who is cooking her tea and bread and butter.*

Neverout. Come, come, miſs, make much of naught; good folks are ſcarce.

Miſs. What! and you muſt come in with your two eggs a penny, and three of them rotten.

Col. [*to Ld. Sparkiſh.*] But, my lord, I forgot to aſk you, how you like my new cloaths?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why, very well, colonel; only, to deal plainly with you, methinks the worſt piece is in the middle.

[*Here a loud laugh, often repeated.*

Col. My lord, you are too ſevere on your friends.

Miſs. Mr. *Neverout*, I'm hot, are you a ſot?

Neverout. Miſs, I'm cold, are you a ſcold? take you that. *Lady*

Lady Smart. I confeſs that was home. I find, Mr. *Neverout*, you won't give your head for the waſhing, as they ſay.

Miſs. Oh! he's a ſore man where the ſkin's off. I ſee Mr. *Neverout* has a mind to ſharpen the edge of his wit on the whet-ſtone of my ignorance.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Faith, *Tom*, you are ſtruck! I never heard a better thing.

Neverout. Pray, miſs, give me leave to ſcratch you for that fine ſpeech.

Miſs. Pox on your picture, it coſt me a groat the drawing.

Neverout [*to Lady Smart.*] 'Sbuds, madam, I have burnt my hand with your plaguy tea-kettle.

Lady Smart. Why, then, Mr. *Neverout*, you muſt ſay, God ſave the king.

Neverout. Did you ever ſee the like?

Miſs. Never but once, at a wedding.

Col. Pray, miſs, how old are you?

Miſs. Why, I'm as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth.

Ld. Sparkiſh. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Pray madam, is miſs *Buxom* married? I hear 'tis all over the town.

Lad

Lady Anſw. My lord, ſhe's either mar-ed, or worſe.

Col. If ſhe be'nt married, at leaſt ſhe's ıftily promis'd. But, is it certain that Sir *ohn Blunderbuſs* is dead at laſt?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Yes, or elſe he's ſadly rong'd, for they have buried him.

Miſs. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no ıore bread.

Col. But, is he really dead?

Lady Anſw. Yes, colonel, as ſure as ou're alive—

Col. They ſay he was an honeſt man.

Lady Anſw. Yes, with good looking o.

Miſs *feels a pimple on her face.*

Miſs. Lord! I think my goodneſs is :oming out. Madam, will your ladyſhip ɔleaſe to lend me a patch?

Neverout. Miſs, if you are a maid, put rour hand upon your ſpot.

Miſs. — There —

[*Covering her face with both her hands.*

Lady Smart. Well, thou art a mad girl. [*Gives her a tap.*

Miſs. Lord, Madam, is that a blow to give a child?

Lady Smart *lets fall her handkerchief, and the colonel ſtoops for it.*

Lady Smart. Colonel, you ſhall have a better office.

Col. Oh, madam, I can't have a better than to ſerve your ladyſhip.

Col. [*to Lady Sparkiſh.*] Madam, has your ladyſhip read the new play, written by a lord? it is called *Love in a hollow tree.*

Lady Sparkiſh. No, colonel.

Col. Why, then your ladyſhip has one pleaſure to come.

Miſs *ſighs.*

Neverout. Pray, miſs, why do you ſigh?

Miſs. To make a fool aſk, and you are the firſt.

Neverout. Why, miſs, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

Lady Anſw. Why, you muſt know, miſs is in love.

Miſs. I wiſh, my head may never ake till that day.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Come, miſs, never ſigh, but ſend for him.

[*Lady* Smart *and Lady* Anſwerall *ſpeaking together.*

If he be hang'd, he'll come hopping, and if he drown'd, he'll come dropping.

Miſs. Well, I ſwear you'll make one die with laughing.

Miſs *plays with a tea-cup, and* Neverout *plays with another.*

Neverout. Well; I ſee, one fool makes many.

Miſs. And you are the greateſt fool of any.

Neverout. Pray, miſs, will you be ſo kind to tie this ſtring for me with your fair hands? it will go all in your day's work.

Miſs. Marry, come up, indeed; tie it yourſelf, you have as many hands as I; your man's man will have a fine office truly: come, pray ſtand out of my ſpitting-place.

Neverout. Well; but, miſs, don't be angry.

Miſs. No; I was never angry in my

life but once, and then no body car'd for it, ſo I reſolv'd never to be angry again.

Neverout. Well; but if you'll tie it, you ſhall never know what I'll do for you.

Miſs. So I ſuppoſe, truly.

Neverout. Well; but I'll make you a fine preſent one of theſe days.

Miſs. Ay; when the devil's blind, and his eyes are not ſore yet.

Neverout. No, miſs, I'll ſend it you to-morrow.

Miſs. Well, well: to-morrow's a new day; but I ſuppoſe, you mean to-morrow come never.

Neverout. O! 'tis the prettieſt thing: I aſſure you, there came but two of them over in three ſhips.

Miſs. Would I could ſee it, quoth blind *Hugh.* But why did you not bring me a preſent of ſnuff this morning?

Neverout. Becauſe, miſs, you never aſk'd me; and 'tis an ill dog that's not worth whiſtling for.

Ld. Sparkiſh. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Pray, madam, how came your ladyſhip laſt

Thurſday

Thurſday to go to that odious puppet-ſhow?

Col. Why, to be ſure, her ladyſhip went to ſee, and to be ſeen.

Lady Anſw. You have made a fine ſpeech, colonel: pray, what will you take for your mouth-piece?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Take that, colonel: but, pray, madam, was my lady *Snuff* there? They ſay ſhe's extremely handſome.

Lady Smart. They muſt not ſee with my eyes, that think ſo.

Neverout. She may paſs muſter well enough.

Lady Anſw. Pray, how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or ſix and twenty.

Miſs. I ſwear ſhe's no chicken; ſhe's on the wrong ſide of thirty, if ſhe be a day.

Lady Anſw. Depend upon it, ſhe'll never ſee five and thirty, and a bit to ſpare.

Col. Why they ſay, ſhe's one of the chief toaſts in town.

Lady Smart. Ay, when all the reſt are out of it.

Miſs. Well; I woud'nt be as ſick as ſhe's proud for all the world.

Lady Anſw. She looks, as if butter woud'nt melt in her mouth, but I warrant, cheeſe won't choak her. I hear my lord What d'ye call him is courting her.

Ld. Sparkiſh. What lord d'ye mean, *Tom?*

Miſs. Why, my lord, I ſuppoſe Mr. *Neverout* means the lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They ſay ſhe dances very fine.

Lady Anſw. She did; but I doubt her dancing days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her rudeneſs to me.

Lady Smart. Well; but you muſt forget and forgive.

Footman *comes in.*

Lady Smart. Did you call *Betty?*

Footman. She's coming, madam.

Lady Smart. Coming! ay, ſo is *Chriſtmas.*

Betty *comes in.*

Lady Smart. Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been theſe three hours?

Betty.

Betty. Madam, I can't go faſter than my legs will carry me.

Lady Smart. Ay, thou haſt a head, and ſo has a pin. But, my lord, all the town has it, that Miſs *Caper* is to be married to Sir *Peter Giball*; one thing is certain, that ſhe hath promis'd to have him.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why madam, you know, promiſes are either broken or kept.

Lady Anſw. I beg your pardon, my lord; promiſes and pye-cruſt are made to be broken.

Lady Smart. Nay, I had it from my lady *Carry-lye*'s own mouth. I tell you my tale and my tale's author; if it be a lye, you had it as cheap as I.

Lady Anſw. She and I had ſome words laſt *Sunday* at church; but I think I gave her her own.

Lady Smart. Her tongue runs like the clapper of a mill; ſhe talks enough for herſelf and all the company.

Neverout. And yet ſhe ſimpers like a firmity-kettle.

Miſs *looking in a glaſs.*

Miſs. Lord, how my head is dreſt to-day!

Col. Oh, madam! a good face needs no band.

Miſs. No; and a bad one deſerves none.

Col. Pray, miſs, where is your old acquaintance Mrs. *Wayward?*

Miſs. Why, where ſhould ſhe be? you muſt needs know; ſhe's in her ſkin.

Col. I can anſwer that: what if you were as far out as ſhe's in? —

Miſs. Well, I promis'd to go this evening to *Hyde-Park* on the water; but I proteſt I'm half afraid.

Neverout. Never fear, miſs; you have the old proverb on your ſide, Naught's ne'er in danger.

Col. Why, miſs, let *Tom Neverout* wait on you; and then I warrant, you'll be as ſafe as a thief in a mill; for you know, He that's born to be hang'd, will never be drowned.

Neverout. Thank you, colonel, for your good

good word; but faith, if ever I hang, it ſhall be about a fair lady's neck.

Lady Smart. Who's there? Bid the children be quiet, and not laugh ſo loud.

Lady Anſw. Oh! madam, let 'em laugh, they'll ne'er laugh younger.

Neverout. Miſs, I'll tell you a ſecret, if you'll promiſe never to tell it again.

Miſs. No, to be ſure; I'll tell it to nobody but friends and ſtrangers.

Neverout. Why then, there's ſome dirt in my tea-cup.

Miſs. Come, come, the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady Anſw. Poh! you muſt eat a peck of dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

Neverout. Pray, miſs, what's a clock?

Miſs. Why, you muſt know, 'tis a thing like a bell, and you are a fool that can't tell.

Neverout. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Pray, madam, do you tell me; for I have let my watch run down.

Lady Anſw. Why, 'tis half an hour paſt hanging-time.

Col.

Col. Well; I'm like the butcher that was looking for his knife, and had it in his mouth: I have been ſearching my pockets for my ſnuff-box, and, egad, here it is in my hand.

Miſs. If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, colonel: well, I wiſh I had ſuch a ſnuff-box.

Neverout. You'll be long enough before you wiſh your ſkin full of eyelet-holes.

Col. * Wiſh in one hand——

Miſs. Out upon you: Lord, what can the man mean?

Ld. Sparkiſh. This tea's very hot.

Lady Anſw. Why, it came from a hot place, my lord.

Colonel *ſpills his tea.*

Lady Smart. That's as well done as if I had done it myſelf.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill neighbours, when you are forc'd to praiſe yourſelf.

* This ſentence is remarkably characteriſtic and beautiful; by the firſt it appears that miſs knew the reſt, and by the latter that in the ſame breath ſhe laboured to conceal her knowledge.

Lady

Lady Smart. So they pray'd me to tell you.

Neverout. Well, I won't drink a drop more; if I do, 'twill go down like chopt hay.

Miſs. Pray don't ſay no, till you are aſk'd.

Neverout. Well, what you pleaſe, and the reſt again.

Miſs *ſtooping for a pin.*

Miſs. I have heard 'em ſay, that a pin a day is a groat a year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for ſwearing, I vow 'tis a needle.

Col. Oh! the wonderful works of nature, that a black hen ſhould lay a white egg!

Neverout. What! you have found a mare's neſt, and laugh at the eggs?

Miſs. Pray keep your breath to cool your porridge.

Neverout. Miſs, there was a very pleaſant accident laſt night at St. *James's* Park.

Miſs. [*to Lady Smart.*] What was it your ladyſhip was going to ſay juſt now?

Neverout. Well, miſs; tell a mare a tale —

Miſs. I find you love to hear yourſelf talk.

Neverout. Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiſs my, *etc.*

Miſs. Out upon you, for a filthy creature!

Neverout. What, miſs! muſt I tell you a ſtory, and find you ears?

Ld. Sparkiſh [*to Lady Smart.*] Pray, madam, don't you think Mrs. *Spendall* very genteel?

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, I think ſhe was cut out for a gentlewoman, but ſhe was ſpoil'd in the making: ſhe wears her cloaths as if they were thrown on her with a pitch-fork; and, for the faſhion, I believe they were made in the reign of Queen Bess.

Neverout. Well, that's neither here nor there; for you know, the more careleſs the more modiſh.

Col. Well, I'd hold a wager there will be a match between her and *Dick Dolt*: and I believe I can ſee as far into a millſtone as another man.

Miſs.

Miſs. Colonel, I muſt beg your pardon a thouſand times; but they ſay, an old ape has an old eye.

Neverout. Miſs, what do you mean? you'll ſpoil the colonel's marriage, if you call him old.

Col. Not ſo old, nor yet ſo cold---You know the reſt, miſs.

Miſs. Manners is a fine thing, truly.

Col. Faith, miſs, depend upon it, I'll give you as good as you bring: what! if you give a jeſt, you muſt take a jeſt.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

Miſs. Why, madam, fools will be meddling; I wiſh he may cut his fingers. I hope you can ſee your own blood without fainting.

Neverout. Why, miſs, you ſhine this morning like a ſh---n barn-door: you'll never hold out at this rate; pray ſave a little wit for to-morrow.

Miſs. Well, you have ſaid your ſay; if people will be rude, I have done; my

comfort is, 'twill be all one a thouſand year hence.

Neverout. Miſs, you have ſhot your bolt: I find you muſt have the laſt word —Well, I'll go to the opera to-night — No, I can't neither, for I have ſome buſineſs — and yet I think I muſt; for I promis'd to ſquire the counteſs to her box.

Miſs. The counteſs of *Puddledock*, I ſuppoſe.

Neverout. Peace, or war, miſs?

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, you'll never be mad, you are of ſo many minds.

As Miſs *riſes, the chair falls behind her.*

Miſs. Well; I ſhan't be lady-mayoreſs this year.

Neverout. No, miſs, 'tis worſe than that; you won't be married this year.

Miſs. Lord! you make me laugh, tho' I an't well.

Neverout, *as* Miſs *is ſtanding, pulls her ſuddenly on his lap.*

Neverout. Now, colonel, come, ſit down

down on my lap; more ſacks upon the mill.

Miſs. Let me go; ar'n't you ſorry for my heavineſs?

Neverout. No, miſs; you are very light; but I don't ſay you are a light huſſy. Pray take up the chair for your pains.

Miſs. 'Tis but one body's labour, you may do it yourſelf; I wiſh you would be quiet, you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

Neverout *riſes to take up the chair, and* Miſs *ſits in his.*

Neverout. You wou'dn't be ſo ſoon in my grave, madam.

Miſs. Lord! I have torn my petticoat with your odious romping; my rents are coming in; I'm afraid I ſhall fall into the ragman's hands.

Neverout. I'll mend it, miſs.

Miſs. You mend it! go, teach your grannam to ſuck eggs.

Neverout. Why, miſs, you are ſo croſs, I could find in my heart to hate you.

Miſs.

Miſs. With all my heart; there will be no love loſt between us.

Neverout. But pray, my lady *Smart*, does not miſs look as if ſhe could eat me without ſalt?

Miſs. I'll make you one day ſup ſorrow for this.

Neverout. Well, follow your own way, you'll live the longer.

Miſs. See, madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady Smart. 'Tis indifferent, as *Doll* danc'd.

Neverout. 'Twill laſt as many nights as days.

Miſs. Well, I knew I ſhould never have your good word.

Lady Smart. My lord, my lady *Anſwerall* and I was walking in the Park laſt night till near eleven; 'twas a very fine night.

Neverout. Egad, ſo was I; and I'll tell you a comical accident; egad, I loſt my underſtanding.

Miſs. I'm glad you had any to loſe.

Lady Smart. Well, but what do you mean?

Neverout.

Neverout. Egad, I kick'd my foot againſt a ſtone, and tore off the heel of my ſhoe, and was forc'd to limp to a cobler in the *Pall-mall* to have it put on. He, he, he, he. [*All laugh.*

Col. Oh! 'twas a delicate night to run away with another man's wife.

Neverout *ſneezes.*

Miſs. God bleſs you, if you han't taken ſnuff.

Neverout. Why, what if I have, miſs?

Miſs. Why then, the duce take you.

Neverout. Miſs, I want that diamond ring of yours.

Miſs. Why then, want's like to be your maſter.

Neverout *looking at the ring.*

Neverout. Ay, marry, this is not only, but alſo; where did you get it?

Miſs. Why, where 'twas to be had; where the devil got the friar.

Neverout. Well; if I had ſuch a fine diamond ring, I woud'nt ſtay a day in *England:* but you know, far-fetch'd and dear-bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this coſt your father two-pence half-penny.

Miſs *ſitting between* Neverout *and the Colonel.*

Miſs. Well; here's a roſe between two nettles.

Neverout. No, madam; with ſubmiſſion, here's a nettle between two roſes.

Colonel *ſtretching himſelf.*

Lady Smart. Why, colonel, you break the king's laws; you ſtretch without a halter.

Lady Anſw. Colonel, ſome ladies of your acquaintance have promis'd to breakfaſt with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

Col. Why, faith, madam, batchelors fare; bread and cheeſe and kiſſes.

Lady Anſw. Poh! what have you batchelors to do with your money, but to treat the ladies? you have nothing to keep, but your own four quarters.

Lady Smart. My lord, has captain *Brag* the honour to be related to your lordſhip?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Very nearly, madam he's my couſin-german quite remov'd.

Lady

Lady Anſw. Pray, is he not rich?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Ay, a rich rogue, two ſhirts and a rag.

Col. Well, however, they ſay he has a great eſtate, but only the right owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Smart. What religion is he of?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why he is an *Anythingarian.*

Lady Anſw. I believe he has his religion to chuſe, my lord.

Neverout *ſcratches his head.*

Miſs. Fie, Mr. *Neverout*, ar'n't you aſham'd! I beg pardon for the expreſſion, but I'm afraid your boſom-friends are become your back-biters.

Neverout. Well, miſs, I ſaw a flea once on your pinner, and a louſe is a man's companion, but a flea is a dog's companion: however, I wiſh you would ſcratch my neck with your pretty white hand.

Miſs. And who would be fool then? I woud'n't touch a man's fleſh for the univerſe. You have the wrong ſow by the ear, I aſſure you; that's meat for your maſter.

Neverout. Miſs *Notable*, all quarrels laid aſide, pray ſtep hither for a moment.

Miſs. I'll waſh my hands and wait on you, Sir; but pray come hither, and try to open this lock.

Neverout. We'll try what we can do.

Miſs. We!—what have you pigs in your belly?

Neverout. Miſs, I aſſure you, I am very handy at all things.

Miſs. Marry, hang them that can't give themſelves a good word: I believe you may have an even hand to throw a louſe in the fire.

Col. Well, I muſt be plain; here's a very bad ſmell.

Miſs. Perhaps, colonel, the fox is the finder.

Neverout. No, colonel; 'tis only your teeth againſt rain: but—

Miſs. Colonel, I find you would make a very bad poor man's ſow.

Colonel *coughing.*

Col. I have got a ſad cold.

Lady Anſw. Ay; 'tis well if one can get any thing theſe hard times.

Miſs. [*To Col.*] Choak, chicken, there's more a hatching.

Lady

Lady Smart. Pray, colonel, how did ou get that cold?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why, madam, I ſup- oſe the colonel got it by lying a-bed arefoot.

Lady Anſw. Why then, colonel, you uſt take it for better for worſe, as a man ikes his wife.

Col. Well, ladies, I apprehend you ithout a conſtable.

Miſs. Mr. *Neverout!* Mr. *Neverout!* ome hither this moment.

Lady Smart. [*imitating her*] Mr. *Ne- erout!* Mr. *Neverout!* I wiſh he were ed to your girdle.

Neverout. What's the matter! whoſe are's dead now?

Miſs. Take your labour for your pains; ou may go back again, like a fool as you me.

Neverout. Well, miſs, if you deceive e a ſecond time, 'tis my fault.

Lady Smart. Colonel, methinks your at is too ſhort.

Col. It will be long enough before I t another, madam.

Miſs. Come, come; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

Neverout. Ladies, you are miſtaken in the ſtuff; 'tis half ſilk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

A great noiſe below.

Lady Smart. Hey! what a clattering is here! one would think hell was broke looſe.

Miſs. Indeed, madam, I muſt take my leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady Smart. What! you are ſick of the mulligrubs with eating chopt hay?

Miſs. No, indeed, madam; I'm ſick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

Lady Anſw. Poor miſs! ſhe's ſick as a cuſhion, ſhe wants nothing but ſtuffing.

Col. If you are ſick, you ſhall have a caudle of calf's eggs.

Neverout. I can't find my gloves.

Miſs. I ſaw the dog running away with ſome dirty thing a while ago.

Col. Miſs, you have got my handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

Lady

Lady Smart. No; keep it miſs; for they ſay, poſſeſſion is eleven points of the law.

Miſs. Madam, he ſhall ne'er have it again; 'tis in huckſters hands.

Lady Anſw. What! I ſee 'tis raining again.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why, then, madam, we muſt do as they do in *Spain.*

Miſs. Pray, my lord, how is that?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why, madam, we muſt let it rain.

Miſs *whiſpers Lady* Smart.

Neverout. There's no whiſpering, but there's lying

Miſs. Lord! Mr. *Neverout*, you are as pert as a pear-monger this morning.

Neverout. Indeed, miſs, you are very handſome.

Miſs. Poh! I know that already; tell me news.

Somebody knocks at the door.

Footman *comes in.*

Footman [*to Col.*] An pleaſe your ho-

nour, there's a man below wants to ſpeak to you.

Col. Ladies, your pardon for a minute.

[Col. *goes out.*

Lady Smart. Miſs, I ſent yeſterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miſs. Why, indeed, madam, I was hunch'd up in a hackney-coach with three country acquaintance, who called upon me to take the air as far as *Highgate.*

Lady Smart. And had you a pleaſant airing?

Miſs. No, madam; it rained all the time; I was jolted to death, and the road was ſo bad, that I ſcreamed every moment, and called to the coachman, Pray, friend, don't ſpill us.

Neverout. So, miſs, you were afraid, that pride wou'd have a fall.

Miſs. Mr. *Neverout*, when I want a fool, I'll ſend for you.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Miſs, did'n't your left ear burn laſt night?

Miſs. Pray why, my lord?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Becauſe I was then in

ſome company where you were extoll'd to the ſkies, I aſſure you.

Miſs. My lord, that was more their goodneſs than my deſert.

Ld. Sparkiſh. They ſaid, that you were a compleat beauty.

Miſs. My lord, I am as God made me.

Lady Smart. The girl's well enough, if ſhe had but another noſe.

Miſs. Oh! madam, I know I ſhall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the ſtile.

One knocks.

Lady Smart. Who's there? you're on the wrong ſide of the door; come in, if you be fat.

Colonel *comes in again.*

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why, colonel, you are a man of great buſineſs.

Col. Ay, ay, my lord, I'm like my lord-mayor's fool, full of buſineſs, and nothing to do.

Lady Smart. My lord, don't you think the colonel's mightily fall'n away of late?

Ld.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Ay, fall'n from a horſe-load to a cart-load.

Col. Why, my lord, egad I am like a rabbit, fat and lean in four and twenty hours.

Lady Smart. I aſſure you, the colonel walks as ſtraight as a pin.

Miſs. Yes; he's a handſome-body'd man in the face.

Neverout. A handſome foot and leg: God-a-mercy ſhoe and ſtocking!

Col. What! three upon one! that's foul play: this would make a parſon ſwear.

Neverout. Why, miſs, what's the matter? you look as if you had neither won nor loſt.

Col. Why, you muſt know, miſs lives upon love.

Miſs. Yes, upon love and lumps of the cupboard.

Lady Anſw. Ay; they ſay love and peas-porridge are two dangerous things; one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Miſs. [*imitating Lady* Anſwerall's *tone*] Very

Very pretty! one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Lady Anſw. Have a care; they ſay, mocking is catching.

Miſs. I never heard that.

Neverout. Why, then, miſs, you have a wrinkle — more than ever you had before.

Miſs. Well; live and learn.

Neverout. Ay; and be hang'd and forget all.

Miſs. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, take it as you pleaſe; but, I ſwear, you are a ſaucy jack, to uſe ſuch expreſſions.

Neverout. Why then, miſs, if you go to that, I muſt tell you there's ne'er a jack but there's a jill.

Miſs. Oh! Mr. *Neverout*, every body knows that you are the pink of courteſy.

Neverout. And, miſs, all the world allows, that you are the flower of civility.

Lady Smart. Miſs, I hear there was a great deal of company where you viſited laſt night: pray, who were they?

Miſs. Why, there was old lady *Forward*, miſs *To-and-again*, Sir *John Ogle*, my lady *Clapper*, and I, quoth the dog.

Col.

Col. Was your viſit long, miſs?

Miſs. Why, truly, they went all to the opera; and ſo poor Pilgarlick came home alone.

Neverout. Alack a-day, poor miſs! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miſs. What! you think, you ſaid a fine thing now; well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him.

Ld. Smart. Miſs, if it is manners, may I aſk which is oldeſt, you or lady *Scuttle?*

Miſs. Why, my lord, when I die for age, ſhe may quake for fear.

Lady Smart. She's a very great gadder abroad.

Lady Anſw. Lord! ſhe made me follow her laſt week through all the ſhops like a * Tantiny pig.

Lady Smart. I remember, you told me, you had been with her from *Dan* to *Beerſheba.*

Colonel *ſpits.*

Col. Lord! I ſhall die; I cannot ſpit from me.

* St. *Anthony's* pig: It being fabled of St. *Anthony* the Hermit, that he wrought a miraculous cure on an hog, it became a cuſtom in ſeveral places to tie a bell about the neck of a pig, and maintain it at the common charge, in honour to his memory. Hence the proverb, To follow like a Tantiny-pig.

Miſs,

Miſs. Oh! Mr. *Neverout*, my little 'ounteſs has juſt litter'd; ſpeak me fair, nd I'll ſet you down for a puppy.

Neverout. Why, miſs, if I ſpeak you iir, perhaps I mayn't tell truth.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Ay, but *Tom*, ſmoke iat, ſhe calls you puppy by craft.

Neverout. Well, miſs, you ride the ore-horſe to-day.

Miſs. Ay, many a one ſays well, that hinks ill.

Neverout. Fie, miſs; you ſaid that once efore; and, you know, too much of one hing is good for nothing.

Miſs. Why, ſure, we can't ſay a good hing too often.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Well, ſo much for that, nd butter for fiſh; let us call another auſe. Pray, madam, does your ladyſhip now Mrs. *Nice?*

Lady Smart. Perfectly well, my lord; ſhe's nice by name, and nice by nature.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Is it poſſible ſhe could take that booby *Tom Blunder* for love?

Miſs. She had good ſkill in horſe-fleſh, that would chuſe a gooſe to ride on.

Lady

Lady Anſw. Why, my lord, 'twas her fate; they ſay, marriage and hanging go by deſtiny.

Col. I believe ſhe'll never be burnt for a witch.

Ld. Sparkiſh. They ſay, marriages are made in heaven; but I doubt, when ſhe was married, ſhe had no friend there.

Neverout. Well, ſhe's got out of God's bleſſing into the warm ſun.

Col. The fellow's well enough, if he had any guts in his brains.

Lady Smart. They ſay, thereby hangs a tale.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why, he's a mere hobbledehoy, neither a man nor a boy.

Miſs. Well, if I were to chuſe a huſband, I would never be married to a little man.

Neverout. Pray, why ſo, miſs? for they ſay, of all evils we ought to chuſe the leaſt.

Miſs. Becauſe folks would ſay, when they ſaw us together, There goes the woman and her huſband.

Col. [*to Lady Smart*] Will your ladyſhip be on the *Mall* to-morrow night?

Lady

Lady Smart. No, that won't be proper; you know to-morrow's *Sunday.*

Ld. Sparkiſh. What then, madam? they ſay, the better day, the better deed.

Lady Anſw. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, how do you like lady *Fruzz?*

Neverout. Pox on her! ſhe's as old as *Poles* *.

Miſs. So will you be, if you ben't hang'd when you're young.

Neverout. Come, miſs, let us be friends: will you go to the park this evening?

Miſs. With all my heart, and a piece of my liver; but not with you.

Lady Smart. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two; I'm afraid I ſhall get a fit of the head-ach to-day.

Col. Oh! madam, don't be afraid; it comes with a fright.

Miſs. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, one of your ladyſhip's lappets is longer than t'other.

Lady Anſw. Well, no matter; they that ride on a trotting horſe will ne'er perceive it.

Neverout. Indeed, miſs, your lappets hang worſe.

* For St. *Paul's* church.

Miſs.

Miſs. Well, I love a lyar in my heart, and you fit me to a hair.

Miſs *riſes up.*

Neverout. Duce take you, miſs; you trod on my foot: I hope you don't intend to come to my bed-ſide.

Miſs. In troth, you are afraid of your friends, and none of them near you.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Well ſaid, girl! [*giving her a chuck*] take that; they ſay, a chuck under the chin is worth two kiſſes.

Lady Anſw. But, Mr. *Neverout*, I wonder why ſuch a handſome, ſtraight, young gentleman as you, don't get ſome rich widow.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Straight! ay, ſtraight as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

Neverout. Faith, madam, if it rain'd rich widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a three-penny planet, never to be worth a groat.

Lady Anſw. No, Mr. *Neverout*; I believe you were born with a caul on your head; you are ſuch a favourite among the ladies: but what think you of widow *Prim?* ſhe's immenſely rich.

Neverout.

Neverout. Hang her! they ſay her father was a baker.

Lady Smart. Ay; but it is not, what is ſhe, but what has ſhe, now-a-days.

Col. Tom, faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I'll ſpeak a good word for you to her.

Lady Anſw. Ay; I warrant, you'll ſpeak one word for him, and two for yourſelf.

Miſs. Well; I had that at my tongue's end.

Lady Anſw. Why, miſs, they ſay, good wits jump.

Neverout. Faith, madam, I had rather marry a woman I lov'd, in her ſmock, than widow *Prim*, if ſhe had her weight in gold.

Lady Smart. Come, come, Mr. *Neverout*, marriage is honourable, but houſekeeping is a ſhrew.

Lady Anſw. Conſider, Mr. *Neverout*, four bare legs in a bed; and you are a younger brother.

Col. Well, madam; the younger brother is the better gentleman: however, *Tom*, I would adviſe you to look before you leap.

Ld. Sparkiſh. The colonel ſays true; beſides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the ſame year.

Miſs. [*ſhuddering.*] Lord! there's ſomebody walking over my grave.

Col. Pray, lady *Anſwerall*, where was you laſt *Wedneſday*, when I did myſelf the honour to wait on you? I think your ladyſhip is one of the tribe of *Gad.*

Lady Anſw. Why, colonel, I was at church.

Col. Nay, then will I be hang'd, and my horſe too.

Neverout. I believe her ladyſhip was at a church with a chimney in it.

Miſs. Lord, my petticoat! how it hangs by jommetry!

Neverout. Perhaps the fault may be in your ſhape.

Miſs. [*looking gravely*] Come, Mr. *Neverout*, there's no jeſt like the true jeſt; but I ſuppoſe you think my back's broad enough to bear every thing.

Neverout. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

Miſs. Well, Sir, your pardon's granted.

Neverout. Well, all things have an end.

end, and a pudden has two, up-up-on me-my-my word. [*ſtutters.*

Miſs. What! Mr. *Neverout*, can't you ſpeak without a ſpoon?

Ld. Sparkiſh. [*to Lady Smart*] Has your ladyſhip ſeen the ducheſs ſince your falling out?

Lady Smart. Never, my lord, but once at a viſit; and ſhe look'd at me as the devil look'd over *Lincoln.*

Neverout. Pray, miſs, take a pinch of my ſnuff.

Miſs. What! you break my head, and give me a plaſter; well, with all my heart; once, and not uſe it.

Neverout. Well, miſs; if you wanted me and your victuals, you'd want your two beſt friends.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] *Tom*, miſs and you muſt kiſs and be friends.

Neverout *ſalutes* Miſs.

Miſs. Any thing for a quiet life: my noſe itch'd, and I knew I ſhould drink wine, or kiſs a fool.

Col. Well, *Tom*, if that ben't fair, hang *fair.*

Neverout. I never ſaid a rude thing to a lady in my life.

Miſs. Here's a pin for that lye; I'm ſure lyars had need have good memories. Pray, colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but juſt now?

Lady Anſw. Mr. *Neverout*, if miſs will be angry for nothing, take my counſel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

Neverout. Come, lady *Anſwerall*, I know better things; miſs and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

Col. Tom, not a word of the pudden, I beg you.

Lady Smart. Ah, colonel! you'll never be good, nor then neither.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Which of the good's d'ye mean? good for ſomething, or good for nothing?

Miſs. I have a bliſter on my tongue; yet I don't remember I told a lye.

Lady Anſw. I thought you did juſt now.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Pray, madam, what did thought do?

Lady Anſw. Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your lordſhip means.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Indeed, madam, I meant no harm.

Lady Smart. No, to be ſure, my lord! you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

Neverout. Madam, they ſay, ill doers are ill deemers; but I don't apply it to your ladyſhip.

Miſs *mending a hole in her lace.*

Miſs. Well, you ſee, I'm mending; I hope I ſhall be good in time; look, lady *Anſwerall*, is it not well mended?

Lady Anſw. Ay, this is ſomething like a tanſy.

Neverout. Faith, miſs, you have mended it, as a tinker mends a kettle; ſtop one hole, and make two.

Lady Smart. Pray, colonel, are you not very much tann'd?

Col. Yes, madam; but a cup of *Chriſtmas* ale will ſoon waſh it off.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Lady *Smart*, does not your ladyſhip think Mrs. *Fade* is mightily alter'd ſince her marriage?

Lady Anſw. Why, my lord, ſhe was handſome in her time; but ſhe cannot

eat her cake and have her cake: I hear ſhe's grown a mere otomy.

Lady Smart. Poor creature! the black ox has ſet his foot upon her already.

Miſs. Ay; ſhe has quite loſt the blue on the plumb.

Lady Smart. And yet, they ſay, her huſband is very fond of her ſtill.

Lady Anſw. Oh! madam; if ſhe would eat gold, he would give it her.

Neverout. [*to Lady Smart*] Madam, have you heard, that lady *Queaſy* was lately at the playhouſe *incog?*

Lady Smart. What! lady *Queaſy* of all women in the world! Do you ſay it upon Rep?

Neverout. Poz, I ſaw her with my own eyes; ſhe ſat among the mob in the gallery; her own ugly phiz: and ſhe ſaw me look at her.

Col. Her ladyſhip was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her into the hipps.

Neverout. I ſmoked her huge noſe, and, egad, ſhe put me in mind of the woodcock, that ſtrives to hide his long bill, and then thinks nobody ſees him.

Col.

Col. Tom, I adviſe you, hold your ongue; for you'll never ſay ſo good a hing again.

Lady Smart. Miſs, what are you look-ıg for?

Miſs. Oh! madam; I have loſt the neſt needle —

Lady Anſw. Why, ſeek till you find , and then you won't loſe your labour.

Neverout. The loop of my hat is broke; ow ſhall I mend it? [*he faſtens it with a in*] Well, hang him, ſay I, that has no hift.

Miſs. Ay, and hang him that has one oo many.

Neverout. Oh! miſs; I have heard a ıd ſtory of you.

Miſs. I defy you, Mr. *Neverout*; no-ɔdy can ſay, black's my eye.

Neverout. I believe, you wiſh they. ɔuld.

Miſs. Well; but who was your author? ome, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.

Neverout. Come then, miſs; gueſs ho it was that told me; come, put on our conſidering-cap.

Miſs. Well, who was it?

Neverout. Why, one that lives within a mile of an oak.

Miſs. Well, go hang yourſelf in your own garters; for I'm ſure, the gallows groans for you.

Neverout. Pretty miſs! I was but in jeſt.

Miſs. Well, but don't let that ſtick in your gizzard.

Col. My lord, does your lordſhip know Mrs. *Talkall?*

Ld. Sparkiſh. Only by ſight; but I hear ſhe has a great deal of wit; and egad, as the ſaying is, mettle to the back.

Lady Smart. So I hear.

Col. Why *Dick Lubber* ſaid to her t'other day, Madam, you can't cry bo to a gooſe: yes, but I can, ſaid ſhe; and, egad, cry'd bo full in his face. We all thought we ſhould break our hearts with laughing.

Ld. Sparkiſh. That was cutting with a vengeance: And prithee how did the fool look?

Col. Look! egad, he look'd for all the world like an owl in an ivy-buſh.

A child

A child comes in ſcreaming.

Miſs. Well, if that child was mine, I'd hip it till the blood came; peace, you ttle vixen! if I were near you, I would ot be far from you.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; batchelors wives nd maids children are finely tutor'd.

Lady Anſw. Come to me, maſter; nd I'll give you a ſugar-plumb. Why, niſs, you forget that ever you was a child ourſelf. [*She gives the child a lump of ugar.*] I have heard 'em ſay, boys will ong.

Col. My lord, I ſuppoſe you know that Mr. *Buzzard* has married again?

Lady Smart. This is his fourth wife; hen he has been ſhod round.

Col. Why, you muſt know, ſhe had a month's mind to *Dick Frontleſs*, and thought to run away with him; but her parents forced her to take the old fellow for a good ſettlement.

Ld. Sparkiſh. So the man got his mare again.

Ld. Smart. I'm told he ſaid a very good thing to *Dick*; ſaid he, You think

us

us old fellows are fools; but we old fellows know young fellows are fools.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know, he's deviliſh old, and ſhe's very young.

Lady Anſw. Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

Miſs. What if he had been young, and ſhe old?

Neverout. Why, miſs, that would have been a match of the devil's making; but when both are young, that's a match of God's making.

Miſs ſearching her pockets for a thimble, brings out a nutmeg.

Neverout. Oh! miſs, have a care; for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

Miſs. Well, and if I ever be married, it ſhall be to an old man; they always make the beſt huſbands; and it is better to be an old man's darling, than a young man's warling.

Neverout. Faith, miſs, if you ſpeak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid.

Lady

Lady Smart *rings the bell.*

Footman *comes in.*

Lady Smart. Harkee, you fellow; run o my lady *Match*, and deſire ſhe will remember to be here at ſix, to play at quarille: d'ye hear, if you fall by the way, on't ſtay to get up again.

Footman. Madam, I don't know the ouſe.

Lady Smart. That's not for want of gnorance; follow your noſe; go, enquire among the ſervants.

Footman *goes out, and leaves the door open.*

Lady Smart. Here, come back, you ellow; why did you leave the door open? Remember, that a good ſervant muſt always come when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and ſhut the door after him.

The Footman *goes out again, and falls down ſtairs.*

Lady Anſw. Neck or nothing; come down,

down, or I'll fetch you down: well, but I hope the poor fellow has not ſav'd the hangman a labour.

Neverout. Pray, madam, ſmoke miſs yonder, biting her lips, and playing with her fan.

Miſs. Who's that takes my name in vain?

She runs up to them, and falls down.

Lady Smart. What, more falling! do you intend the frolick ſhould go round?

Lady Anſw. Why, miſs, I wiſh you may not have broke her ladyſhip's floor.

Neverout. Miſs, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Lady Sparkiſh. Well, but, without a jeſt, I hope, miſs, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, ſhe muſt be hurt for certain; for you ſee her head is all of a lump.

Miſs. Well, remember this, colonel, when I have money, and you have none.

Lady Smart. But, colonel, when do you deſign to get a houſe, and a wife, and a fire to put her in?

Miſs. Lord! who would be married to a ſoldier, and carry his knapſack?

Ne—

Neverout. Oh, madam: *Mars* and *Venus*, you know.

Col. Egad, madam, I'd marry to-morrow, if I thought I could bury my wife aſt when the honey-moon is over; but hey ſay, a woman has as many lives as a at.

Lady Anſw. I find, the colonel thinks, dead wife under the table is the beſt oods in a man's houſe.

Lady Smart. O but, colonel, if you ad a good wife, it would break your eart to part with her.

Col. Yes, madam; for they ſay, he hat has loſt his wife and ſixpence, has oſt a teſter.

Lady Smart. But, colonel, they ſay, hat every married man ſhould believe here's but one good wife in the world, nd that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good wife nuſt be beſpoke; for there's none ready nade.

Miſs. I ſuppoſe, the gentleman's a woman-hater; but, Sir, I think you ought o remember, that you had a mother: nd pray, if it had not been for a woman,

man, where would you have been, colonel?

Col. Nay, miſs, you cry'd whore firſt, when you talk'd of the knapſack.

Lady Anſw. But I hope you won't blame the whole ſex, becauſe ſome are bad.

Neverout. And they ſay, he that hates woman, ſuck'd a ſow.

Col. Oh! madam; there's no general rule without an exception.

Lady Smart. Then, why don't you marry, and ſettle?

Col. Egad, madam, there's nothing will ſettle me but a bullet.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Well, colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon-bullet.

Col. Why ſo, my lord?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Becauſe they ſay, he was curs'd in his mother's belly that was kill'd by a cannon-bullet.

Miſs. I ſuppoſe, the colonel was croſs'd in his firſt love, which makes him ſo ſevere on all the ſex.

Lady Anſw. Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one, that the colonel has been over

ver head and ears in love with ſome lady hat has made his heart ake.

Col. Oh! madam, we ſoldiers are admirers of all the fair ſex.

Miſs. I wiſh I could ſee the colonel in ove till he was ready to die.

Lady Smart. Ay; but I doubt, few eople die for love in theſe days.

Neverout. Well, I confeſs, I differ from he colonel; for I hope to have a rich nd a handſome wife yet before I die.

Col. Ay, *Tom*; live horſe, and thou ſhalt ave graſs.

Miſs. Well, colonel; but, whatever ou ſay againſt women, they are better reatures than men; for men were made f clay, but woman was made of man.

Col. Miſs, you may ſay what you pleaſe; ut, faith, you'll never lead apes in hell.

Neverout. No, no; I'll be ſworn miſs as not an inch of nun's fleſh about her.

Miſs. I underſtumble you, gentlemen.

Neverout. Madam, your humble-cumlumble.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Pray, miſs, when did

you ſee your old acquaintance Mrs. *Cloudy?* you and ſhe are two, I hear.

Miſs. See her! marry, I don't care whether I ever ſee her again; God bleſs my eye-ſight.

Lady Anſw. Lord! why ſhe and you were as great as two inkle-weavers. I've ſeen her hug you as the devil hugg'd the witch.

Miſs. That's true; but I'm told for certain, ſhe's no better than ſhe ſhould be.

Lady Smart. Well, God mend us all; but you muſt allow, the world is very cenſorious; I never heard that ſhe was a naughty pack.

Col. [*to Neverout*] Come, Sir *Thomas* when the king pleaſes, when do you intend to march?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Have patience. *Tom*, is your friend *Ned Rattle* married?

Neverout. Yes, faith, my lord; he has tied a knot with his tongue, that he can never untie with his teeth.

Lady Smart. Ah; marry in haſte, and repent at leiſure.

Lady

Lady Anſw. Has he got a good fortune with his lady? for they ſay, ſomething has ſome ſavour, but nothing has no flavour.

Neverout. Faith, madam, all he gets by her he may put into his eye and ſee never the worſe.

Miſs. Then, I believe, he heartily wiſhes her in *Abraham*'s boſom.

Col. Pray, my lord, how does *Charles Limber* and his fine wife agree?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why, they ſay, he's the greateſt cuckold in town.

Neverout. Oh! but my lord, you ſhould always except my lord-mayor.

Miſs. Mr. *Neverout*!

Neverout. Hay, madam, did you call me?

Miſs. Hay! why hay is for horſes.

Neverout. Why, miſs, then you may kiſs ---

Col. Pray, my lord, what's o'clock by your oracle?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Faith, I can't tell, I think my watch runs upon wheels.

Neverout. Miſs, pray be ſo kind to

call a ſervant to bring me a glaſs of ſmall beer: I know you are at home here.

Miſs. Every fool can do as they're bid: Make a page of your own age, and do it yourſelf.

Neverout. Chuſe, proud fool; I did but aſk you.

Miſs *puts her hand upon her knee.*

Neverout. What! miſs, are you thinking of your ſweet-heart? is your garter ſlipping down?

Miſs. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, keep your breath to cool your porridge; you meaſure my corn by your buſhel.

Neverout. Indeed, miſs, you lye —

Miſs. Did you ever any thing ſo rude?

Neverout. I mean, you lye — under a miſtake.

Miſs. If a thouſand lyes could choak you, you would have been choaked many a day ago.

Miſs *ſtrives to ſnatch* Neverout's *ſnuff-box.*

Neverout. Madam, you miſſed that, as you miſs'd your mother's bleſſing.

She tries again, and miſſes.

Neverout. Snap ſhort makes you look ſo lean, miſs.

Miſs. Poh! you are ſo robuſtious, you had like to put out my eye; I aſſure you, if you blind me, you muſt lead me.

Lady Smart. Dear miſs, be quiet; and bring me a pincuſhion out of that cloſet.

Miſs *opens the cloſet-door, and ſqualls.*

Lady Smart. Lord bleſs the girl! what's the matter now?

Miſs. I vow, madam, I ſaw ſomething all black; I thought it was a ſpirit.

Col. Why miſs, did you ever ſee a ſpirit?

Miſs. No, Sir; I thank God, I never ſaw any thing worſe than myſelf.

Neverout. Well, I did a very fooliſh thing yeſterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

Miſs. Very likely; for they ſay, many a true word's ſpoke in jeſt.

Footman *returns.*

Lady Smart. Well, did you deliver

your Meſſage? you are fit to be ſent for ſorrow, you ſtay ſo long by the way.

Footman. Madam, my Lady was not at home, ſo I did not leave the Meſſage.

Lady Smart. This it is to ſend a fool of an errand.

Ld. Sparkiſh. [*looking at his watch*] 'Tis paſt twelve o'clock.

Lady Smart. Well, what is that among all us?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Madam, I muſt take my leave: come, gentlemen, are you for a march?

Lady Smart. Well, but your lordſhip and the colonel will dine with us to-day; and, Mr. *Neverout*, I hope, we ſhall have your good company: there will be no ſoul elſe, beſides my own lord and theſe ladies; for every body knows, I hate a croud; I would rather want vittles than elbow-room: we dine punctually at three.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Madam, we'll be ſure to attend your ladyſhip.

Col. Madam, my ſtomach ſerves me inſtead of a clock.

Another Footman *comes back.*

Lady Smart. Oh! you are the t'other fellow I ſent: well, have you been with my lady *Club?* you are good to ſend of dead man's errand.

Footman. Madam, my lady *Club* begs our ladyſhip's pardon; but ſhe is engaged to-night.

Miſs. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, here's the back of my hand to you.

Neverout. Miſs, I find, you will have the laſt word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

DIALOGUE II.

Lord Smart *and the former company at three o'clock coming to dine.*

After ſalutations.

Lord Smart.

I'M ſorry I was not at home this morning, when you all did us the honour to call here: but I went to the levee today.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Oh! my lord; I'm ſure the loſs was ours.

Lady Smart. Gentlemen and ladies, you are come to a ſad dirty houſe; I am ſorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Oh! madam; your ladyſhip is pleas'd to ſay ſo; but I never ſaw any thing ſo clean and ſo fine; I profeſs, it is a perfect paradiſe.

Lady Smart. My lord, your lordſhip is always very obliging.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Pray, madam, whoſe picture is that?

Lady

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, it was drawn for me.

Ld. Sparkiſh. I'll ſwear the painter did not flatter your ladyſhip.

Col. My lord, the day is finely clear'd up.

Ld. Smart. Ay colonel; 'tis a pity that fair weather ſhould ever do any harm. [*To Neverout.*] Why, *Tom*, you are high in the mode.

Neverout. My lord, it is better to be out of the world than out of the faſhion.

Ld. Smart. But, *Tom*, I hear you and miſs are always quarreling: I fear, it is your fault; for I can aſſure you, ſhe is very good-humour'd.

Neverout. Ay, my lord; ſo is the deil when he's pleas'd.

Ld. Smart. Miſs, what do you think of my friend *Tom?*

Miſs. My lord, I think he's not the wiſeſt man in the world; and truly, he's ſometimes very rude.

Ld. Sparkiſh. That may be true; but yet, he that hangs *Tom* for a fool, may find a knave in the halter.

Miſs. Well, however, I wiſh he were hang'd, if it were only to try.

Neverout. Well, miſs, if I muſt be hang'd, I won't go far to chuſe my gallows; it ſhall be about your fair neck.

Miſs. I'll ſee your noſe cheeſe firſt, and the dogs eating it: but, my lord, Mr. *Neverout*'s wit begins to run low; for, I vow, he ſaid this before; pray, colonel, give him a pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Lady Sparkiſh. My lady *Smart*, your ladyſhip has a very fine ſcarf.

Lady Smart. Yes, my lord; it will make a flaming figure in a country church.

Footman *comes in.*

Footman. Madam, dinner's upon the table.

Col. Faith, I am glad of it; my belly began to cry cupboard.

Neverout. I wiſh, I may never hear worſe news.

Miſs. What! Mr. *Neverout*, you are in great haſte; I believe your belly thinks your throat is cut.

Neverout.

Neverout. No, faith, miſs; three meals a day, and a good ſupper at night, will ſerve my turn.

Miſs. To ſay the truth, I'm hungry.

Neverout. And I'm angry; ſo let us both go fight.

They go in to dinner, and, after the uſual compliments, take their ſeats.

Lady Smart. Ladies and gentlemen, will you eat any oyſters before dinner?

Col. With all my heart. [*Takes an oyſter*] He was a bold man that firſt eat an oyſter.

Lady Smart. They ſay, oyſters are a cruel meat, becauſe we eat them alive: then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, becauſe we never ſay grace.

Neverout. Faith, that's as well ſaid, as if I had ſaid it myſelf.

Lady Smart. Well, we are well ſet if we be but as well ſerved: come, colonel, handle your arms: ſhall I help you to ſome beef?

Col.

Col. If your ladyſhip pleaſe; and, pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but ſend me a large ſlice: for I love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble Sir-loin.

Neverout. Ay; here's cut and come again.

Miſs. But pray, why is it call'd a Sir-loin?

Ld. Smart. Why you muſt know, that our king *James* the Firſt, who lov'd good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and ſeeing a large loin of beef at his table, he drew out his ſword, and in a frolick knighted it. Few people know the ſecret of this.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Beef is man's meat, my lord.

Ld. Smart. But, my lord, I ſay, beef is the king of meat.

Miſs. Pray, what have I done, that I muſt not have a plate?

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Anſw.*] What will your ladyſhip pleaſe to eat?

Lady Anſw. Pray, madam, help your-ſelf.

Col.

Col. They ſay, eating and ſcratching wants but a beginning: if you'll give me leave, I'll help myſelf to a ſlice of this ſhoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing: well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may ſay.

Col. They ſay there are thirty and two good bits in a ſhoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Ay, colonel; thirty bad bits, and two good ones: you ſee, I underſtand you; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

Neverout. Colonel, I'll be of your meſs.

Col. Then pray, *Tom*, carve for yourſelf: they ſay, two hands in a diſh, and one in a purſe: Hah! ſaid I well, *Tom?*

Neverout. Colonel, you ſpoke like an oracle.

Miſs. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, will your ladyſhip help me to ſome fiſh?

Ld. Smart. [*to Neverout.*] *Tom*, they ſay fiſh ſhould ſwim thrice.

Neverout. How is that, my lord?

Ld.

Ld. Smart. Why, *Tom*, firſt it ſhould ſwim in the ſea (do you mind me?) then it ſhould ſwim in butter; and at laſt, ſirrah, it ſhould ſwim in good claret. I think I have made it out.

Footman [*to Ld Smart.*] My lord, Sir *John Linger* is coming up.

Ld. Smart. God ſo! I invited him to dine with me to-day, and forgot it: well, deſire him to walk in.

Sir John Linger *comes in.*

Sir John. What! are you at it? why, then, I'll be gone.

Lady Smart. Sir *John*, I beg you will ſit down; come, the more the merrier.

Sir John. Ay; but the fewer the better cheer.

Lady Smart. Well, I am the worſt in the world at making apologies; it was my lord's fault: I doubt you muſt kiſs the hare's foot.

Sir John. I ſee you are faſt by the teeth.

Col. Faith, Sir *John*, we are killing that that would kill us.

Ld.

Ld. Sparkiſh. You ſee, Sir *John*, we are upon a buſineſs of life and death: come, will you do as we do? you are come in pudding-time.

Sir John. Ay; this would be doing if I were dead. What! you keep court-hours I ſee: I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

Lady Smart. Why, we won't eat you, Sir *John*.

Sir John. It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow, who bought ſome *Derbyſhire* oxen of me.

Neverout. You ſee, Sir *John*, we ſtaid for you as one horſe does for another.

Lady Smart. My lord, will you help Sir *John* to ſome beef? Lady *Anſwerall*, pray eat, you ſee your dinner: I am ſure, if we had known we ſhould have ſuch good company, we ſhould have been better provided; but you muſt take the will for the deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your loſs.

Col. And pray, Sir *John*, how do you like the town? you have been abſent a long time.

Sir

Sir John. Why, I find little *London* ſtands juſt where it did when I left it laſt.

Neverout. What do you think of *Hanover-Square?* Why, Sir *John*, *London* is gone out of town ſince you ſaw it.

Lady Smart. Sir *John*, I can only ſay, you are heartily welcome; and I wiſh I had ſomething better for you.

Col. Here's no ſalt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

Ld. Smart. Pray edge a little, to make more room for Sir *John:* Sir *John*, fall to; you know, half an hour is ſoon loſt at dinner.

Sir John. I proteſt I can't eat a bit, for I took ſhare of a beef-ſteak and two mugs of ale with my chapman, beſides a tankard of *March* beer, as ſoon as I got out of my bed.

Lady Anſw. Not freſh and faſting, I hope?

Sir John. Yes, faith, madam; I always waſh my kettle before I put the meat in it.

Lady Smart. Poh! Sir *John*, you have ſeen nine houſes ſince you eat laſt: come,

you

you have kept a corner of your ſtomach for a piece of veniſon-paſty.

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady Anſw. Come, Sir *John*, you may go further, and fare worſe.

Miſs. [*to Neverout.*] Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, will you pleaſe to ſend me a piece of tongue?

Neverout. By no means, madam; one tongue's enough for a woman.

Col. Miſs, here's a tongue, that never told a lye.

Miſs. That was, becauſe it could not ſpeak. Why, colonel, I never told a lye in my life.

Neverout. I appeal to all the company, whether that be not the greateſt lye that ever was told.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Prithee, *Tom*, ſend me the two legs, and rump, and liver of that pigeon; for, you muſt know, I love what nobody elſe loves.

Neverout. But what if any of the ladies ſhould long? Well, here take it, and the d---l do you good with it.

Lady

Lady Anſw. Well; this eating an drinking takes away a body's ſtomach.

Neverout. I am ſure I have loſt mine.

Miſs. What! the bottom of it, I ſup poſe.

Neverout. No, really, miſs; I hav quite loſt it.

Miſs. I ſhould be very ſorry a poo body had found it.

Lady Smart. But, Sir *John*, we hea you are married ſince we ſaw you laſt what! you have ſtolen a wedding, ſeems?

Sir John. Well; one can't do a fooliſ thing once in one's life, but one mu hear of it a hundred times.

Col. And pray, Sir *John*, how do your lady unknown?

Sir John. My wife's well, colonel, an at your ſervice in a civil way. Ha, ha. [*He laugh*

Miſs. Pray, Sir *John*, is your lady ta or ſhort?

Sir John. Why, miſs, I thank Goo ſhe is a little evil.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Come, give me a gla of claret.

Footman *fills him a bumper.*

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why do you fill ſo much?

Neverout. My lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady Smart. Miſs, ſhall I ſend you ſome cowcomber?

Miſs. Madam, I dare not touch it; for they ſay, cowcumbers are cold in the third degree.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, do you love pudden?

Neverout. Madam, I'm like all fools, I love every thing that is good; but the proof of the pudden is in the eating.

Col. Sir *John*, I hear you are a great walker, when you are at home.

Sir John. No, faith, colonel; I always love to walk with a horſe in my hand: but I have had deviliſh bad luck in horſe-fleſh of late.

Ld. Smart. Why then, Sir *John*, you muſt kiſs a parſon's wife.

Lady Smart. They ſay, Sir *John*, that your lady has a great deal of wit.

Sir John. Madam, ſhe can make a pudden; and has juſt wit enough to know her huſband's breeches from another man's.

Ld. Smart. My Lord *Sparkiſh*, I have ſome excellent cyder; will you pleaſe to taſte it?

Ld. Sparkiſh. My lord, I ſhould like it well enough, if it were not treacherous.

Ld. Smart. Pray my lord, how is it treacherous?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Becauſe it ſmiles in my face, and cuts my throat. [*Here a loud laugh.*]

Miſs. Odd-ſo! Madam; your knives are very ſharp, for I have cut my finger.

Lady Smart. I am ſorry for it; pray, which finger (God bleſs the mark)?

Miſs. Why, this finger: no, 'tis this: I vow I can't find which it is.

Neverout. Ay; the fox had a wound, and he could not tell where, *&c.* Bring ſome water, to throw in her face.

Miſs. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, did you ever draw a ſword in anger? I warrant, you

you would faint at the ſight of your own blood.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, ſhall I ſend you ſome veal?

Neverout. No, Madam; I don't love it.

Miſs. Then pray for them that do. I deſire your ladyſhip will ſend me a bit.

Ld. Smart. Tom, my ſervice to you.

Neverout. My lord, this moment I did myſelf the honour to drink to your lordſhip.

Ld. Smart. Why then that's *Hertfordſhire* kindneſs.

Neverout. Faith, my lord, I pledged myſelf; for I drank twice together without thinking.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why then, colonel, my humble ſervice to you.

Neverout Pray, my lord, don't make a bridge of my noſe.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Well, a glaſs of this wine is as comfortable as matrimony to an old woman.

Col. Sir *John*, I deſign one of theſe days to come and beat up your quarters in *Derbyſhire*.

Sir John. Faith, colonel, come, and welcome; and ſtay away, and heartily welcome: but you were born within the ſound of *Bow* bell, and don't care to ſtir ſo far from *London.*

Miſs. Pray, colonel, ſend me ſome fritters.

Colonel *takes them out with his hand.*

Col. Here, miſs; they ſay, fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.

Lady Smart. Methinks this pudden is too much boil'd.

Lady Anſw. Oh! madam, they ſay a pudden is poiſon, when it is too m boil'd.

Neverout. Miſs, ſhall I help you to a pigeon? here's a pigeon ſo finely roaſted, it cries, Come eat me.

Miſs. No ſir; I thank you.

Neverout. Why, then you may chuſe.

Miſs. I have choſen already.

Neverout. Well, you may be worſe offer'd, before you are twice married.

The Colonel *fills a large plate of ſoupe.*

Ld. Smart. Why, colonel, you don't mean to eat all that ſoupe?

Col. O my lord, this is my ſick diſh; when I'm well, I'll have a bigger.

Miſs. [*to Col.*] Sup, *Simon*; very good broth.

Neverout. This ſeems to be a good pullet.

Miſs. I warrant, Mr. *Neverout* knows what's good for himſelf.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Tom, I ſhan't take your word for it; help me to a wing.

Neverout *tries to cut off a wing.*

Neverout. Egad I can't hit the joint.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why then, think of a cuckold.

Neverout. Oh! now I have nick'd it.

[*Gives it to Ld.* Sparkiſh.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why, a man may eat this, though his wife lay a dying.

Col. Pray, friend, give me a glaſs of ſmall beer, if it be good.

Ld. Smart. Why, colonel, they ſay, there is no ſuch thing as good ſmall beer,

good brown bread, or a good old woman.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, I beg your ladyſhip's pardon; I did not ſee you when I was cutting that bit.

Lady Anſw. Oh! madam; after you is good manners.

Lady Smart. Lord! here's a hair in the ſauce.

Lady Sparkiſh. Then ſet the hounds after it.

Neverout. Pray, colonel, help me however to ſome of that ſame ſauce.

Col. Come; I think you are more ſauce than pig.

Ld. Smart. Sir *John*, chear up: my ſervice to you: well, what do you think of the world to come?

Sir John. Truly, my lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Smart. [*putting a ſkewer on a plate*] Here, take this ſkewer, and carry it down to the cook, to dreſs it for her own dinner.

Neverout. I beg your ladyſhip's pardon; but this ſmall beer is dead.

Lady Smart. Why, then, let it be buried.

Col.

Col. This is admirable black pudden: niſs, ſhall I carve you ſome? I can juſt arve pudden, and that's all; I am the vorſt carver in the world; I ſhould never nake a good chaplain.

Miſs. No, thank ye, colonel; for they ıy thoſe that eat black pudden will ream of the devil.

Ld. Smart. O, here comes the veni-ɔn-paſty: here, take the ſoupe away.

Ld. Smart. [*He cuts it up, and taſtes he veniſon*] 'ſbuds, this veniſon is muſty.

Neverout *eats a piece, and it burns his mouth.*

Ld. Smart. What's the matter, *Tom?* ou have tears in your eyes, I think: what oſt cry for, man?

Neverout. My lord, I was juſt think-ıg of my poor grandmother; ſhe died ıſt this very day ſeven years.

Miſs *takes a bit, and burns her mouth.*

Neverout. And pray, miſs, why do you ry too?

Miſs. Becauſe you were not hang'd the ay your grandmother died.

Ld. Smart. I'd have given forty pounds, miſs, to have ſaid that.

Col. Egad, I think the more I eat, the hungrier I am.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why, colonel, they ſay one ſhoulder of mutton drives down another.

Neverout. Egad, if I were to faſt for my life, I would take a good breakfaſt in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good ſupper at night.

Ld. Sparkiſh. My lord, this veniſon is plaguily pepper'd; your cook has a heavy hand.

Ld. Smart. My lord, I hope you are pepper-proof: come, here's a health to the founders.

Lady Smart. Ay; and to the confounders too.

Ld. Smart. Lady *Anſwerall*, does not your ladyſhip love veniſon?

Lady Anſw. No, my lord, I can't endure it in my ſight; therefore pleaſe to ſend me a good piece of meat and cruſt.

Ld. Sparkiſh. [*drinks to Neverout*] Come,

Come, *Tom*; not always to my friends, but once to you.

Neverout. [*drinks to Lady* Smart] Come, madam; here's a health to our friends, and hang the reſt of our kin.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, will your ladyſhip have any of this hare?

Lady Anſw. No, madam; they ſay, 'tis melancholy meat.

Lady Smart. Then, madam, ſhall I ſend you the brains? I beg your ladyſhip's pardon; for they ſay, 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

Lady Anſw. No, madam; for perhaps it will make me hair-brain'd.

Neverout. Miſs, I muſt tell you one thing.

Miſs. [*with a glaſs in her hand*] Hold your tongue, Mr. *Neverout*; don't ſpeak in my tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious man that firſt found out eating and drinking.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Of all vittles drink digeſts the quickeſt; give me a glaſs of wine.

Neverout. My lord, your wine is too ſtrong.

Ld.

Ld. Smart. Ay, *Tom*; as much as you are too good.

Miſs. This almond pudden was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

Neverout. So much the better, miſs; cold pudden will ſettle your love.

Miſs. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, are you going to take a voyage?

Neverout. Why do you aſk, miſs?

Miſs. Becauſe you have laid in ſo much beef.

Sir John. You two have eat up the whole pudden betwixt you.

Miſs. Sir *John*, here's a little bit left; will you pleaſe to have it?

Sir John. No, thankee; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

Col. [*calling to the butler*] *John*, is your ſmall beer good?

Butler. An pleaſe your honour, my lord and lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why then, *John*, d'ye ſee? if you are ſure your ſmall beer is good, d'ye mark? then, give me a glaſs of wine.

[*All laugh.*

Colonel

Colonel *taſting the wine.*

Ld. Smart. Sir *John*, how does your neighbour *Gatherall* of the *Peak?* I hear he has lately made a purchaſe.

Sir John. Oh, *Dick Gatherall* knows how to butter his bread as well as any man in *Derbyſhire.*

Ld. Smart. Why, he us'd to go very fine, when he was here in town.

Sir John. Ay; and it became him, as a ſaddle becomes a ſow.

Col. I know his lady, and I think ſhe is a very good woman.

Sir John. Faith, ſhe has more goodneſs in her little finger than he has in his whole body.

Ld. Smart. Well, colonel, how do you like that wine?

Col. This wine ſhould be eaten; it is too good to be drunk.

Ld. Smart. I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't ſpare it.

Col. No, my lord; I'll never ſtarve in a cook's ſhop.

Ld. Smart. And pray, ſir *John*, what do you ſay to my wine?

Sir

Sir John. I'll take another glaſs firſt: ſecond thoughts are beſt.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Pray, lady *Smart*, you ſit near that ham; will you pleaſe to ſend me a bit?

Lady Smart. With all my heart. [*She ſends him a piece*] Pray, my lord, how do you like it?

Ld. Sparkiſh. I think it is a limb of *Lot's* wife. [*He eats it with muſtard*] Egad, my lord, your muſtard is very uncivil.

Lady Smart. Why uncivil, my lord?

Ld. Sparkiſh. Becauſe it takes me by the noſe, egad.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, I find you are a very good carver.

Col. O madam, that is no wonder; for you muſt know, *Tom Neverout* carves o' *Sundays*.

Neverout *overturns the ſalt-celler.*

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, you have overturn'd the ſalt, and that's a ſign of anger: I'm afraid, miſs and you will fall out.

Lady

Lady Anſw. No, no; throw a little of it into the fire, and all will be well.

Neverout. Oh, madam, the falling out of lovers, you know.

Miſs. Lovers! very fine! fall out with him! I wonder when we were in.

Sir John. For my part, I believe the young gentlewoman is his ſweet-heart, there's ſo much fooling and fidling betwixt them: I'm ſure, they ſay in our country, that ſhiddle-come ſh--'s the beginning of love.

Miſs. I own, I love Mr. *Neverout* as the devil loves holy water: I love him like pye, I'd rather the devil had him than I.

Neverout. Miſs, I'll tell you one thing.

Miſs. Come, here's t'ye, to ſtop your mouth.

Neverout. I'd rather you would ſtop it with a kiſs.

Miſs. A kiſs! marry come up, my dirty couſin; are you no ſicker? Lord! I wonder what fool it was that firſt invented kiſſing!

Neverout. Well, I'm very dry.

Miſs. Then you're the better to burn, and the worſe to fry. *Lady*

Lady Anſw. God bleſs you, colonel; you have a good ſtroke with you.

Col. O madam; formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing; I eat but one meal a day.

Miſs. What! I ſuppoſe, colonel, that is from morning till night.

Neverout. Faith, miſs; and well was his wont.

Ld. Smart. Pray, lady *Anſwerall*, taſte this bit of veniſon.

Lady Anſw. I hope, your lordſhip will ſet me a good example.

Ld. Smart. Here's a glaſs of cyder fill'd: miſs, you muſt drink it.

Miſs. Indeed, my lord, I can't.

Neverout. Come miſs; better belly burſt, than good liquor be loſt.

Miſs. Piſh! well in life there was never any thing ſo teizing; I had rather ſhed it in my ſhoes: I wiſh it were in your guts, for my ſhare.

Ld. Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, you han't taſted my cyder yet.

Neverout. No, my lord; I have been juſt eating ſoupe; and they ſay, if one drinks

drinks with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

Ld. Smart. Come, take miſs's glaſs, ſhe wiſh'd it was in your guts; let her have her wiſh for once: ladies can't abide to have their inclinations croſs'd.

Lady Smart. [*to Sir John*] I think, Sir *John*, you have not taſted the veniſon yet.

Sir John. I ſeldom eat it, madam; however, pleaſe to ſend me a little of the cruſt.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why, Sir *John*, you had as good eat the devil as the broth he is boil'd in.

Col. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's ſtomach, as lady *Anſwerall* ſays.

Neverout. I have dined as well as my lord-mayor.

Miſs. I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

Ld. Smart. Indeed, lady *Anſwerall*, you have eaten nothing.

Lady Anſw. Pray, my lord, ſee all

the bones on my plate: they ſay, a carpenter's known by his chips.

Neverout. Miſs, will you reach me that glaſs of jelly?

Miſs. [*giving it to him*] You ſee, 'tis but aſk and have.

Neverout. Miſs, I would have a bigger glaſs.

Miſs. What? you don't know your own mind; you are neither well, full nor faſting; I think that is enough.

Neverout. Ay, one of the enoughs; I am ſure it is little enough.

Miſs. Yes; but you know, ſweet things are bad for the teeth.

Neverout. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, I don't like that part of the veal you ſent me.

Lady Anſw. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, I find you are a true *Engliſhman*; you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole dinner of beef.

Lady Anſw. Why, colonel, a belly-full's a belly-full, if it be but of wheat ſtraw.

Col. Well, after all, kitchen phyſick is the beſt phyſick.

Lady Smart. And the beſt doctors in the world are doctor *Diet*, doctor *Quiet*, and doctor *Merryman.*

Ld. Sparkiſh. What do you think of a little houſe well fill'd?

Sir John. And a little land well till'd?

Col. Ay; and a little wife well will'd?

Neverout. My lady *Smart*, pray help me to ſome of the breaſt of that gooſe.

Ld. Smart. Tom, I have heard that gooſe upon gooſe is falſe heraldry.

Miſs. What! will you never have done ſtuffing?

Ld. Smart. This gooſe is quite raw: well, God ſends meat, but the devil ſends cooks.

Neverout. Miſs, can you tell which is the grander, the white gooſe or the grey gooſe?

Miſs. They ſay, a fool will aſk more queſtions than the wiſeſt body can anſwer.

Col. Indeed, miſs, *Tom Neverout* has poſed you.

Miſs. Why, colonel, every dog has his day; but I believe I ſhall never ſee a

gooſe again without thinking on Mr. *Neverout.*

Ld. Smart. Well ſaid, miſs; faith, girl, thou haſt brought thyſelf off cleverly. *Tom*, what ſay you to that?

Col. Faith, *Tom* is nonpluſt; he looks plaguily down in the mouth.

Miſs. Why, my lord, you ſee he is the provokingeſt creature in life; I believe there is not ſuch another in the varſal world.

Lady Anſw. Oh, miſs! the world's a wide place.

Neverout. Well, miſs, I'll give you leave to call me any thing, if you don't call me ſpade.

Ld. Smart. Well, but after all, *Tom*, can you tell me what's *Latin* for a gooſe?

Neverout. O my lord, I know that; why *brandy* is *Latin* for a gooſe, and *tace* is *Latin* for a candle.

Miſs. Is that manners, to ſhew your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very briſk of a ſudden; I think the man's glad he's alive.

Sir John. The devil take your wit, if this be wit; for it ſpoils company: pray,

Mr.

Mr. *Butler*, bring me a dram after my gooſe; 'tis very good for the wholeſomes.

Ld. Smart. Come, bring me the loaf; I ſometimes love to cut my own bread.

Miſs. I ſuppoſe, my lord, you lay longeſt a-bed to-day.

Ld. Smart. Miſs, if I had ſaid ſo, I ſhould have told a fib; I warrant you lay a-bed till the cows came home: but, miſs, ſhall I cut you a little cruſt now my hand is in?

Miſs. If you pleaſe, my lord, a bit of under-cruſt.

Neverout. [*whiſpering Miſs.*] I find you love to lie under.

Miſs. [*aloud, puſhing him from her.*] What does the man mean! Sir, I don't underſtand you at all *.

Neverout. Come, all quarrels laid aſide: here, miſs, may you live a thouſand years.

[*He drinks to her.*

Miſs. Pray, Sir, don't ſtint me.

* Miſs diſcovers her underſtanding by the manner in which ſhe denies it, an inconſiſtency ſo common that it deſerves a note. See p. 186.

Ld. Smart. Sir *John*, will you taſte my *October?* I think it is very good; but I believe not equal to yours in *Derbyſhire.*

Sir John. My lord, I beg your pardon; but they ſay, the devil made aſkers.

Ld. Smart. [*to the butler.*] Here, bring up the great tankard full of *October* for Sir *John.*

Col. [*drinking to Miſs.*] Miſs, your health; may you live all the days of your life.

Lady Anſw. Well, miſs, you'll certainly be ſoon married; here's two batchelors drinking to you at once.

Lady Smart. Indeed, miſs, I believe you were wrapt in your mother's ſmock, you are ſo well beloved.

Miſs. Where's my knife? ſure I han't eaten it: Oh, here it is.

Sir John. No, miſs; but your maidenhead hangs in your light.

Miſs. Pray, Sir *John*, is that a *Derbyſhire* compliment? Here, Mr. *Neverout*, will you take this piece of rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

Neverout. I don't know.

Miſs. Why, take it, or let it alone.

Neverout.

Neverout. I will.

Miſs. What will you?

Neverout. Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

Miſs. You are a provoking creature.

Sir John. [*talking with a glaſs of wine in his hand.*] I remember a farmer in our country —

Ld. Smart. [*interrupting him.*] Pray, Sir *John*, did you ever hear of parſon *Palmer?*

Sir John. No, my lord; what of him?

Ld. Smart. Why, he uſed to preach over his liquor.

Sir John. I beg your lordſhip's pardon; here's your lordſhip's health: I'd drink it up, if it were a mile to the bottom.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, have you been at the new play?

Neverout. Yes, madam, I went the firſt night.

Lady Smart. Well, and how did it take?

Neverout. Why, madam, the poet is damn'd.

Sir John. God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge ſo raſhly of any Chriſtian.

Neverout. [*whiſpers Lady Smart.*] Was ever ſuch a dunce? How well he knows the town! See how he ſtares like a ſtuck-pig! Well, but, Sir *John*, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet?

Sir John. No; damn your fire-ſhips, I have a wife of my own.

Lady Smart. Pray, my lady *Anſwer-all*, how do you like theſe preſerved oranges?

Lady Anſw. Indeed, madam, the only fault I find is, that they are too good.

Lady Smart. O madam; I have heard 'em ſay, that too good is ſtark naught.

Miſs *drinking part of a glaſs of wine.*

Neverout. Pray, let me drink your ſnuff.

Miſs. No, indeed, you ſhan't drink after me; for you'll know my thoughts.

Neverout. I know them already; you are thinking of a good huſband. Beſides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

Lady

Lady Smart. Pray, my lord, did not you order the butler to bring up a tankard of our *October* to Sir *John?* I believe, they ſtay to brew it.

The Butler *brings up the tankard to Sir* John.

Sir John. Won't your ladyſhip pleaſe to drink firſt?

Lady Smart. No, Sir *John*; 'tis in a very good hand; I'll pledge you.

Col. [*to Ld. Smart.*] My lord, I love *October* as well as Sir *John*; and I hope, you won't make fiſh of one, and fleſh of another.

Ld. Smart. Colonel, you're heartily welcome. Come, Sir *John*, take it by word of mouth, and then give it the colonel.

Sir John *drinks.*

Ld. Smart. Well, Sir *John*, how do you like it?

Sir John. Not as well as my own in *Derbyſhire*; 'tis plaguy ſmall.

Lady Smart. I never taſte malt liquor; but they ſay 'tis well hopt.

Sir John. Hopt! why, if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the river. O my lord, my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat ſpeak, and a wiſe man dumb.

Lady Smart. I was told, ours was very ſtrong.

Sir John. Ay, madam, ſtrong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. Faith, it is mere whip-belly-vengeance; he that drinks moſt has the worſt ſhare.

Col. I believe, Sir *John*, ale is as plenty as water at your houſe.

Sir John. Why, faith, at *Chriſtmas* we have many comers and goers; and they muſt not be ſent away without a cup of *Chriſtmas* ale, for fear they ſhould p--s behind the door.

Lady Smart. I hear, Sir *John* has the niceſt garden in *England*; they ſay, 'tis kept ſo clean, that you can't find a place where to ſpit.

Sir John. O madam; you are pleaſed to ſay ſo.

Lady Smart. But, Sir *John*, your ale is terrible ſtrong and heady in *Derbyſhire*, and

and will ſoon make one drunk and ſick; what do you then?

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hair of the ſame dog next morning. I take a new-laid egg for breakfaſt; and faith, one ſhould drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

Ld. Smart. Tom Neverout, will you taſte a glaſs of *October?*

Neverout. No, faith, my lord; I like your wine, and I won't put a churl upon a gentleman; your honour's claret is good enough for me.

Lady Smart. What! is this pigeon left for manners? colonel, ſhall I ſend you the legs and rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a bit more, if the houſe was full.

Ld. Smart. [*carving a partridge*] Well; one may ride to *Rumford* upon this knife, it is ſo blunt.

Lady Anſw. My lord; I beg your pardon; but they ſay, an ill workman never had good tools.

Ld. Smart. Will your lordſhip have a wing of it?

Ld.

Ld. Sparkiſh. No, my lord; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

Ld. Smart. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My lord, they ſay, that's a ſign of long life.

Ld. Smart. Ay; I believe I ſhall live till all my friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does any body here hate cheeſe? I would be glad of a bit.

Ld. Smart. An odd kind of fellow dined with me t'other day; and when the cheeſe came upon the table, he pretended to faint; ſo ſomebody ſaid, Pray take away the cheeſe: No, ſaid I; pray, take away the fool: ſaid I well?

Here a loud and large laugh.

Col. Faith, my lord, you ſerved the coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wiſh we had a bit of your lordſhip's *Oxfordſhire* cheeſe.

Ld. Smart. Come, hang ſaving; bring us up a halfp'orth of cheeſe.

Lady Anſw. They ſay, cheeſe digeſts every thing but itſelf.

A Foot-

A Footman brings a great whole cheeſe.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Ay; this would look handſome, if any body ſhould come in.

Sir John. Well; I'm weily broſten, as they ſayn in *Lancaſhire.*

Lady Smart. O! Sir *John*; I wou'd I had ſomething to broſt you withal.

Ld. Smart. Come, they ſay, 'tis merry in the hall when beards wag all.

Lady Smart. Miſs, ſhall I help you to ſome cheeſe, or will you carve for yourſelf?

Neverout. I'll hold fifty pounds, miſs won't cut the cheeſe.

Miſs. Pray, why ſo, Mr. *Neverout?*

Neverout. Oh, there is a reaſon, and you know it well enough.

Miſs. I can't for my life underſtand what the gentleman means.

Ld. Smart. Pray, *Tom*, change the diſcourſe: in troth you are too bad.

Col. [*whiſpers Neverout*] Smoke miſs; faith, you have made her fret like gum taffety.

Lady Smart. Well, but, miſs, (hold your

your tongue, Mr. *Neverout)* ſhall I cut you a piece of cheeſe?

Miſs. No, really, madam; I have dined this half hour.

Lady Smart. What! quick at meat, quick at work, they ſay.

Sir John *nods.*

Ld. Smart. What! are you ſleepy, Sir *John?* do you ſleep after dinner?

Sir John. Yes, faith; I ſometimes take a nap after my * pipe; for when the belly is full, the bones would be at reſt.

Lady Smart. Come, colonel; help yourſelf, and your friends will love you the better. [*To Lady Anſw.*] Madam, your ladyſhip eats nothing.

Lady Anſw. Lord, madam, I have fed

* It may be obſerved in this paſſage, and many others, that the author gave himſelf no trouble to render the drama of this piece perfect. Sir *John* is here ſuppoſed to have *ſmoked*, and the lady is immediately afterwards preſſed *to eat*. His principal view was to ſtring all the phraſes that are uttered by rote one upon another, without the aſſiſtance of any other language to introduce or correct them; the drama therefore muſt be regarded merely as a vehicle; and whoever conſiders the difficulty of that which is effected, will ſcarce be ſo unreaſonable as to cenſure the writer for not effecting more.

like a farmer: I ſhall grow as fat as a porpoiſe; I ſwear, my jaws are weary of chewing.

Col. I have a mind to eat a piece of that ſturgeon, but fear it will make me ſick.

Neverout. A rare ſoldier indeed! let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

Col. Well; it would vex a dog to ſee a pudden creep.

Sir John *riſes.*

Ld. Smart. Sir *John*, what are you doing?

Sir John. Swolks, I muſt be going, by'r lady; I have earneſt buſineſs; I muſt do as the beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Ld. Smart. Well; but ſtay till this bottle's out; you know, the man was hang'd that left his liquor behind him: and beſides, a cup in the pate is a mile in the gate; and a ſpur in the head is worth two in the heel.

Sir John. Come then; one brimmer to all your healths. [*The footman gives him*

him a glaſs half full.] Pray, friend, what was the reſt of this glaſs made for? an inch at the top, friend, is worth two at the bottom. [*He gets a brimmer, and drinks it off.*] Well, there's no deceit in a brimmer, and there's no falſe *Latin* in this; you wine is excellent good, ſo I thank you for the next, for I am ſure of this: madam, has your ladyſhip any commands in *Derbyſhire?* I muſt go fifteen miles to-night.

Lady Smart. None, Sir *John*, but to take care of yourſelf; and my moſt humble ſervice to your lady unknown.

Sir John. Well, madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady Smart. Here, bring water to waſh; tho' really, you have all eaten ſo little, that you have not need to waſh your mouths.

Ld. Smart. But, prithee, Sir *John* ſtay a while longer.

Sir John. No, my lord; I am to ſmoke a pipe with a friend before I leave the town.

Col. Why, Sir *John*, had not you better ſet out to-morrow?

Sir John. Colonel, you forget to-morrow is *Sunday.*

Col. Now I always love to begin a journey on *Sundays*, becauſe I ſhall have the prayers of the church, to preſerve all that travel by land, or by water.

Sir John. Well, colonel; thou art a mad fellow to make a prieſt of.

Neverout. Fie, Sir *John*, do you take tobacco? How can you make a chimney of your mouth?

Sir John. [*to Neverout*] What! you don't ſmoke, I warrant you, but you mock. (Ladies, I beg your pardon.) Colonel, do you never ſmoke?

Col. No, Sir *John*; but I take a pipe ſometimes.

Sir John. I' faith, one of your finical *London* blades dined with me laſt year in *Derbyſhire*; ſo, after dinner, I took a pipe; ſo my gentleman turn'd away his head: ſo, ſaid I, what, ſir, do you never ſmoke? ſo, he anſwered as you do, colonel; no, but I ſometimes take a pipe: ſo he took a pipe in his hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it: ſo, ſaid I, pray,

pray, ſir, can you make a pipe? ſo, he ſaid no; ſo, ſaid I, why then, ſir, if you can't make a pipe, you ſhould not break a pipe; ſo, we all laugh'd.

Ld. Smart. Well; but, Sir *John*, they ſay, that the corruption of pipes is the generation of ſtoppers.

Sir John. Colonel, I hear you go ſometimes to *Derbyſhire*; I wiſh you would come and foul a plate with me.

Col. I hope, you will give me a ſoldier's bottle.

Sir John. Come, and try. Mr. *Neverout*, you are a town-wit; can you tell me what kind of herb is tobacco?

Neverout. Why, an *Indian* herb, Sir *John*.

Sir John. No, 'tis a pot-herb; and ſo here's t'ye in a pot of my lord's *October*.

Lady Smart. I hear, Sir *John*, ſince you are married, you have forſwore the town.

Sir John. No, madam; I never forſwore any thing but the building of churches.

Lady Smart. Well; but, Sir *John*, vhen may we hope to ſee you again in *London?*

Sir John. Why, madam, not till the lucks have eat up the dirt, as the children ay.

Neverout. Come, Sir *John:* I foreſee t will rain terribly.

Lady Smart. Come, Sir *John*, do nohing raſhly; let us drink firſt.

Ld. Sparkiſh. I know Sir *John* will go, ho' he was ſure it would rain cats and logs: but pray ſtay, Sir *John*; you'll e time enough to go to bed by candleght.

Ld. Smart. Why, Sir *John*, if you nuſt needs go; while you ſtay, make ıſe of your time: here's my ſervice to you, health to our friends in *Derbyſhire:* ome, ſit down; let us put off the evil ıour as long as we can.

Sir John. Faith, I could not drink a lrop more, if the houſe was full.

Col. Why, Sir *John*, you uſed to love a ;laſs of good wine in former times.

Sir John. Why, ſo I do ſtill, colonel;

but a man may love his houſe very well, without riding on the ridge: beſides, I muſt be with my wife on *Tueſday*, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go to-day, I wiſh you may be wet to the ſkin.

Sir John. Ay; but they ſay, the prayers of the wicked won't prevail.

Sir John *takes leave, and goes away.*

Ld. Smart. Well, miſs, how do you like Sir *John?*

Miſs. Why, I think, he's a little upon the ſilly, or ſo: I believe, he has not all the wit in the world: but I don't pretend to be a judge.

Neverout. Faith, I believe, he was bred at *Hog's Norton*, where the pigs play upon the organs.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Why, *Tom*, I thought you and he were hand and glove.

Neverout. Faith, he ſhall have a clean threſhold for me; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town nor country; but he's a queer old duke, by my conſcience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more knave than fool.

Lady

Lady Smart. Well, come; a man's a ıan, if he has but a noſe on his face.

Col. I was once with him and ſome o-ıer company over a bottle; and, egad, e fell aſleep, and ſnor'd ſo hard, that we ıought he was driving his hogs to market.

Neverout. Why, what! you can have o more of a cat than her ſkin; you can't ıake a ſilk purſe out of a ſow's ear.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Well, ſince he's gone, he devil go with him and ſixpence; and here's money and company too.

Neverout. Faith, he's a true country ıut. Pray, miſs, let me aſk you a que-ſtion?

Miſs. Well; but don't aſk queſtions vith a dirty face: I warrant, what you ıave to ſay will keep cold.

Col. Come, my lord, againſt you are liſpoſed: here's to all that love and ho-nour you.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Ay; that was always *Dick Nimble's* health. I'm ſure you know he's dead.

Col. Dead! well, my lord, you love to be a meſſenger of ill news: I'm heartily ſorry; but, my lord, we muſt all die.

Neverout. I knew him very well: but, pray, how came he to die?

Miſs. There's a queſtion! you talk like a poticary: why, beeauſe he could live no longer.

Neverout. Well; reſt his ſoul: we muſt live by the living, and not by the dead.

Ld. Sparkiſh. You know, his houſe was burnt down to the ground.

Col. Yes; it was in the news. Why fire and water are good ſervants, but they are very bad maſters.

Ld. Smart. Here, take away, and ſet down a bottle of *Burgundy*. Ladies, you'll ſtay and drink a glaſs of wine before you go to your tea.

All taken away, and the wine ſet down, etc.

Miſs *gives* Neverout *a ſmart pinch.*

Neverout. Lord, miſs, what d'ye mean? d'ye think I have no feeling?

Miſs. I'm forc'd to pinch, for the times are hard.

Neverout. [*giving Miſs a pinch*] Take that,

hat, miſs; what's ſauce for a gooſe is ſauce or a gander.

Miſs. [*ſcreaming.*] Well, Mr. *Neverout*, that ſhall neither go to heaven nor ell with you.

Neverout. [*takes Miſs by the hand.*] Come, miſs, let us lay all quarrels aſide, nd be friends.

Miſs. Don't be ſo teizing: you plague body ſo! can't you keep your filthy ands to yourſelf?

Neverout. Pray, miſs, where did you et that pick-tooth caſe?

Miſs. I came honeſtly by it.

Neverout. I'm ſure it was mine, for I oſt juſt ſuch a one; nay, I don't tell you lye.

Miſs. No; if you lye, it is much.

Neverout. Well; I'm ſure 'tis mine.

Miſs. What! you think every thing is ours, but a little the king has.

Neverout. Colonel, you have ſeen my ine pick-tooth caſe; don't you think this s the very ſame?

Col. Indeed, miſs, it is very like it.

Miſs. Ay; what he ſays, you'll ſwear.

Neverout. Well; but I'll prove it to be nine.

Miſs. Ay; do if you can.

Neverout. Why, what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miſs. Well, run on till you're weary; nobody holds you.

Neverout *gapes.*

Col. What, Mr. *Neverout*, do you gape for preferment?

Neverout. Faith, I may gape long enough, before it falls into my mouth.

Lady Smart. Mr. *Neverout*, my lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of theſe days: I hear, you live high.

Neverout. Yes, faith, madam; I live high, and lodge in a garret.

Col. But, miſs, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. *Neverout* got the deviliſheſt fall in the park to-day.

Miſs. I hope he did not hurt the ground: but how was it, Mr. *Neverout?* I wiſh I had been there to laugh.

Neverout. Why, madam, it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns ſticking out, I happened to ſtumble againſt it; that was all.

Lady

Lady Smart. Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themſelves; I think it is time to go to our tea.

Lady Anſw. and *Miſs.* My lords and gentlemen, your moſt humble ſervant.

Ld. Smart. Well, ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.

The gentlemen alone.

Ld. Smart. Come, *John*, bring us a freſh bottle.

Col. Ay, my lord; and pray, let him carry off the dead men, as we ſay in the army. [*Meaning the empty bottles.*

Ld. Sparkiſh. Mr. *Neverout*, pray, is not that bottle full?

Neverout. Yes, my lord; full of emptineſs.

Ld. Smart. And, d'ye hear, *John*, bring clean glaſſes.

Col. I'll keep mine; for I think, the wine is the beſt liquor to waſh glaſſes in.

DIALOGUE III.

The ladies at their tea.

Lady Smart.

WELL, ladies; now let us have a cup of diſcourſe to ourſelves.

Lady Anſw. What do you think of your friend, ſir *John Spendall?*

Lady Smart. Why, madam, 'tis happy for him, that his father was born before him.

Miſs. They ſay, he makes a very ill huſband to my lady.

Lady Anſw. But he muſt be allow'd to be the fondeſt father in the world.

Lady Smart. Ay, madam, that's true; for they ſay, the devil is kind to his own.

Miſs. I am told, my lady manages him to admiration.

Lady Smart. That I believe, for ſhe's as cunning as a dead pig, but not half ſo honeſt.

Lady Anſw. They ſay, ſhe's quite a ſtranger to all his gallantries.

Lady Smart. Not at all; but you know, there's none ſo blind as they that won't ſee.

Miſs. O madam, I am told, ſhe watches him as a cat would watch a mouſe.

Lady Anſw. Well, if ſhe ben't foully belied, ſhe pays him in his own coin.

Lady Smart. Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts, as well as if I were within you.

Lady Anſw. Madam, I was t'other day in company with Mrs. *Clatter*; I find ſhe gives herſelf airs of being acquainted with your ladyſhip.

Miſs. Oh, the hideous creature! did you obſerve her nails? they were long enough to ſcratch her grannum out of her grave.

Lady Smart. Well, ſhe and *Tom Goſling* were banging compliments backwards and forwards: it look'd like two aſſes ſcrubbing one another.

Miſs. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw you: but, pray, madam, who were the company?

Lady Smart. Why there was all the world, and his wife; there was Mrs.

Clatter, lady *Singular*, the counteſs of *Talkham* (I ſhould have named her firſt), *Tom Goſling*, and ſome others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Anſw. I think the counteſs is very ſickly.

Lady Smart. Yes, madam; ſhe'll never ſcratch a grey head, I promiſe her.

Miſs. And, pray, what was your converſation?

Lady Smart. Why, Mrs. *Clatter* had all the talk to herſelf, and was perpetually complaining of her misfortunes.

Lady Anſw. She brought her huſband ten thouſand pounds; ſhe has a town houſe and country-houſe: would the woman have her a—hung with points?

Lady Smart. She would fain be at the top of the houſe before the ſtairs are built.

Miſs. Well, compariſons are odious; but ſhe's as like her huſband as if ſhe were ſpit out of his mouth; as like as one egg is to another: pray, how was ſhe dreſt?

Lady Smart. Why, ſhe was as fine as fi'pence; but, truly, I thought there was more coſt than worſhip.

Lady

Lady Anſw. I don't know her huſband: pray, what is he?

Lady Smart. Why, he's a counſellor of the law; you muſt know he came to us as drunk as *David*'s ſow.

Miſs. What kind of creature is he?

Lady Smart. You muſt know, the man and his wife are coupled like rabbits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a porpus, and ſhe's one of *Pharaoh's* lean kine: the ladies and *Tom Goſling* were propoſing a party at quadrille; but he refus'd to make one: Damn your cards, ſaid he, they are the devil's books.

Lady Anſw. A dull, unmannerly brute! well, God ſend him more wit, and me more money.

Miſs. Lord! madam, I would not keep ſuch company for the world.

Lady Smart. O miſs, 'tis nothing when you are uſed to it: beſides, you know, for want of company, welcome trumpery.

Miſs. Did your ladyſhip play?

Lady Smart. Yes, and won; ſo I came off with fidler's fare, meat, drink, and money.

Lady Anſw. Ay; what ſays *Pluck?*

Miſs. Well, my elbow itches; I ſhall change bedfellows.

Lady Smart. And my right hand itches; I ſhall receive money.

Lady Anſw. And my right eye itches; I ſhall cry.

Lady Smart. Miſs, I hear your friend miſtreſs *Giddy* has diſcarded *Dick Shuttle:* pray, has ſhe got another lover?

Miſs. I hear of none.

Lady Smart. Why, the fellow's rich, and I think ſhe was a fool to throw out her dirty water before ſhe got clean.

Lady Anſw. Miſs, that's a very handſome gown of yours, and finely made; very genteel.

Miſs. I am glad your ladyſhip likes it.

Lady Anſw. Your lover will be in raptures; it becomes you admirably.

Miſs; Ay; I aſſure you I won't take it as I have done; if this won't fetch him, the devil fetch him, ſay I.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Pray, madam, when did you ſee Sir *Peter Muckworm?*

Lady

Lady Anſw. Not this fortnight; I hear he's laid up with the gout.

Lady Smart. What does he do for it?

Lady Anſw. I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes uſe of nothing but patience and flannel.

Miſs. Pray, how does he and my lady agree?

Lady Anſw. You know he loves her as the devil loves holy water.

Miſs. They ſay, ſhe plays deep with ſharpers, that cheat her of her money.

Lady Anſw. Upon my word, they muſt riſe early that would cheat her of her money; ſharp's the word with her; diamonds cut diamonds.

Miſs. Well, but I was aſſured from a good hand, that ſhe loſt at one ſitting to the tune of a hundred guineas; make money of that.

Lady Smart. Well, but do you hear that Mrs. *Plump* is brought to bed at laſt?

Miſs. And pray, what has God ſent her?

Lady Smart. Why, gueſs if you can.

Miſs. A boy, I ſuppoſe.

Lady

Lady Smart. No, you are out; gueſs again.

Miſs. A girl then.

Lady Smart. You have hit it; I believe you are a witch.

Miſs. O madam, the gentlemen ſay, all fine ladies are witches; but I pretend to no ſuch thing.

Lady Anſw. Well, ſhe had good luck to draw *Tom Plump* into wedlock; ſhe ris' with her a— upwards.

Miſs. Fie, madam; what do you mean?

Lady Smart. O miſs, 'tis nothing what we ſay among ourſelves.

Miſs. Ay, madam; but they ſay, hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

Lady Anſw. Well, miſs, I can't help it; you know, I'm old Tell-truth; I love to call a ſpade a ſpade.

Lady Smart. [*miſtakes the tea-tongs for the ſpoon.*] What! I think my wits are a wool-gathering to-day.

Miſs. Why, madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

Lady Smart. Miſs, I hear that you and lady *Coupler* are as great as cup and can.

Lady

Lady Anſw. Ay, miſs, as great as the devil and the earl of *Kent*.

Lady Smart. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much love as there is between the old cow and the hay-ſtack.

Miſs. I own I love her very well; but there's difference betwixt ſtaring and ſtark mad.

Lady Smart. They ſay, ſhe begins to grow fat.

Miſs. Fat! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

Lady Smart. Indeed, lady *Anſwerall*, (pray forgive me) I think your ladyſhip looks thinner than when I ſaw you laſt.

Miſs. Indeed, madam, I think not; but your ladyſhip is one of *Job's* comforters.

Lady Anſw. Well, no matter how I look; I am bought and ſold: but really, miſs, you are ſo very obliging, that I wiſh I were a handſome young lord for your ſake.

Miſs. O madam, your love's a million.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam, will your ladyſhip let me wait on you to the play to-morrow?

Lady

Lady Anſw. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your ladyſhip.

Miſs. What, then, I'm turn'd out for a wrangler!

The gentlemen come in to the ladies to drink tea.

Miſs. Mr. *Neverout*, we wanted you ſadly; you are always out of the way when you ſhould be hang'd.

Neverout. You wanted me! pray, miſs, how do you look when you lie?

Miſs. Better than you when you cry. Manners indeed! I find you mend like ſour ale in ſummer.

Neverout. I beg your pardon, miſs; I only meant, when you lie alone.

Miſs. That's well turn'd; one turn more would have turn'd you down ſtairs.

Neverout. Come, miſs, be kind for once, and order me a diſh of coffee.

Miſs. Pray, go yourſelf; let us wear out the oldeſt: beſides, I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

Col. They ſay, a woman need but look on her apron-ſtring to find an excuſe.

Ne-

Neverout. Why, miſs, you are grown ɔ peeviſh, a dog would not live with you.

Miſs. Mr. *Neverout*, I beg your diver-ion; no offence, I hope; but truly in a ittle time you intend to make the co-ɔnel as bad as yourſelf; and that's as ɔad as can be.

Neverout. My lord, don't you think ɲiſs improves wonderfully of late? why, niſs, if I ſpoil the colonel, I hope you vill uſe him as you do me; for you :now, love me, love my dog.

Col. How's that, *Tom?* Say that again: vhy, if I am a dog, ſhake hands, brother.

Here a great, loud, long laugh.

Ld. Smart. But pray, gentlemen, why lways ſo ſevere upon poor miſs? on my onſcience, colonel and *Tom Neverout*, one ıf you two are both knaves.

Col. My lady *Anſwerall*, I intend to do nyſelf the honour of dining with your adyſhip to-morrow.

Lady Anſw. Ay, colonel, do if you can.

Miſs. I'm ſure you'll be glad to be wel-ɔme.

Col. Miſs, I thank you; and to reward

you, I'll come and drink tea with you in the morning.

Miſs. Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] Your ladyſhip has a very fine watch; well may you wear it.

Lady Smart. It is none of mine, colonel.

Col. Pray, whoſe is it then?

Lady Smart. Why, 'tis my lord's; for they ſay, a marry'd woman has nothing of her own, but her wedding-ring and her hair-lace: but if women had been the law-makers, it would have been better.

Col. This watch ſeems to be quite new.

Lady Smart. No, ſir; it has been twenty years in my lord's family; but *Quare* put a new caſe and dial-plate to it.

Neverout. Why, that's for all the world like the man, who ſwore he kept the ſame knife forty years, only he ſometimes changed the haft, and ſometimes the blade.

Ld. Smart. Well, *Tom*, to give the devil his due, thou art a right woman's man.

Col. Odd ſo! I have broke the hing-

of my ſnuff-box; I'm undone beſides the loſs.

Miſs. Alack-a-day, colonel! I vow I had rather have found forty ſhillings.

Neverout. Why, colonel; all that I can ſay to comfort you, is, that you muſt mend it with a new one.

Miſs *laughs.*

Col. What, miſs! you can't laugh, but you muſt ſhew your teeth.

Miſs. I'm ſure you ſhew your teeth, when you can't bite: well, thus it muſt be, if we ſell ale.

Neverout. Miſs, you ſmell very ſweet; I hope you don't carry perfumes.

Miſs. Perfumes! No, ſir; I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the grain of my ſkin.

Col. Tom, you have a good noſe to make a poor man's ſow.

Ld. Sparkiſh. So, ladies and gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: come, box it about; 'twill come to my father at laſt.

Col. Why, my lord, you ſee miſs has no mercy; I wiſh ſhe were marry'd; but I

doubt the grey mare would prove the better horſe.

Miſs. Well, God forgive you for that wiſh.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Never fear him, miſs.

Miſs. What, my lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

Ld. Smart. What have you to ſay to that, colonel?

Neverout. O my lord, my friend the colonel ſcorns to ſet his wit againſt a child.

Miſs. Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Col. Well, miſs; they ſay, a woman's tongue is the laſt thing about her that dies; therefore let's kiſs and be friends.

Miſs. Hands off! that's meat for your maſter.

Ld. Sparkiſh. Faith, colonel, you are for ale and cakes: but after all, miſs, you are too ſevere; you would not meddle with your match.

Miſs. All they can ſay goes in at one ear and out at t'other for me, I can aſſure you: only I wiſh they would be quiet, and let me drink my tea.

Ne-

Neverout. What! I warrant you think all is loſt that goes beſide your own mouth.

Miſs. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, hold your tongue for once, if it be poſſible; one would think you were a woman in man's cloaths, by your prating.

Neverout. No, miſs; it is not handſome to ſee one hold one's tongue: beſides, I ſhould ſlobber my fingers.

Col. Miſs, did you never hear, that three women and a gooſe are enough to make a market?

Miſs. I'm ſure, if Mr. *Neverout* or you were among them, it would make a fair.

Footman *comes in.*

Lady Smart. Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

Lady Anſw. O madam, no candles yet, I beſeech you; don't let us burn day-light.

Neverout. I dare ſwear, miſs for her part will never burn day-light, if ſhe can help it.

Miſs. Lord, Mr. *Neverout*, one can't hear one's own ears for you.

Lady Smart. Indeed, madam, it is blind-man's holiday; we ſhall ſoon be all of a colour.

Neverout. Why, then, miſs, we may kiſs where we like beſt.

Miſs. Fogh! theſe men talk of nothing but kiſſing. [*She ſpits.*

Neverout. What, miſs, does it makes your mouth water?

Lady Smart. It is as good be in the dark as without light; therefore pray bring in candles: they ſay, women and linen ſhew beſt by candle-light: come, gentlemen, are you for a party at quadrille?

Col. I'll make one with you three ladies.

Lady Anſw. I'll ſit down, and be a ſtander-by.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Anſw.*] Madam does your ladyſhip never play?

Col. Yes; I ſuppoſe her ladyſhip plays ſometimes for an egg at *Eaſter*.

Neverout. Ay; and a kiſs at *Chriſtmas*.

Lady Anſw. Come, Mr. *Neverout*, hold your tongue, and mind your knitting.

Neverout.

Neverout. With all my heart; kiſs my wife, and welcome.

The Colonel, *Mr.* Neverout, *Lady* Smart *and* Miſs *go to quadrille, and ſit there till three in the morning.*

They riſe from cards.

Lady Smart. Well, miſs, you'll have a ſad huſband, you have ſuch good luck at cards.

Neverout. Indeed, miſs, you dealt me ſad cards; if you deal ſo ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies?

Lady Anſw. I'm ſure 'tis time for honeſt folks to be a-bed.

Miſs. Indeed my eyes draw ſtraws.

She's almoſt aſleep.

Neverout. Why, miſs, if you fall aſleep, ſomebody may get a pair of gloves.

Col. I'm going to the Land of *Nod.*

Neverout. Faith, I'm for *Bedfordſhire.*

Lady Smart. I'm ſure I ſhall ſleep without rocking.

Neverout. Miſs, I hope you'll dream of your ſweetheart.

Miſs. Oh, no doubt of it: I believe I ſhan't be able to ſleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [*to Miſs.*] Madam, ſhall I have the honour to eſcort you?

Miſs. No, colonel, I thank you; my mamma has ſent her chair and footmen. Well, my lady *Smart*, I'll give you revenge whenever you pleaſe.

Footman *comes in.*

Footman. Madam, the chairs are waiting.

They all take their chairs, and go off.

POSTHUMOUS PIECES

IN

PROSE.

A

SERMON

ON

THE TRINITY.

1 Epiſt. Gen. of St. JOHN, v. 7.

For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghoſt; and theſe Three are One.

THIS day being ſet apart to acknowledge our belief in the Eternal *Trinity*, I thought it might be proper to employ my preſent diſcourſe entirely upon that ſubject; and I hope to handle it in ſuch a manner, that the moſt ignorant among you may return home better informed of your duty in this great point, than probably you are at preſent.

It muſt be confeſſed, that by the weakneſs and indiſcretion of buſy (or at beſt, of well-meaning) people, as well as by the malice of thoſe who are enemies to all revealed

revealed religion, and are not content to poſſeſs their own infidelity in ſilence, without communicating it to the diſturbance of mankind; I ſay, by theſe means, it muſt be confeſſed, that the doctrine of the Trinity hath ſuffered very much, and made Chriſtianity ſuffer along with it. For theſe two things muſt be granted: firſt, that men of wicked lives would be very glad there were no truth in Chriſtianity at all; and ſecondly, if they can pick out any one ſingle article in the Chriſtian religion which appears not agreeable to their own corrupted reaſon, or to the arguments of thoſe bad people who follow the trade of ſeducing others, they preſently conclude, that the truth or the whole goſpel muſt ſink along with that one article. Which is juſt as wiſe, as if a man ſhould ſay, becauſe he diſlikes one law of his country, he will therefore obſerve no law at all; and yet that one law may be very reaſonable in itſelf, although he does not allow it, or does not know the reaſon of the law-givers.

Thus it hath happened with the great doctrine of the *Trinity*; which word is indeed

indeed not in ſcripture, but was a term of art invented in the earlier times to expreſs the doctrine by a ſingle word, for the ſake of brevity and convenience. The doctrine then as delivered in holy ſcripture, though not exactly in the ſame words, is very ſhort, and amounts only to this; that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt, are each of them God, and yet there is but One God. For as to the word *Perſon*, when we ſay there are three perſons; and as to thoſe other explanations in the *Athanaſian* creed this day read to you (whether compiled by *Athanaſius* or no), they were taken up three hundred years after Chriſt to expound this doctrine; and I will tell you upon what occaſion. About that time there ſprang up a hereſy of people called *Arians*, from one *Arius* the leader of them. Theſe denied our Saviour to be God, although they allowed all the reſt of the goſpel (wherein they were more ſincere than their followers among us). Thus the Chriſtian world was divided into two parts, till at length by the zeal and courage of St. *Athanaſius* the *Arians* were condemned in a general council, and a creed formed upon the

true

true faith, as St. *Athanaſius* hath ſettled it. This creed is now read at certain times in our churches, which although it is uſeful for edification to thoſe who underſtand it, yet ſince it contains ſome nice and philoſophical points which few people can comprehend, the bulk of mankind is obliged to believe no more than the ſcripture doctrine, as I have delivered it; becauſe that creed was intended only as an anſwer to the *Arians* in their own way, who were very ſubtle diſputers.

But this hereſy having revived in the world about an hundred years ago, and continued ever ſince; not out of a zeal to truth, but to give a looſe to wickedneſs by throwing off all religion; ſeveral divines, in order to anſwer the cavils of thoſe adverſaries to truth and morality, began to find out further explanations of this doctrine of the Trinity by rules of philoſophy; which have multiplied controverſies to ſuch a degree, as to beget ſcruples that have perplexed the minds of many ſober Chriſtians, who otherwiſe could never have entertained them.

I muſt therefore be ſo bold to affirm, that the method taken by many of thoſe

learned men to defend the doctrine of the Trinity, hath been founded upon a miſtake.

It muſt be allowed, that every man is bound to follow the rules and directions of that meaſure of reaſon which God hath given him; and indeed he cannot do otherwiſe, if he will be ſincere or act like a man. For inſtance: if I ſhould be commanded by an angel from heaven to believe it is midnight at noon-day; yet I could not believe him. So if I were directly told in ſcripture that *three* are *one*, and *one* is *three*, I could not conceive or believe it in the natural common ſenſe of that expreſſion, but muſt ſuppoſe that ſomething dark or myſtical was meant, which it pleaſed God to conceal from me and from all the world. Thus in the text, *There are three that bear record*, etc. Am I capable of knowing and defining, what union and what diſtinction there may be in the divine nature, which poſſibly may be hid from the angels themſelves? Again, I ſee it plainly declared in ſcripture, that there is but one God; and yet I find our Saviour claiming the prerogative of God in knowing men's thoughts;

in

in ſaying *He and his Father are one*; and, *before Abraham was, I am.* I read, that the diſciples worſhiped him: That *Thomas* ſaid to him, *My Lord and my God:* and St. *John*, chap. i. *In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God.* I read likewiſe that the Holy Ghoſt beſtowed the gift of tongues, and the power of working miracles, which, if rightly conſidered, is as great a miracle as any, that a number of illiterate men ſhould of a ſudden be qualified to ſpeak all the languages then known in the world, ſuch as could be done by the inſpiration of God * alone.

* In defending the peculiar doctrines of Chriſtianity perhaps it is always beſt to inſiſt upon the poſitive evidence, as the Dean has done in this ſermon: for in every queſtion he who undertakes to obviate objections muſt neceſſarily be foiled by him who puts them. By the human intellect little more than the ſurface of things can be known; and therefore ſpeculative objections, which would puzzle an able philoſopher, may be eaſily raiſed even againſt thoſe truths which admit of practical demonſtration. It was once objected to a philoſopher, who was explaining the laws of motion, that there could be no ſuch thing, for that a body muſt move either in the place in which it *is*, or in the place in which it is *not*; but both being impoſſible, there could be no motion: this objection the philoſopher immediately removed by walking eroſs the room; and if none were to triumph in the ſtrength of popular objections againſt Chriſtianity, but thoſe who could otherwiſe ſhew the fallacy of this againſt motion, the number of *moral philoſophers* among us would probably be very few.

From

From theſe ſeveral texts it is plain, that God commands us to believe there is an union, and there is a diſtinction; but what that union, or what that diſtinction is, all mankind are equally ignorant, and muſt continue ſo, at leaſt till the day of judgment, without ſome new revelation.

But becauſe I cannot conceive the nature of this union and diſtinction in the divine nature, am I therefore to reject them as abſurd and impoſſible, as I would if any one told me that three men are one, and one man is three? we are told, that a man and his wife are one fleſh; this I can comprehend the meaning of; yet, literally taken, it is a thing impoſſible. But the apoſtle tells us, *We ſee but in part, and we know but in part*; and yet we would comprehend all the ſecret ways and workings of God.

Therefore I ſhall again repeat the doctrine of the Trinity, as it is poſitively affirmed in ſcripture: that God is there expreſſed in three different names, as Father, as Son, and as Holy Ghoſt; that each of theſe is God, and that there is but one God. But this union and diſtinc-

tion are a myſtery utterly unknown to mankind.

This is enough for any good Chriſtian to believe on this great article, without ever inquiring any further. And this can be contrary to no man's reaſon, although the knowledge of it is hid from him.

But there is another difficulty of great importance among thoſe who quarrel with the doctrine of the Trinity, as well as with ſeveral other articles of Chriſtianity; which is, that our religion abounds in myſteries, and theſe they are ſo bold as to revile as cant, impoſture and prieſtcraft. It is impoſſible for us to determine, for what reaſons God thought fit to communicate ſome things to us in part, and leave ſome part a myſtery: but ſo it is in fact, and ſo the holy ſcriptures tell us in ſeveral places. For inſtance: the reſurrection and change of our bodies are called myſteries by St. *Paul*; our Saviour's incarnation is another; the kingdom of God is called a myſtery by our Saviour, to be only known to his diſciples; ſo is faith and the word of God by St. *Paul:* I omit many others. So that to declare againſt all myſteries

ſteries without diſtinction or exception, is to declare againſt the whole tenor of the New Teſtament.

There are two conditions, that may bring a myſtery under ſuſpicion. Firſt, when it is not taught and commanded in holy writ; or ſecondly, when the myſtery turns to the advantage of thoſe who preach it to others. Now as to the firſt, it can never be ſaid, that we preach myſteries without warrant from holy ſcripture, although I confeſs this of the *Trinity* may have ſometimes been explained by human invention, which might perhaps better have been ſpared. As to the ſecond, it will not be poſſible to charge the Proteſtant prieſthood with propoſing any temporal advantage to themſelves by broaching, or multiplying, or preaching of myſteries. Does this myſtery of the *Trinity*, for inſtance, and the deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt, bring the leaſt profit or power to the preachers? No; it is as great myſtery to themſelves as it is to the meaneſt of their hearers; and may be rather a cauſe of humiliation by putting their underſtanding in that point upon a level

with the moſt ignorant of their flock. It is true indeed, the *Roman* church hath very much enriched herſelf by trading in myſteries, for which they have not the leaſt authority from ſcripture, and which were fitted only to advance their own temporal wealth and grandeur; ſuch as *tranſubſtantiation*, *worſhiping of images*, *indulgences* for ſins, *purgatory*, and *maſſes* for the *dead*; with many more. But it is the perpetual talent of thoſe who have ill-will to our church, or a contempt for all religion taken up by the wickedneſs of their lives, to charge us with the errors and corruptions of popery, which all proteſtants have thrown off near two hundred years: whereas thoſe myſteries held by us have no proſpect of power, pomp, or wealth, but have been ever maintained by the univerſal body of true believers from the days of the apoſtles, and will be ſo to the reſurrection; neither will the gates of hell prevail againſt them.

It may be thought perhaps a ſtrange thing, that God ſhould require us to believe myſteries, while the reaſon or manner of what we are to believe is above our com-

comprehenſion, and wholly concealed from us: neither doth it appear at firſt ſight, that the believing or not believing them doth concern either the glory of God, or contribute to the goodneſs or wickedneſs of our lives. But this is a great and dangerous miſtake. We ſee what a mighty weight is laid upon faith both in the Old and New Teſtament. In the former we read, how the faith of *Abraham* is praiſed, who could believe that God would raiſe from him a great nation, at the very ſame time that he was commanded to ſacrifice his only ſon, and deſpaired of any other iſſue: and this was to him a great myſtery. Our Saviour is perpetually preaching faith to his diſciples, or reproaching them with the want of it; and St. *Paul* produceth numerous examples of the wonders done by faith. And all this is highly reaſonable; for, faith is an entire dependence upon the truth, the power, the juſtice, and the mercy of God; which dependence will certainly incline us to obey him in all things. So that the great excellency of faith conſiſts in the conſequence it hath upon our actions: as, if

we depend upon the truth and wiſdom of a man, we ſhall certainly be more diſpoſed to follow his advice. Therefore let no man think that he can lead as good a moral life without faith as with it; for this reaſon, becauſe he who has no faith cannot by the ſtrength of his own reaſon or endeavours ſo eaſily reſiſt temptations, as the other who depends upon God's aſſiſtance in the overcoming his frailties, and is ſure to be rewarded for ever in heaven for his victory over them. *Faith*, ſays the apoſtle, *is the evidence of things not ſeen:* he means, that faith is a virtue, by which any thing commanded us by God to believe, appears evident and certain to us, although we do not ſee, nor can conceive it; becauſe by faith we entirely depend upon the truth and power of God.

It is an old and true diſtinction, that things may be above our reaſon without being contrary to it. Of this kind are the power, the nature, and the univerſal preſence of God, with innumerable other points. How little do thoſe who quarrel with myſteries know of the commoneſt actions of nature! the growth of an animal,

mal, of a plant, or of the ſmalleſt ſeed, is a myſtery to the wiſeſt among men. If an ignorant perſon were told, that a loadſtone would draw iron at a diſtance, he might ſay it was a thing contrary to his reaſon, and could not believe before he ſaw it with his eyes.

The manner whereby the ſoul and body are united, and how they are diſtinguiſhed, is wholly unaccountable to us. We ſee but one part, and yet we know we conſiſt of two; and this is a myſtery we cannot comprehend, any more than that of the *Trinity*.

From what hath been ſaid, it is manifeſt, that God did never command us to believe, nor his miniſters to preach, any doctrine which is contrary to the reaſon he hath pleaſed to endow us with; but for his own wiſe ends has thought fit to conceal from us the nature of the thing he commands; thereby to try our faith and obedience, and increaſe our dependence upon him.

It is highly probable, that if God ſhould pleaſe to reveal unto us this great myſtery of the *Trinity*, or ſome other myſteries

in our holy religion, we ſhould not be able to underſtand them, unleſs he would at the ſame time think fit to beſtow on us ſome new powers or faculties of the mind, which we want at preſent, and are reſerved till the day of reſurrection to life eternal. *For now*, as the apoſtle ſays, *we ſee through a glaſs darkly, but then face to face.*

Thus, we ſee, the matter is brought to this iſſue; we muſt either believe what God directly commands us in holy ſcripture, or we muſt wholly reject the ſcripture, and the Chriſtian religion which we pretend to profeſs. But this, I hope, is too deſperate a ſtep for any of us to make.

I have already obſerved, that thoſe who preach up the belief of the *Trinity*, or of any other myſtery, cannot propoſe any temporal advantage to themſelves by ſo doing. But this is not the caſe of thoſe who oppoſe theſe doctrines. Do *they* lead better moral lives than a good Chriſtian? are *they* more juſt in their dealings? more chaſte, or temperate, or charitable? Nothing at all of this; but, on the contrary, their intent is to overthrow all religion, that they may gratify their vices without

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any reproach from the world, or their own conſcience; and are zealous to bring over as many others as they can to their own opinions; becauſe it is ſome kind of imaginary comfort to have a multitude on their ſide.

There is no miracle mentioned in holy writ, which, if it were ſtrictly examined, is not as much contrary to common reaſon, and as much a myſtery, as this doctrine of the *Trinity*; and therefore we may with equal juſtice deny the truth of them all. For inſtance: it is againſt the laws of nature, that a human body ſhould be able to walk upon the water, as St. *Peter* is recorded to have done; or that a dead carcaſe ſhould be raiſed from the grave after three days, when it began to corrupt; which thoſe who underſtand anatomy will pronounce to be impoſſible by the common rules of nature and reaſon. Yet theſe miracles, and many others, are poſitively affirmed in the goſpel; and theſe we muſt believe, or give up our holy religion to atheiſts and infidels.

I ſhall now make a few inferences and obſervations upon what hath been ſaid.

Firſt,

Firſt, It would be well, if people would not lay ſo much weight on their own reaſon in matters of religion, as to think every thing impoſſible and abſurd which they cannot conceive. How often do we contradict the right rules of reaſon in the whole courſe of our lives? *Reaſon* itſelf is true and juſt, but the *reaſon* of every particular man is weak and wavering, perpetually ſwayed and turned by his intereſts, his paſſions, and his vices. Let any man but conſider, when he hath a controverſy with another, though his cauſe be ever ſo unjuſt, though the whole world be againſt him, how blinded he is by the love of himſelf, to believe that right is wrong, and wrong is right, when it makes for his own advantage. Where is then the right uſe of his reaſon, which he ſo much boaſts of, and which he would blaſphemouſly ſet up to controul the commands of the Almighty?

Secondly, When men are tempted to deny the myſteries of religion, let them examine and ſearch into their own hearts, whether they have not ſome favourite ſin,

which is of their party in this diſpute, and which is equally contrary to other commands of God in the goſpel. For, why do men love darkneſs rather than light? The ſcripture tells us, *Becauſe their deeds are evil*; and there can be no other reaſon aſſigned. Therefore, when men are curious and inquiſitive to diſcover ſome weak ſides in Chriſtianity, and inclined to favour every thing that is offered to its diſadvantage, it is plain they wiſh it were not true; and thoſe wiſhes can proceed from nothing but an evil conſcience; becauſe, if there be truth in our religion, their condition muſt be miſerable *.

And therefore, *thirdly*, men ſhould conſider, that raiſing difficulties concerning the myſteries in religion cannot make them more wiſe, learned, or virtuous; better neighbours, or friends, or more ſer-

* It is an high encomium on reformed Chriſtianity, and a ſtrong argument of its ſuperior excellence, that a corrupt life always inclines men to wiſh it were not true. It does not appear that Mahometans and Papiſts wiſh their religion to be falſe in proportion as their lives are immoral; and it is ſaid of *Dryden*, that, not being able to fortify himſelf in infidelity, he died a Papiſt.

viceable to their country; but, whatever they pretend, will deſtroy their inward peace of mind by perpetual doubts and fears ariſing in their breaſts. And God forbid we ſhould ever ſee the times ſo bad, when dangerous opinions in religion will be a means to get favour and preferment; although even in ſuch a caſe it would be an ill traffick to gain the world, and loſe our own ſouls. So that upon the whole it will be impoſſible to find any real uſe towards a virtuous or happy life by denying the myſteries of the goſpel.

Fourthly, Thoſe ſtrong unbelievers, who expect that all myſteries ſhould be ſquared and fitted to their own reaſon, might have ſomewhat to ſay for themſelves, if they could ſatisfy the general reaſon of mankind in their opinions; but herein they are miſerably defective, abſurd, and ridiculous; they ſtrain at a gnat, and ſwallow a camel: they can believe that the world was made by chance; that God doth not concern himſelf with things below; will neither puniſh vice nor reward virtue; that religion was invented

by

by cunning men to keep the world in awe; with many other opinions equally falſe and deteſtable, againſt the common light of nature as well as reaſon; againſt the univerſal ſentiments of all civilized nations, and offenſive to the ears even of a ſober heathen.

Laſtly, Since the world abounds with peſtilent books particularly written againſt this doctrine of the *Trinity*; it is fit to inform you, that the authors of them proceed wholly upon a miſtake: they would ſhew how impoſſible it is, that *three* can be *one*, and *one* can be three: whereas the ſcripture ſaith no ſuch thing, at leaſt in that manner they would make it: but only that there is ſome kind of unity and diſtinction in the divine nature, which mankind cannot poſſibly comprehend: thus the whole doctrine is ſhort and plain, and in itſelf incapable of any controverſy; ſince God himſelf hath pronounced the fact, but wholly concealed the manner. And therefore many divines, who thought fit to anſwer thoſe wicked books, have been miſtaken too by anſwering fools in

their folly; and endeavouring to explain a myſtery, which God intended to keep ſecret from us. And as I would exhort all men to avoid reading thoſe wicked books written againſt this doctrine, as dangerous and pernicious; ſo I think they may omit the anſwers, as unneceſſary. This I confeſs will probably affect but few or none among the generality of our congregations, who do not much trouble themſelves with books, at leaſt of this kind. However many, who do not read themſelves, are ſeduced by others that do, and thus become unbelievers upon truſt and at ſecond hand; and this is too frequent a caſe: for which reaſon I have endeavoured to put this doctrine upon a ſhort and ſure foot, leveled to the meaneſt underſtanding; by which we may, as the apoſtle directs, be ready always to give an anſwer to every man, that aſketh us a reaſon of the hope that is in us, with meekneſs and fear.

And thus I have done with my ſubject, which probably I ſhould not have choſen, if I had not been invited to it by the occaſion

caſion of this ſeaſon, appointed on purpoſe to celebrate the myſteries of the *Trinity*, and the deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt, wherein we pray to be kept ſtedfaſt in this faith; and what this faith is I have ſhewn you in the plaineſt manner I could. For upon the whole, it is no more than this: God commands us, by our dependence upon his truth and his holy word, to believe a fact that we do not underſtand. And this is no more than what we do every day in the works of nature upon the credit of men of learning. Without faith we can do no works acceptable to God; for, if they proceed from any other principle, they will not advance our ſalvation; and this faith, as I have explained it, we may acquire without giving up our ſenſes, or contradicting our reaſon. May God of his infinite mercy inſpire us with true faith in every article and myſtery of our religion, ſo as to diſpoſe us to do what is pleaſing in his ſight; and this we pray through Jeſus Chriſt, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghoſt, the myſterious incomprehenſible One God, be all honour and glory now and for evermore. *Amen.*

A SER-

A

SERMON

ON

Mutual Subjection.

1 St. PETER v. 5.

——*Yea, all of you be ſubject one to another.*

THE apoſtle having in many parts of this epiſtle given directions to Chriſtians concerning the duty of ſubjection or obedience to ſuperiors; in the ſeveral inſtances of the ſubject to the prince, the child to his parent, the ſervant to his maſter, the wife to her huſband, and the younger to the elder; doth here in the words of my text ſum up the whole by advancing a point of doctrine, which at firſt may appear a little extraordinary; *Yea, all of you*, ſaith he, *be ſubject one to another*. For it ſhould ſeem, that two perſons cannot properly be ſaid to be ſubject to each other, and that ſubjection is only due

due from inferiors to thoſe above them: yet St. *Paul* hath ſeveral paſſages to the ſame purpoſe. For he exhorts the *Romans* *, *in honour to prefer one another*; and the *Philippians* †, that in *lowlineſs of mind they ſhould each eſteem other better than themſelves*; and the *Epheſians* ‡, that they ſhould *ſubmit themſelves one to another in the fear of the Lord.* Here we find theſe two great apoſtles recommending to all Chriſtians this duty of mutual ſubjection. For we may obſerve by St. *Peter*, that having mentioned the ſeveral relations which men bear to each other, as governor and ſubject, maſter and ſervant, and the reſt which I have already repeated, he makes no exception, but ſums up the whole with commanding *all to be ſubject one to another.* From whence we may conclude, that this ſubjection due from all men to all men is ſomething more than the compliment of courſe, when our betters are pleaſed to tell us they are our humble ſervants, but underſtand us to be their ſlaves.

* Rom. xii. 10. † Philip. ii. 3. ‡ Epheſ. v. 21.

I know very well, that ſome of thoſe who explain this text apply it to humility, to the duties of charity, to private exhortations, and to bearing with each other's infirmities; and it is probable the apoſtle may have had a regard to all theſe. But, however, many learned men agree, that there is ſomething more underſtood, and ſo the words in their plain natural meaning muſt import; as you will obſerve yourſelves, if you read them with the beginning of the verſe, which is thus; *Likewiſe ye younger ſubmit yourſelves unto the elder; yea, all of you be ſubject one to another.* So that, upon the whole, there muſt be ſome kind of ſubjection due from every many to every man, which cannot be made void by any power, pre-eminence, or authority whatſoever. Now what ſort of ſubjection this is, and how it ought to be paid, ſhall be the ſubject of my preſent diſcourſe.

As God hath contrived all the works of nature to be uſeful, and in ſome manner a ſupport to each other, by which the whole frame of the world under his providence is preſerved and kept up; ſo among

mong mankind, our particular ſtations are appointed to each of us by God Almighty, wherein we are obliged to act, as far as our power reacheth, towards the good of the whole community. And he who doth not perform that part aſſigned him towards advancing the benefit of the whole, in proportion to his opportunities and abilities, is not only an uſeleſs, but a very miſchievous member of the publick: becauſe he takes his ſhare of the profit, and yet leaves his ſhare of the burden to be borne by others, which is the true principal cauſe of moſt miſeries and misfortunes in life. For a wiſe man, who does not aſſiſt with his counſels, a great man with his protection, a rich man with his bounty and charity, and a poor man with his labour, are perfect nuiſances in a commonwealth. Neither is any condition of life more honourable in the ſight of God than another; otherwiſe he would be a reſpecter of perſons, which he aſſures us he is not: for he hath propoſed the ſame ſalvation to all men, and hath only placed them in different ways or ſtations to work it out. Princes are born with no more ad-

vantages of ſtrength or wiſdom than other men; and, by an unhappy education, are uſually more defective in both than thouſands of their ſubjects. They depend for every neceſſary of life upon the meaneſt of their people: beſides, obedience and ſubjection were never enjoined by God to humour the paſſions, luſts, and vanities of thoſe who demand them from us; but we are commanded to obey our governors, becauſe diſobedience would breed ſeditions in the ſtate. Thus ſervants are directed to obey their maſters, children their parents, and wives their huſbands; not from any reſpect of perſons in God, but becauſe otherwiſe there would be nothing but confuſion in private families. This matter will be clearly explained by conſidering the compariſon which St. *Paul* makes between the church of Chriſt and the body of man: for the ſame reſemblance will hold, not only to families and kingdoms, but to the whole corporation of mankind. * *The eye*, ſaith he, *cannot ſay unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the hand to the foot*,

* Rom. xii. 21, 22, 23, 26.

foot, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more, thoſe members of the body which ſeem to be more feeble, are neceſſary: and whether one member ſuffer, all the members ſuffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. The caſe is directly the ſame among mankind. The prince cannot ſay to the merchant, I have no need of thee; nor the merchant to the labourer, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more thoſe members, which ſeem to be more feeble are neceſſary. For the poor are generally more neceſſary members of the commonwealth than the rich: which clearly ſhews, that God never intended ſuch poſſeſſions for the ſake and ſervice of thoſe to whom he lends them; but becauſe he hath aſſigned every man his particular ſtation to be uſeful in life, and this for the reaſon given by the apoſtle, *that there may be no ſchiſm in the body.*

From hence may partly be gathered the nature of that ſubjection, which we all owe to one another. God Almighty hath been pleaſed to put us into an imperfect ſtate, where we have perpetual oc-

caſion of each other's aſſiſtance. There is none ſo low as not to be in a capacity of aſſiſting the higheſt, nor ſo high as not to want the aſſiſtance of the loweſt.

It plainly appears from what hath been ſaid, that no one human creature is more worthy than another in the ſight of God, further than according to the goodneſs or holineſs of their lives; and that power, wealth, and the like outward advantages, are ſo far from being the marks of God's approving or preferring thoſe on whom they are beſtowed, that on the contrary he is pleaſed to ſuffer them to be almoſt engroſſed by thoſe who have leaſt title to his favour. Now, according to this equality wherein God hath placed all mankind with relation to himſelf, you will obſerve, that in all the relations between man and man there is a mutual dependence, whereby the one cannot ſubſiſt without the other. Thus, no man can be a prince without ſubjects, nor a maſter without ſervants, nor a father without children. And this both explains and confirms the doctrine of the text: for where there is a mutual dependence,

there

there muſt be a mutual duty, and conſequently a mutual ſubjection. For inſtance, the ſubject muſt obey his prince, becauſe God commands it, human laws require it, and the ſafety of the publick makes it neceſſary (for the ſame reaſons we muſt obey all that are in authority, and ſubmit ourſelves not only to the good and gentle, but alſo to the froward, whether they rule according to our liking or no). On the other ſide, in thoſe countries that pretend to freedom, princes are ſubject to thoſe laws which their people have choſen; they are bound to protect their ſubjects in liberty, property, and religion, to receive their petitions, and redreſs their grievances: ſo that the beſt prince is, in the opinion of wiſe men, only the greateſt ſervant of the nation; not only a ſervant to the publick in general, but in ſome ſort to every man in it. In the like manner, a ſervant owes obedience, and diligence, and faithfulneſs to his maſter, from whom at the ſame time he hath a juſt demand for protection, and maintenance, and gentle treatment. Nay, even the poor beggar hath a juſt demand of an alms from the rich

man, who is guilty of fraud, injuſtice, and oppreſſion, if he does not afford relief according to his abilities.

But this ſubjection we all owe one another is no where more neceſſary than in the common converſations of life; for without it there could be no ſociety among men. If the learned would not ſometimes ſubmit to the ignorant, the wiſe to the ſimple, the gentle to the froward, the old to the weakneſſes of the young, there would be nothing but everlaſting variance in the world. This our Saviour himſelf confirmed by his own example; for he appeared in the form of a ſervant, and waſhed his diſciples feet, adding thoſe memorable words, *Ye call me Lord and maſter, and ye ſay well, for ſo I am. If I then your Lord and Maſter waſh your feet, how much more ought ye to waſh one another's feet?* Under which expreſſion of waſhing the feet is included all that ſubjection, aſſiſtance, love, and duty, which every good Chriſtian ought to pay his brother, in whatever ſtation God hath placed him. For the greateſt prince and the meaneſt ſlave are not by infinite degrees

grees ſo diſtant, as our Saviour and thoſe diſciples whoſe feet he vouchſafed to waſh.

And although this doctrine of ſubjecting ourſelves to one another may ſeem to grate upon the pride and vanity of mankind, and may therefore be hard to be digeſted by thoſe who value themſelves upon their greatneſs or their wealth; yet it is really no more than what moſt men practiſe upon other occaſions. For if our neighbour who is our inferior comes to ſee us, we riſe to receive him, we place him above us, and reſpect him as if he were better than ourſelves; and this is thought both decent and neceſſary, and is uſually called *good-manners*. Now the duty required by the apoſtle is only, that we ſhould enlarge our minds, and that what we thus practiſe in the common courſe of life, we ſhould imitate in all our actions and proceedings whatſoever; ſince our Saviour tells us, that every man is our neighbour, and ſince we are ſo ready in the point of civility to yield to others in our own houſes, where only we have any title to govern.

Having

Having thus ſhewn you, what ſort of ſubjection it is, which all men owe one another, and in what manner it ought to be paid, I ſhall now draw ſome obſervations from what hath been ſaid.

And *firſt*; A thorough practice of this duty of ſubjecting ourſelves to the wants and infirmities of each other would utterly extinguiſh in us the vice of pride.

For if God has pleaſed to entruſt me with a talent, not for my own ſake, but for the ſervice of others, and at the ſame time hath left me full of wants and neceſſities which others muſt ſupply; I can then have no cauſe to ſet any extraordinary value upon myſelf, or to deſpiſe my brother, becauſe he hath not the ſame talents, which were lent to me. His being may probably be as uſeful to the publick as mine; and therefore, by the rules of right reaſon, I am in no ſort preferable to him.

Secondly; 'Tis very manifeſt from what has been ſaid, that no man ought to look upon the advantages of life, ſuch as riches,

riches, honour, power, and the like, as his property, but merely as a truſt, which God hath depoſited with him to be employed for the uſe of his brethren; and God will certainly puniſh the breach of that truſt, though the laws of man will not, or rather indeed cannot; becauſe the truſt was conferred only by God, who has not left it to any power on earth to decide infallibly, whether a man makes a good uſe of his talents or no, or to puniſh him where he fails. And therefore God ſeems to have more particularly taken this matter into his own hands, and will moſt certainly reward or puniſh us in proportion to our good or ill performance in it. Now, although the advantages, which one man poſſeſſeth more than another, may in ſome ſenſe be called his property with reſpect to other men, yet with reſpect to God they are, as I ſaid, only a truſt; which will plainly appear from hence: if a man does not uſe thoſe advantages to the good of the public, or the benefit of his neighbour, it is certain he doth not deſerve them, and conſequently that God never intended them for

for a bleſſing to him; and on the other ſide, whoever does employ his talents as he ought, will find, by his own experience, that they were chiefly lent him for the ſervice of others; for to the ſervice of others he will certainly employ them.

Thirdly, If we could all be brought to practiſe this duty of ſubjecting ourſelves to each other, it would very much contribute to the general happineſs of mankind: for this would root out envy and malice from the heart of man; becauſe you cannot envy your neighbour's ſtrength, if he make uſe of it to defend your life, or carry your burden; you cannot envy his wiſdom, if he gives you good counſel; nor his riches, if he ſupplies you in your wants; nor his greatneſs, if he employs it to your protection. The miſeries of life are not properly owing to the unequal diſtribution of things; but God Almighty, the great King of heaven, is treated like the kings of the earth, who, although perhaps intending well themſelves, have often moſt abominable miniſters and ſtewards, and thoſe generally the vileſt, to whom they

they intruſt the moſt talents. But here is the difference, that the princes of this world ſee by other men's eyes, but God ſees all things; and therefore, whenever he permits his bleſſings to be dealt among thoſe who are unworthy, we may certainly conclude, that he intends them only as a puniſhment to an evil world, as well as to the owners. It were well, if thoſe would conſider this, whoſe riches ſerve them only as a ſpur to avarice, or as an inſtrument to their luſts; whoſe wiſdom is only of this world, to put falſe colours upon things, to call good evil, and evil good, againſt the conviction of their own conſciences; and laſtly, who employ their power and favour in acts of oppreſſion or injuſtice, in miſrepreſenting perſons and things, or in countenancing the wicked to the ruin of the innocent.

Fourthly, The practice of this duty of being ſubject to one another, would make us reſt contented in the ſeveral ſtations of life, wherein God hath thought fit to place us; becauſe it would in the beſt and eaſieſt manner bring us back as it

were to that early ſtate of the goſpel, when Chriſtians had all things in common. For if the poor found the rich diſpoſed to ſupply their wants; if the ignorant found the wiſe ready to inſtruct and direct them; or if the weak might always find protection from the mighty; they could none of them with the leaſt pretence of juſtice lament their own condition.

From all that hath been hitherto ſaid, it appears, that great abilities of any ſort, when they are employed as God directs, do but make the owners of them greater and more painful ſervants to their neighbour, and the publick: however, we are by no means to conclude from hence, that they are not really bleſſings, when they are in the hands of good men. For firſt, what can be a greater honour than to be choſen one of the ſtewards and diſpenſers of God's bounty to mankind? what is there that can give a generous ſpirit more pleaſure and complacency of mind, than to conſider, that he is an inſtrument of doing much good? that great numbers owe to him, under God, their ſubſiſtence,

ſubſiſtence, their ſafety, their health, and the good conduct of their lives? The wickedeſt man upon earth takes a pleaſure in doing good to thoſe he loves; and therefore ſurely a good Chriſtian, who obeys our Saviour's commands of loving all men, cannot but take delight in doing good even to his enemies. God, who gives all things to all men, can receive nothing from any; and thoſe among men, who do the moſt good, and receive the feweſt returns, do moſt reſemble their Creator: for which reaſon St. *Paul* delivers it as a ſaying of our Saviour, that *it is more bleſſed to give than receive.* By this rule, what muſt become of thoſe things, which the world values as the greateſt bleſſings, riches, power, and the like, when our Saviour plainly determines, that the beſt way to make them bleſſings is to part with them? Therefore, although the advantages, which one man hath over another, may be called bleſſings, yet they are by no means ſo in the ſenſe the world uſually underſtands. Thus, for example, great riches are no bleſſing in themſelves; becauſe the poor man with the common neceſ-

ſaries of life enjoys more health and has fewer cares without them: how then do they become bleſſings? No otherwiſe than by being employed in feeding the hungry, cloathing the naked, rewarding worthy men, and in ſhort, doing acts of charity and generoſity. Thus likewiſe, power is no bleſſing in itſelf, becauſe private men bear leſs envy, and trouble, and anguiſh without it. But when it is employed to protect the innocent, to relieve the oppreſſed, and to puniſh the oppreſſor, then it becomes a great bleſſing. And ſo laſtly even great wiſdom is, in the opinion of *Solomon*, not a bleſſing in itſelf: for *in much wiſdom is much ſorrow*; and men of common underſtandings, if they ſerve God and mind their callings, make fewer miſtakes in the conduct of life than thoſe who have better heads. And yet wiſdom is a mighty bleſſing, when it is applied to good purpoſes, to inſtruct the ignorant, to be a faithful counſellor either in publick or private, to be a director to youth, and to many other ends needleſs here to mention.

To

To conclude: God ſent us into the world to obey his commands by doing as much good as our abilities will reach, and as little evil as our many infirmities will permit. Some he hath only truſted with one talent, ſome with five, and ſome with ten. No man is without his talent; and he that is faithful or negligent in a little, ſhall be rewarded or puniſhed, as well as he that hath been ſo in a great deal.

Conſider what hath been ſaid, &c.

A

SERMON

ON THE

Teſtimony of Conſcience.

2 COR. i. 12. Part of it.

——*For our rejoicing is this, the teſtimony of our conſcience.*

THERE is no word more frequently in the mouths of men than that of *conſcience*, and the meaning of it is in ſome meaſure generally underſtood: however, becauſe it is likewiſe a word extremely abuſed by many people, who apply other meanings to it, which God Almighty never intended; I ſhall explain it to you in the cleareſt manner I am able. The word *conſcience* properly ſignifies that knowledge which a man hath within himſelf of his own thoughts and actions. And becauſe if a man judgeth fairly of his own actions by comparing them

them with the law of God, his mind will either approve or condemn him according as he hath done good or evil; therefore this knowledge or conſcience may properly be called both an accuſer and a judge. So that whenever our conſcience accuſeth us, we are certainly guilty; but we are not always innocent, when it doth not accuſe us: for very often, through the hardneſs of our hearts, or the fondneſs and favour we bear to ourſelves, or through ignorance or neglect, we do not ſuffer our conſcience to take any cogniſance of ſeveral ſins we commit. There is another office likewiſe belonging to conſcience, which is that of being our director and guide; and the wrong uſe of this hath been the occaſion of more evils under the ſun than almoſt all other cauſes put together. For, as conſcience is nothing elſe but the knowledge we have of what we are thinking and doing; ſo it can guide us no further than that knowledge reacheth; and therefore God hath placed conſcience in us to be our director only in thoſe actions which ſcripture and reaſon plainly tell us to be good or evil. But in

caſes too difficult or doubtful for us to comprehend or determine, there conſcience is not concerned; becauſe it cannot adviſe in what it doth not underſtand, nor decide where it is itſelf in doubt: but, by God's great mercy, thoſe difficult points are never of abſolute neceſſity to our ſalvation. There is likewiſe another evil, that men often ſay, a thing is againſt their conſcience, when really it is not. For inſtance: aſk any of thoſe who differ from the worſhip eſtabliſhed, why they do not come to church, they will ſay, they diſlike the ceremonies, the prayers, the habits, and the like; and therefore it goes againſt their conſcience: but they are miſtaken, their teacher hath put thoſe words into their mouth; for a man's conſcience can go no higher than his knowledge; and therefore till he has thoroughly examined by ſcripture, and the practice of the ancient church, whether thoſe points are blameable or no, his conſcience cannot poſſibly direct him to condemn them. Hence have likewiſe ariſen thoſe miſtakes about what is uſually called *liberty of conſcience*; which,

which, properly ſpeaking, is no more than a liberty of knowing our own thoughts; which liberty no one can take from us. But thoſe words have obtained quite different meanings: liberty of conſcience is now-a-days not only underſtood to be the liberty of believing what men pleaſe, but alſo of endeavouring to propagate that belief as much as they can, and to overthrow the faith which the laws have already eſtabliſhed, and to be rewarded by the publick for thoſe wicked endeavours: and this is the liberty of conſcience which the fanaticks are now openly in the face of the world endeavouring at with their utmoſt application. At the ſame time it cannot but be obſerved, that thoſe very perſons, who, under pretence of a public ſpirit and tenderneſs towards their Chriſtian brethren, are ſo zealous for ſuch a liberty of conſcience as this, are of all others the leaſt tender to thoſe who differ from them in the ſmalleſt point relating to government; and I wiſh I could not ſay, that the majeſty of the living God may be offended with more ſecurity than the

memory of a dead prince. But the wiſdom of the world at preſent ſeems to agree with that of the heathen emperor, who ſaid, If the gods were offended, it was their own concern, and they were able to vindicate themſelves.

But, although conſcience hath been abuſed to thoſe wicked purpoſes which I have already related, yet a due regard to the directions it plainly gives us, as well as to its accuſations, reproaches, and advices, would be of the greateſt uſe to mankind, both for their preſent welfare and future happineſs.

Therefore, my diſcourſe at this time ſhall be directed to prove to you, that there is no ſolid, firm foundation for virtue, but on a conſcience which is guided by religion.

In order to this I ſhall firſt ſhew you the weakneſs and uncertainty of two falſe principles, which many people ſet up in the place of conſcience for a guide to their actions.

The firſt of theſe principles is, what the world uſually calls *moral honeſty*. There

There are ſome people, who appear very indifferent as to religion, and yet have the repute of being juſt and fair in their dealings; and theſe are generally known by the character of good moral men. But now, if you look into the grounds and the motives of ſuch a man's actions, you ſhall find them to be no other than his own eaſe and intereſt. For example: you truſt a moral man with your money in the way of trade, you truſt another with the defence of your cauſe at law, and perhaps they both deal juſtly with you. Why? not from any regard they have for juſtice, but becauſe their fortune depends upon their credit, and a ſtain of open public diſhoneſty muſt be to their diſadvantage. But let it conſiſt with ſuch a man's intereſt and ſafety to wrong you, and then it will be impoſſible you can have any hold upon him; becauſe there is nothing left to give him a check, or put in the balance againſt his profit. For if he hath nothing to govern himſelf by but the opinion of the world, as long as he can conceal his injuſtice from the world, he thinks he is ſafe.

Beſides, it is found by experience, that thoſe men, who ſet up for morality without regard to religion, are generally virtuous but in part; they will be juſt in their dealings between man and man, but if they find themſelves diſpoſed to pride, luſt, intemperance, or avarice, they do not think their morality concerned to check them in any of theſe vices; becauſe it is the great rule of ſuch men, that they may lawfully follow the dictates of nature, wherever their ſafety, health, and fortune are not injured. So that upon the whole there is hardly one vice, which a mere moral man may not upon ſome occaſions allow himſelf to practiſe.

The other falſe principle, which ſome men ſet up in the place of conſcience to be their director in life, is what thoſe who pretend to it call *honour*.

This word is often made the ſanction of an oath; it is reckoned to be a great commendation to be a ſtrict man of honour; and it is commonly underſtood, that a man of honour can never be guilty of a baſe action. This is uſually the ſtile of military men, of perſons with titles, and of others who

pretend to birth and quality. 'Tis true indeed, that in ancient times it was univerſally underſtood, that honour was the reward of virtue; but, if ſuch honour as is now-a-days going will not permit a man to do a baſe action, it muſt be allowed, there are very few ſuch things as baſe actions in nature. No man of honour, as that word is uſually underſtood, did ever pretend that his honour obliged him to be chaſte or temperate, to pay his creditors, to be uſeful to his country, to do good to mankind, to endeavour to be wiſe or learned, to regard his word, his promiſe, or his oath: or if he hath any of theſe virtues, they were never learned in the catechiſm of honour, which contains but two precepts, the punctual payment of debts contracted at play, and the right underſtanding the ſeveral degrees of an affront, in order to revenge it by the death of an adverſary.

But ſuppoſe this principle of honour, which ſome men ſo much boaſt of, did really produce more virtues than it ever pretended to; yet, ſince the very being of that honour depended upon the breath,

the

the opinion, or the fancy of the people, the virtues derived from it could be of no long or certain duration. For example: ſuppoſe a man, from a principle of honour, ſhould reſolve to be juſt, or chaſte, or temperate, and yet the cenſuring world ſhould take a humour of refuſing him thoſe characters, he would thenthink the obligation at an end. Or, on the other ſide, if he thought he could gain honour by the falſeſt and vileſt action (which is a caſe that very often happens), he would then make no ſcruple to perform it. And God knows, it would be an unhappy ſtate, to have the religion, the liberty, or the property of a people lodged in ſuch hands; which however hath been too often the caſe.

What I have ſaid upon this principle of honour may perhaps be thought of ſmall concernment to moſt of you, who are my hearers: however, a caution was not altogether unneceſſary; ſince there is nothing by which not only the vulgar, but the honeſt tradeſman hath been ſo much deceived, as this infamous pre-

tence to honour in too many of their betters.

Having thus ſhewn you the weakneſs and uncertainty of thoſe principles, which ſome men ſet up in the place of conſcience to direct them in their actions, I ſhall now endeavour to prove to you, that there is no ſolid, firm foundation of virtue, but in a conſcience directed by the principles of religion.

There is no way of judging how far we may depend upon the actions of men, otherwiſe than by knowing the motives, and grounds, and cauſes of them; and if the motives of our actions be not reſolved and determined into the law of God, they will be precarious and uncertain, and liable to perpetual changes. I will ſhew you what I mean by an example: ſuppoſe a man thinks it his duty to obey his parents, becauſe reaſon tells him ſo, becauſe he is obliged by gratitude, and becauſe the laws of his country command him to do ſo: if he ſtops here, his parents can have no laſting ſecurity; for an occaſion may happen, wherein it may be extremely his intereſt to be diſobedient, and where

where the laws of the land can lay no hold upon him: therefore, before ſuch a man can ſafely be truſted, he muſt proceed further, and conſider, that his reaſon is the gift of God; that God commanded him to be obedient to the laws, and did moreover in a particular manner enjoin him to be dutiful to his parents; after which, if he lays due weight upon thoſe conſiderations, he will probably continue in his duty to the end of his life: becauſe no earthly intereſt can ever come in competition to balance the danger of offending his Creator, or the happineſs of pleaſing him. And of all this his conſcience will certainly inform him, if he hath any regard to religion.

Secondly; Fear and hope are the two greateſt natural motives of all men's actions: but neither of theſe paſſions will ever put us in the way of virtue, unleſs they be directed by conſcience. For although virtuous men do ſometimes accidentally make their way to preferment, yet the world is ſo corrupted, that no man can reaſonably hope to be rewarded in

it merely upon account of his virtue. And conſequently the fear of puniſhment in this life will preſerve men from very few vices, ſince ſome of the blackeſt and baſeſt do often prove the ſureſt ſteps to favour; ſuch as ingratitude, hypocriſy, treachery, malice, ſubornation, atheiſm, and many more, which human laws do little concern themſelves about. But when conſcience placeth before us the hopes of everlaſting happineſs, and the fears of everlaſting miſery, as the reward and puniſhment of our good or evil actions, our reaſon can find no way to avoid the force of ſuch an argument, otherwiſe than by running into infidelity.

Laſtly, Conſcience will direct us to love God, and to put our whole truſt and confidence in him. Our love of God will inſpire us with a deteſtation for ſin, as what is of all things moſt contrary to his divine nature; and, if we have an entire confidence in him, *that* will enable us to ſubdue and deſpiſe all the allurements of the world.

It

It may here be objected, if conſcience be ſo ſure a director to us Chriſtians in the conduct of our lives, how comes it to paſs that the ancient heathens, who had no other lights but thoſe of nature and reaſon, ſhould ſo far exceed us in all manner of virtue, as plainly appears by many examples they have left on record?

To which it may be anſwered; firſt, thoſe heathens were extremely ſtrict and exact in the education of their children; whereas among us this care is ſo much laid aſide, that the more God has bleſſed any man with eſtate or quality, juſt ſo much the leſs in proportion is the care he takes in the education of his children, and particularly of that child which is to inherit his fortune; of which the effects are viſible enough among the great ones of the world. Again, thoſe heathens did in a particular manner inſtill the principle into their children of loving their country, which is ſo far otherwiſe now-a-days, that of the ſeveral parties among us, there is none of them that ſeem to have ſo much as heard whether there be ſuch a virtue

a virtue in the world, as plainly appears by their practices, and eſpecially when they are placed in thoſe ſtations where they can only have opportunity of ſhewing it. Laſtly; the moſt conſiderable among the heathens did generally believe rewards and puniſhments in a life to come; which is the great principle for conſcience to work upon: whereas too many of thoſe, who would be thought the moſt conſiderable among us, do both by their practices and their diſcourſes plainly affirm, that they believe nothing at all of the matter.

Wherefore, ſince it hath manifeſtly appeared, that a religious conſcience is the only true ſolid foundation upon which virtue can be built, give me leave, before I conclude, to let you ſee how neceſſary ſuch a conſcience is, to conduct us in every ſtation and condition of our lives.

That a religious conſcience is neceſſary in any ſtation, is confeſſed even by thoſe who tell us that all religion was invented by cunning men, in order to keep the world in awe. For if religion by the confeſſion

feſſion of its adverſaries be neceſſary toward the well-governing of mankind; then every wiſe man in power will be ſure not only to chuſe out for every ſtation under him ſuch perſons as are moſt likely to be kept in awe by religion, but likewiſe to carry ſome appearance of it himſelf, or elſe he is a very weak politician. And accordingly in any country, where great perſons affect to be open deſpiſers of religion, their counſels will be found at laſt to be fully as deſtructive to the ſtate as to the church.

It was the advice of *Jethro* to his ſon-in-law *Moſes*, to *provide able men, ſuch as fear God, men of truth, hating covetouſneſs*, and to place ſuch over the people; and *Moſes*, who was as wiſe a ſtateſman at leaſt as any in this age, thought fit to follow that advice. Great abilities without the fear of God are moſt dangerous inſtruments, when they are truſted with power. The laws of man have thought fit, that thoſe who are called to any office of truſt ſhould be bound by an oath to the faithful diſcharge of it: but an oath is an appeal to God, and therefore can have

no

no influence except upon thoſe who believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of thoſe that ſeek him, and a puniſher of thoſe who diſobey him: and therefore, we ſee, the laws themſelves are forced to have recourſe to conſcience in theſe caſes, becauſe their penalties cannot reach the arts of cunning men, who can find ways to be guilty of a thouſand injuſtices without being diſcovered, or at leaſt without being puniſhed. And the reaſon why we find ſo many frauds, abuſes, and corruptions where any truſt is conferred, can be no other, than that there is ſo little conſcience and religion left in the world, or at leaſt that men, in their choice of inſtruments, have private ends in view, which are very different from the ſervice of the publick. Beſides, it is certain, that men who profeſs to have no religion are full as zealous to bring over proſelytes as any papiſt or fanatick can be. And therefore, if thoſe who are in ſtation high enough to be of influence or example to others, if thoſe (I ſay) openly profeſs a contempt or diſbelief of religion, they will be ſure to make all their dependents of their own

principles; and what ſecurity can the publick expect from ſuch perſons, whenever their intereſts or their luſts come into competition with their duty? It is very poſſible for a man, who hath the appearance of religion, and is a great pretender to conſcience, to be wicked and a hypocrite; but it is impoſſible for a man, who openly declares againſt religion, to give any reaſonable ſecurity that he will not be falſe, and cruel, and corrupt, whenever a temptation offers, which he values more than he does the power wherewith he was truſted. And if ſuch a man doth not betray his cauſe and his maſter, it is only becauſe the temptation was not properly offered, or the profit was too ſmall, or the danger too great. And hence it is, that we find ſo little truth or juſtice among us, becauſe there are ſo very few, who, either in the ſervice of the publick, or in common dealings with each other, do ever look further than their own advantage, and how to guard themſelves againſt the laws of the country; which a man may do by favour, by ſecrecy, or by cunning, though he breaks almoſt every law of God. There-

Therefore, to conclude: It plainly appears, that, unleſs men are guided by the advice and judgment of conſcience founded on religion, they can give no ſecurity that they will be either good ſubjects, faithful ſervants of the publick, or honeſt in their mutual dealings; ſince there is no other tie, through which the pride, or luſt, or avarice, or ambition of mankind will not certainly break one time or other.

Conſider what has been ſaid, *etc.*

A

SERMON

ON

BROTHERLY LOVE.

HEB. xiii. 1.

Let brotherly love continue.

IN the early times of the goſpel, the Chriſtians were very much diſtinguiſhed from all other bodies of men, by the great and conſtant love they bore to each other; which, although it was done in obedience to the frequent injunctions of our Saviour and his apoſtles, yet, I confeſs, there ſeemeth to have been likewiſe a natural reaſon, that very much promoted it. For the Chriſtians then were few and ſcattered, living under perſecution by the heathens round about them, in whoſe hands was all the civil and military power; and there is nothing ſo apt to unite the minds and hearts of men, or to beget love and tenderneſs, as a general diſtreſs. The firſt diſſenſions between Chriſtians took their beginning from the errors and hereſies that aroſe among them; many of thoſe

hereſies,

hereſies, ſometimes extinguiſhed and ſometimes reviving, or ſucceeded by others, remain to this day; and having been made inſtruments to the pride, avarice, or ambition of ill-deſigning men, by extinguiſhing brotherly love, have been the cauſe of infinite calamities, as well as corruptions of faith and manners, in the Chriſtian world.

The laſt legacy of Chriſt was peace and mutual love; but then he foretold, that he came to ſend a ſword upon the earth: the primitive Chriſtians accepted the legacy, and their ſucceſſors down to the preſent age have been largely fulfilling his prophecy. But whatever the practice of mankind hath been, or ſtill continues, there is no duty more incumbent upon thoſe who profeſs the goſpel, than that of brotherly love; which, whoever could reſtore in any degree among men, would be an inſtrument of more good to human ſociety than ever was, or will be, done by all the ſtateſmen and politicians in the world.

It is upon this ſubject of brotherly love, that I intend to diſcourſe at preſent, and the method I obſerve ſhall be as follows:

I. *Firſt*, I will enquire into the cauſes of this great want of brotherly love among us.

II. *Secondly*, I will lay open the ſad effects and conſequences, which our animoſities and mutual hatred have produced.

III. *Laſtly*, I will uſe ſome motives and exhortations, that may perſuade you to embrace brotherly love, and continue in it.

I. *Firſt*, I ſhall enquire into the cauſes of this great want of brotherly love among us.

This nation of ours hath, for an hundred years paſt, been infeſted by two enemies, the papiſts and fanaticks, who, each in their turns, filled it with blood and ſlaughter, and, for a time, deſtroyed both the church and government.

The memory of theſe events hath put all true proteſtants equally upon their guard againſt both theſe adverſaries, who, by conſequence, do equally hate us. The fanaticks revile us, as too nearly approaching to popery; and the papiſts condemn us, as bordering too much on fanaticiſm. The papiſts, God be praiſed, are, by the wiſdom of our laws, put out of all viſible poſſibility of hurting us; beſides, their religion is ſo generally abhorred, that they have no advocates or abettors among proteſtants to aſſiſt them. But the fanaticks are to be conſidered in another light; they have had, of late years, the power, the luck, or the cunning, to divide us among ourſelves; they have endeavoured to repreſent all thoſe who have been ſo bold as to oppoſe their errors and deſigns, under the character of perſon diſaffected to the government; and they have ſo far ſucceeded, that now-a-days, if a clergyman happens to preach with any zeal and vehemence againſt the ſin and danger of ſchiſm, there will not want too many, in his congregation, ready enough to cenſure him as hot and high-

flying, an inflamer of men's minds, an enemy to moderation, and diſloyal to his prince. This hath produced a formed and ſettled diviſion between thoſe who profeſs the ſame doctrine and diſcipline, while they who call themſelves moderate are forced to widen their bottom, by ſacrifiſing their principles and their brethren to the incroachments and inſolence of diſſenters, who are therefore anſwerable, as a principal cauſe of all that hatred and animoſity now reigning among us.

Another cauſe of the great want of brotherly love is the weakneſs and folly of too many among you of the lower ſort, who are made the tools and inſtruments of your betters to work their deſigns, wherein you have no concern. Your numbers make you of uſe, and cunning men take the advantage, by putting words into your mouths which you do not underſtand; then they fix good or ill characters to thoſe words, as it beſt ſerves their purpoſes: and thus you are taught to love or hate, you know not what or why; you often ſuſpect your beſt friends and neareſt neighbours, even your teacher himſelf,

himſelf, without any reaſon, if your leaders once taught you to call him by a name which they tell you ſignifieth ſome very bad thing.

A third cauſe of our great want of brotherly love ſeemeth to be, that this duty is not ſo often inſiſted on from the pulpit, as it ought to be in ſuch times as theſe; on the contrary, it is to be doubted, whether doctrines are not ſometimes delivered by an ungoverned zeal, a deſire to be diſtinguiſhed, or a view of intereſt, which produce quite different effects; when, upon occaſions ſet apart to return thanks to God for ſome public bleſſing, the time is employed in ſtirring up one part of the congregation againſt the other, by repreſentations of things and perſons, which God, in his mercy, forgive thoſe who are guilty of.

The laſt cauſe I ſhall mention of the want of brotherly love is, that unhappy diſpoſition towards politicks among the trading people, which hath been induſtriouſly inſtilled into them. In former times, the middle and lower ſort of mankind ſeldom gained or loſt by the factions

ons of the kingdom, and therefore were little concerned in them, further than as matter of talk and amuſement; but now the meaneſt dealer will expect to turn the penny by the merits of his party. He can repreſent his neighbour as a man of dangerous principles, can bring a railing accuſation againſt him, perhaps a criminal one, and ſo rob him of his livelihood, and find his own account by that much more than if he had diſparaged his neighbour's goods, or defamed him as a cheat. For ſo it happens, that, inſtead of enquiring into the ſkill or honeſty of thoſe kind of people, the manner is now to enquire into their party, and to reject or encourage them accordingly; which proceeding hath made our people, in general, ſuch able politicians, that all the artifice, flattery, diſſimulation, diligence, and dexterity in undermining each other, which the ſatirical wit of men hath charged upon courts; together with all the rage and violence, cruelty and injuſtice, which have been ever imputed to public aſſemblies; are with us (ſo polite are we grown) to be ſeen among our meaneſt traders

traders and artificers in the greateſt perfection. All which, as it may be matter of ſome humilitation to the wiſe and mighty of this world, ſo the effects thereof may perhaps, in time, prove very different from what, I hope in charity, were ever foreſeen or intended.

II. I will therefore now, in the ſecond place, lay open ſome of the ſad effects and conſequences, which our animoſities and mutual hatred have produced.

And the firſt ill conſequence is, that our want of brotherly love hath almoſt driven out all ſenſe of religion from among us, which cannot well be otherwiſe: for ſince our Saviour laid ſo much weight upon his diſciples loving one another, that he gave it among his laſt inſtructions; and ſince the primitive Chriſtians are allowed to have chiefly propagated the faith by their ſtrict obſervance of that inſtruction; it muſt follow that, in proportion as brotherly love declineth, Chriſtianity will do ſo too. The little religion there is in the world, hath been obſerved to reſide chiefly among the middle

middle and lower ſort of people, who are neither tempted to pride and luxury by great riches, nor to deſperate courſes by extreme poverty: and truly I, upon that account, have thought it a happineſs, that thoſe who are under my immediate care are generally of that condition; but where party hath once made entrance, with all its conſequences of hatred, envy, partiality and virulence, religion cannot long keep its hold in any ſtate or degree of life whatſoever. For, if the great men of the world have been cenſured in all ages for mingling too little religion with their politicks, what a havock of principles muſt they needs make in unlearned and irregular heads; of which indeed the effects are already too viſible and melancholy all over the kingdom!

Another ill conſequence from our want of brotherly love is, that it increaſeth the inſolence of the fanaticks; and this partly ariſeth from a miſtaken meaning of the word *moderation*; a word which hath been much abuſed, and bandied about for ſeveral years paſt. There are too many people indifferent enough to all religion; there

there are many others, who diſlike the clergy, and would have them live in poverty and dependence; both theſe ſorts are much commended by the fanaticks for moderate men, ready to put an end to our diviſions, and to make a general union among proteſtants. Many ignorant well-meaning people are deceived by theſe appearances, ſtrengthened with great pretences to loyalty: and theſe occaſions the fanaticks lay hold on, to revile the doctrine and diſcipline of the church, and even inſult and oppreſs the clergy, whereever their numbers or favourers will bear them out; inſomuch that one wilful refractory fanatick hath been able to diſturb a whole pariſh for many years together. But the moſt moderate and favoured divines dare not own, that the word *moderation*, with reſpect to the diſſenters, can be at all applied to their religion, but is purely perſonal or prudential. No good man repineth at the liberty of conſcience they enjoy; and, perhaps, a very moderate divine may think better of their loyalty than others do; or, to ſpeak after the manner of men, may think it neceſſary,

that all proteſtants ſhould be united againſt the common enemy; or out of diſcretion, or other reaſons beſt known to himſelf, be tender of mentioning them at all. But ſtill the errors of the diſſenters are all fixed and determined, and muſt, upon demand, be acknowledged by all the divines of our church, whether they be called, in party phraſe, high or low, moderate or violent. And further, I believe it would be hard to find many moderate divines, who, if their opinion were aſked whether diſſenters ſhould be truſted with power, could, according to their conſciences, anſwer to the affirmative; from whence it is plain, that all the ſtir which the fanaticks have made with this word *moderation*, was only meant to increaſe our diviſions, and widen them ſo far as to make room for themſelves to get in between. And this is the only ſcheme they ever had (except that of deſtroying root and branch) for the uniting of proteſtants, they ſo much talk of.

I ſhall mention but one ill conſequence more, which attends our want of brotherly love; that it hath put an end to all hoſpi—

hoſpitality and friendſhip, all good correſpondence and commerce between mankind. There are indeed ſuch things as leagues and confederacies among thoſe of the ſame party; but ſurely God never intended that men ſhould be ſo limited in the choice of their friends: however, ſo it is in town and country, in every pariſh and ſtreet; the paſtor is divided from his flock, the father from his ſon, and the houſe often divided againſt itſelf. Men's very nature are ſoured, and their paſſions inflamed, when they meet in party clubs, and ſpend their time in nothing elſe but railing at the oppoſite ſide; thus every man alive among us is encompaſſed with a million of enemies of his own country, among which his oldeſt acquaintance and friends, and kindred themſelves, are often of the number: neither can people of different parties mix together without conſtraint, ſuſpicion, and jealouſy, watching every word they ſpeak for fear of giving offence, or elſe falling into rudeneſs and reproaches, and ſo leaving themſelves open to the malice and corruption of informers, who were never more numerous

merous or expert in their trade. And as a further addition to this evil, thoſe very few, who, by the goodneſs and generoſity of their nature, do in their own hearts deſpiſe this narrow principle of confining their friendſhip and eſteem, their charity and good offices, to thoſe of their own party, yet dare not diſcover their good inclinations for fear of loſing their favour and intereſt. And others again, whom God had formed with mild and gentle diſpoſitions, think it neceſſary to put a force upon their own tempers, by acting a noiſy, violent, malicious part, as a means to be diſtinguiſhed. Thus hath party got the better of the very genius and conſtitution of our people; ſo that whoever reads the character of the *Engliſh* in former ages will hardly believe their preſent poſterity to be of the ſame nation or climate.

III. I ſhall now, in the laſt place, make uſe of ſome motives and exhortations, that may perſuade you to embrace brotherly love, and to continue in it. Let me apply myſelf to you of the lower ſort, and

deſire you will conſider, when any of you make uſe of fair and enticing words to draw in cuſtomers, whether you do it for their ſakes or your own. And then for whoſe ſakes do you think it is, that your leaders are ſo induſtrious to put into your heads all that party rage and virulence? is it not to make you the tools and inſtruments, by which they work out their own deſigns? has this ſpirit of faction been uſeful to any of you in your worldly concerns, except to thoſe who have traded in whiſpering, backbiting, or informing, and wanting ſkill or honeſty to thrive by fairer methods? It is no buſineſs of yours to enquire, who is at the head of armies, or of councils, unleſs you had power and ſkill to chuſe, neither of which is ever like to be your caſe; and therefore to fill your heads with fears, and hatred of perſons and things, of which it is impoſſible you can ever make a right judgment, or to ſet you at variance with your neighbour, becauſe his thoughts are not the ſame as yours, is not only in a very groſs manner to cheat you of your

time and quiet, but likewiſe to endanger your ſouls.

Secondly, In order to reſtore brotherly love, let me earneſtly exhort you to ſtand firm in your religion, I mean the true religion hitherto eſtabliſhed among us, without varying in the leaſt either to popery on the one ſide, or to fanaticiſm on the other; and in a particular manner beware of that word, *moderation*; and believe it, that your neighbour is not immediately a villain, a papiſt, and a traitor, becauſe the fanaticks and their adherents will not allow him to be a moderate man. Nay, it is very probable, that your teacher himſelf may be a loyal, pious, and able divine, without the leaſt grain of moderation, as the word is too frequently underſtood. Therefore, to ſet you right in this matter, I will lay before you the character of a truly moderate man; and then I will give you the deſcription of ſuch an one, as falſely pretendeth to that title.

A man

A man truly moderate is ſteady in the doctrine and diſcipline of the church, but with a due Chriſtian charity to all who diſſent from it out of a principle of conſcience; the freedom of which, he thinketh, ought to be fully allowed, as long as it is not abuſed, but never truſted with power. He is ready to defend with his life and fortune the proteſtant ſucceſſion, and the proteſtant eſtabliſhed faith, againſt all invaders whatſoever. He is for giving the crown its juſt prerogative, and the people their juſt liberties. He hateth no man for differing from him in political opinions; nor doth he think it a maxim infallible, that virtue ſhould always attend upon favour, and vice upon diſgrace. Theſe are ſome few lineaments in the character of a truly moderate man: let us now compare it with the deſcription of one who uſually paſſeth under that title.

A moderate man, in the new-meaning of the word, is one to whom all religion

is indifferent; who, although he denominates himſelf of the church, regardeth it no more than a conventicle. He perpetually raileth at the body of the clergy, with exceptions only to a very few, who, he hopeth, and probably upon falſe grounds, are as ready to betray their rights and properties as himſelf. He thinks the power of the people can never be too great, nor that of the prince too little; and yet this very notion he publiſheth as his beſt argument to prove him a moſt loyal ſubject. Every opinion in government, that differeth in the leaſt from his, tends directly to popery, ſlavery, and rebellion. Whoever lieth under the frown of power can, in his judgment, neither have common ſenſe, common honeſty, nor religion. Laſtly, his devotion conſiſteth in drinking gibbets, confuſion, and damnation; in profanely idolizing the memory of one dead prince, and ungratefully trampling upon the aſhes of another.

By theſe marks you will eaſily diſtinguiſh a truly moderate man from thoſe, who are commonly, but very falſely, ſo

called

called; and while perſons thus qualified are ſo numerous and ſo noiſy, ſo full of zeal and induſtry to gain proſelytes and ſpread their opinions among the people, it cannot be wondered that there ſhould be ſo little brotherly love left among us.

Laſtly, It would probably contribute to reſtore ſome degree of brotherly love, if we would but conſider, that the matter of thoſe diſputes, which inflame us to this degree, doth not, in its own nature, at all concern the generality of mankind. Indeed as to thoſe, who have been great gainers or loſers by the changes of the world, the caſe is different; and to preach moderation to the firſt, and patience to the laſt, would perhaps be to little purpoſe: but what is that to the bulk of the people, who are not properly concerned in the quarrel, although evil inſtruments have drawn them into it? for, if the reaſonable men on both ſides were to confer opinions, they would find neither religion, loyalty, nor intereſt, are at all affected in this diſpute. Not religion, becauſe the

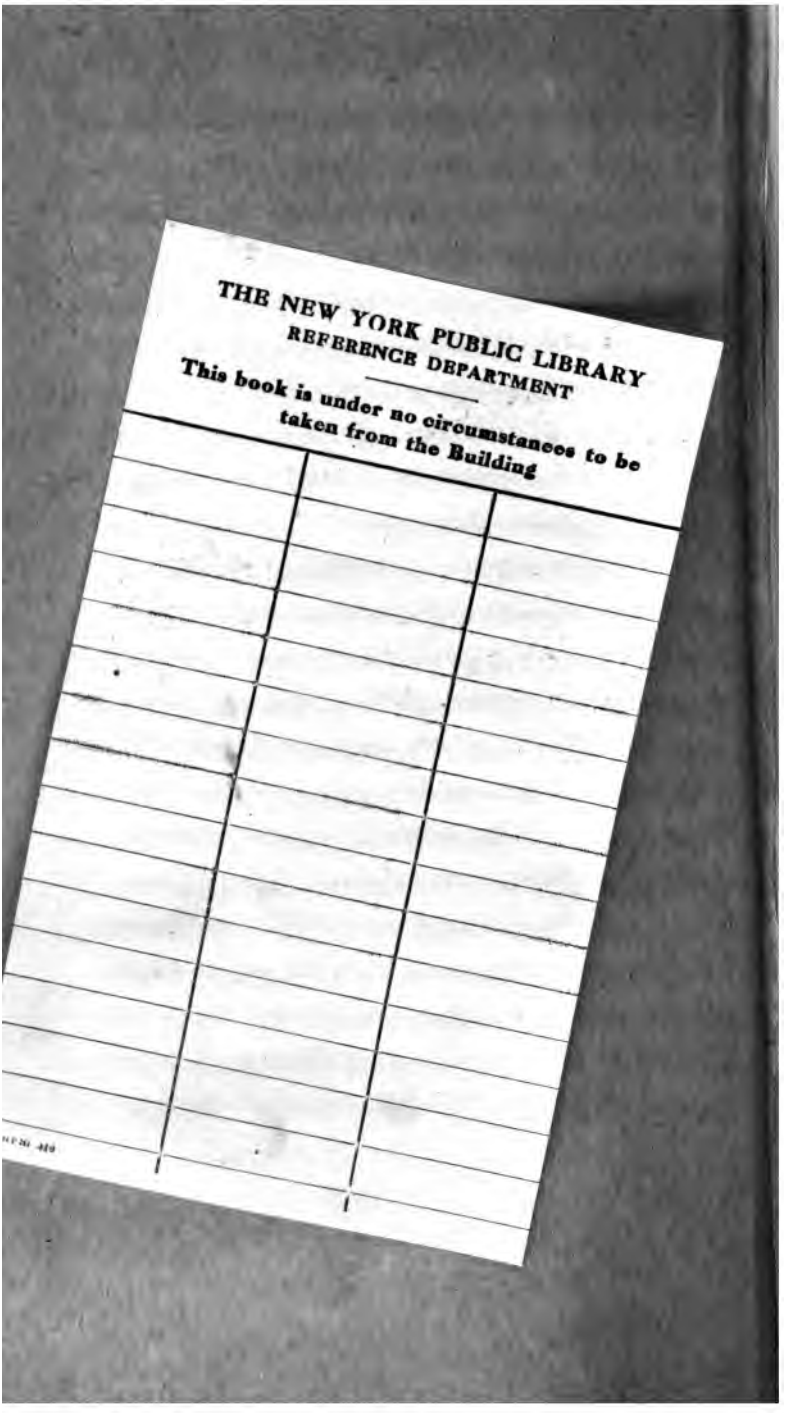
members of the church, on both ſides, profeſs to agree in every article: not loyalty to our prince, which is pretended to by one party as much as the other, and therefore can be no ſubject for debate: nor intereſt, for trade and induſtry lie open to all; and, what is further, concern only thoſe who have expectations from the publick: ſo that the body of the people, if they knew their own good, might yet live amicably together, and leave their betters to quarrel among themſelves, who might alſo probably ſoon come to a better temper, if they were leſs ſeconded and ſupported by the poor deluded multitude.

I have now done with my text, which I confeſs to have treated in a manner more ſuited to the preſent times than to the nature of the ſubject in general. That I have not been more particular in explaining the ſeveral parts and properties of this great duty of brotherly love, the apoſtle to the *Theſſalonians* will plead my excuſe. *Touching brotherly love* (ſaith he) *ye need not that I write unto you, for ye your-*

yourſelves are taught of God to love one another. So that nothing remains to add, but our prayers to God, that he would pleaſe to reſtore and continue his duty of brotherly love or charity among us, the very bond of peace and of all virtues.

Nov. 29, 1717.

END OF VOL. XI.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